

Everybody's Magazine



Read
"THREE DREAMS"
by Hugh Black. You
will find it on page
433.

APRIL

FIFTEEN CENTS

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THE BON AMI CO. NEW YORK



EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK for APRIL

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

APRIL hath 30 days

1912



Predictions

In April, 1912, the Ice Trust will issue a statement that owing to the intense cold of last winter, or the unusually warm weather, or the ordinariness of conditions, ice will have to cost more this summer. The weather this month will not vary one degree from the normal, but everybody will say: "Isn't this cold for April?" A distinguished foreigner, asked for his impressions of this country, will declare that American women are the best dressed in the world. The cost of living will advance.

Poem

Whanne that Aprille with his
shoures swote
The droughte of Merch hath perced
to the rote,
Thanne longen folk to hear the
feldes calle
And gon to see yong men play
games of balle,
Vanisht is Winter with his chill
and strife.
Aprille ben some month, thou betst
thy life.

—Chaucer.

1912

The sum of the digits in 1912 is 13. This will be true of no other year until 1921. 1912 multiplied by itself is 3,655,744. This is true of no other year. Think of it!



Useful Hints

For Scalds—see Burns.
A money order for \$1.50 will bring the Almanack to you for one year.

To avoid butter stains on white waistcoats when eating steamed clams, remove waistcoat and attire yourself in a neatly fitting diving suit.

Riddle

I chatter, chatter as I flow;
I try and I endeavor;
For booms may come and booms
may go,
But I go on forever.
I murmur under moon and sun,
In villages and cities;
At me the papers poke their fun
In paragraphs and ditties.
And shall I cease or weary? No!
A thousand times No! Never!
For booms may come and booms
may go,
But I go on forever.

Answer: THE BRYAN BOOM.

Illustrated Joke



A MOVABLE FEAST.

Fascinating Facts

Julius Cæsar was a Roman general.

The population of Detroit, Mich., is 35,194 greater than that of New Hampshire.

The year is divided into four seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

Anecdote

A humorous story is told of a well-known statesman who, upon meeting a countryman slightly under the influence of liquor and being told that he was celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine, remarked: "Ah! An alcoholiday!"

- 1—M.—ALL FOOL'S DAY. Look out for everything. Construction of first R.R. in Mass. begun, 1826.
- 2—Tu.—Thomas Jefferson, Third Pres. of U.S., born, 1743. { Warmer }
- 3—W.—John Burroughs born, 1837. { with }
- 4—Th.—Hans Wagner, in interview, says Pittsburgh will { Rain. }
- win pennant, 1912.
- 5—Fr.—Elihu Yale born, 1649. Earthquake in Cambridge, Mass.
- 6—Sa.—Theodore Roosevelt declares he was misquoted, 1905, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911.
- 7—Su.—EASTER SUNDAY. Cold, but sunny.
- 8—M.—Ponce de Leon lands in Florida, 1513, and has to pay 50 pieces-of-eight for a split of carbonated water from Fountain of Youth.
- 9—Tu.—Lee surrenders, 1865.
- 10—W.—Hughie Jennings asserts 1912 pennant is Detroit's, 1912.
- 11—Th.—Henry James translated into English, 1887.
- 12—Fr.—American flag discovered by George M. Cohan, 1903.
- 13—Sa.—Joke about office-boys and grandmothers' funerals abolished by Paragraphers' Union, 1906.
- 14—Su.—St. Louis Browns abandon pennant hopes for 1912, 1912.
- 15—M.—Bromidic Theory discovered by Gelett Burgess, 1906.
- 16—Tu.—Theodore Roosevelt denies that he ever said anything of the kind, 1904, 1911, 1912.
- 17—W.—J. Pierpont Morgan born, 1837.
- 18—Th.—Paul Revere breaks Massachusetts speed limit, 1775.
- 19—Fr.—Battle of Lexington, 1775. Two ball games in Boston, 1912.
- 20—Sa.—Bridge Whist invented at Gomorrah, B.C. 2671.
- 21—Su.—War declared against Spain, 1898.
- 22—M.—Theodore Roosevelt measured for khaki uniform, 1898.
- 23—Tu.—Bernard Shaw refuses to visit America, 1895-1912 incl.
- 24—W.—Boston News-Letter, first American newspaper, issued, 1704.
- 25—Th.—Old Subscriber, writing editor Boston News-Letter, attacks policy of paper, 1704.
- 26—Fr.—Artemus Ward born, 1834.
- 27—Sa.—Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of collect messages, born, 1791.
- 28—Su.—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad organized, 1828. Original rolling stock still used.
- 29—M.—Chas. R. Otis, inventor of elevators and responsible for elevator-boys, born, 1835.
- 30—Tu.—Beef barons indicted, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.



Drawn by Arthur Hecher.

THE WORLD SEEMED LAID OUT LIKE A GREAT RACE-COURSE . . . AND EAGER RUNNERS
TRAMPLED OVER THE BODIES OF THE FAILURES TO REACH THE GOAL.

WORST OF ALL, I SAW THAT THERE WAS NO GOAL.

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NO. 4

Everybody's Magazine

APRIL
1912



PAINTINGS BY ARTHUR BECHER AND BALFOUR KER
DECORATIONS BY GARTH JONES

I.



IN MY dream I saw that the world was fair, that beauty was all around, that the human verdict on creation, as well as the divine verdict, was that it was very good.

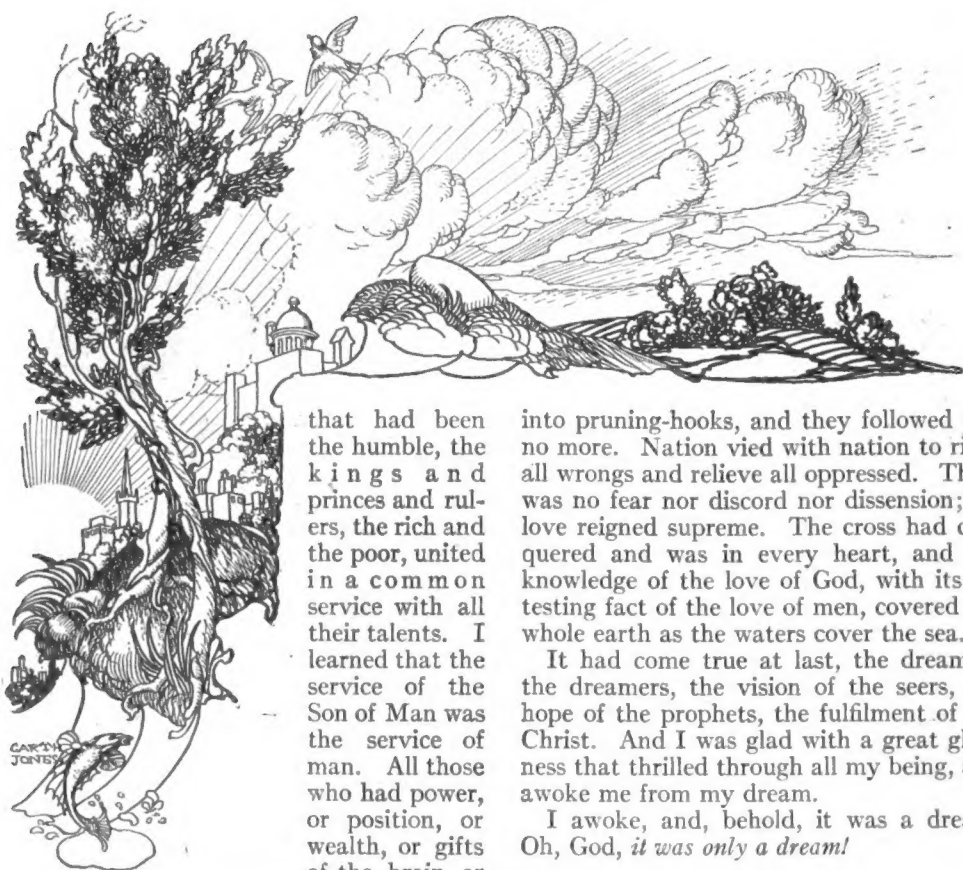
The whole universe chanted a pæan of praise, and there was not a discord in the harmony. The earth praised God in every fiber of it and every power—even the dragons and the deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling His word, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and cedars, beasts and cattle, creeping things and

flying fowl. The sun and the moon praised Him, and the stars of light, and the heaven of heavens.

And the world of men praised the God of the living, as the world of nature praised the God of the dead.

I saw the militant church as a great army terrible with banners, coming home after its bloodless victories, and on every banner gleamed the triumphant cross, which had drawn all men to it. Every eye that saw the sacred symbol glowed with joy, and every knee was bent, and every tongue confessed that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

I saw those that had been high and those



hand, had learned the same lesson.

I saw that the city—the city of my love—was as the city of God, with its towers and minarets gleaming in the radiance like the stainless peaks of the Alps. The shame of the city had been swallowed up, and the sin of it had become holiness, and the sorrow of it had disappeared. The work of the fathers was praise, and the play of the children was praise. The homes of the city, the city of my love, now the city of God, were beautiful with love and peace and sweet content—Christian homes where children were taught by example the wondrous love of God. The cross was everywhere. It gleamed high over the streets on the domes and towers of the churches. It dominated all the houses of the people, and most of all it left its mark on every heart.

I saw that it was so all over the world—not only in the city of my love. The nations of the earth had repented them of their sins of hatred and strife. They had turned their swords into plowshares and their spears

that had been the humble, the kings and princes and rulers, the rich and the poor, united in a common service with all their talents. I learned that the service of the Son of Man was the service of man. All those who had power, or position, or wealth, or gifts of the brain or

into pruning-hooks, and they followed war no more. Nation vied with nation to right all wrongs and relieve all oppressed. There was no fear nor discord nor dissension; for love reigned supreme. The cross had conquered and was in every heart, and the knowledge of the love of God, with its attesting fact of the love of men, covered the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

It had come true at last, the dream of the dreamers, the vision of the seers, the hope of the prophets, the fulfilment of the Christ. And I was glad with a great gladness that thrilled through all my being, and awoke me from my dream.

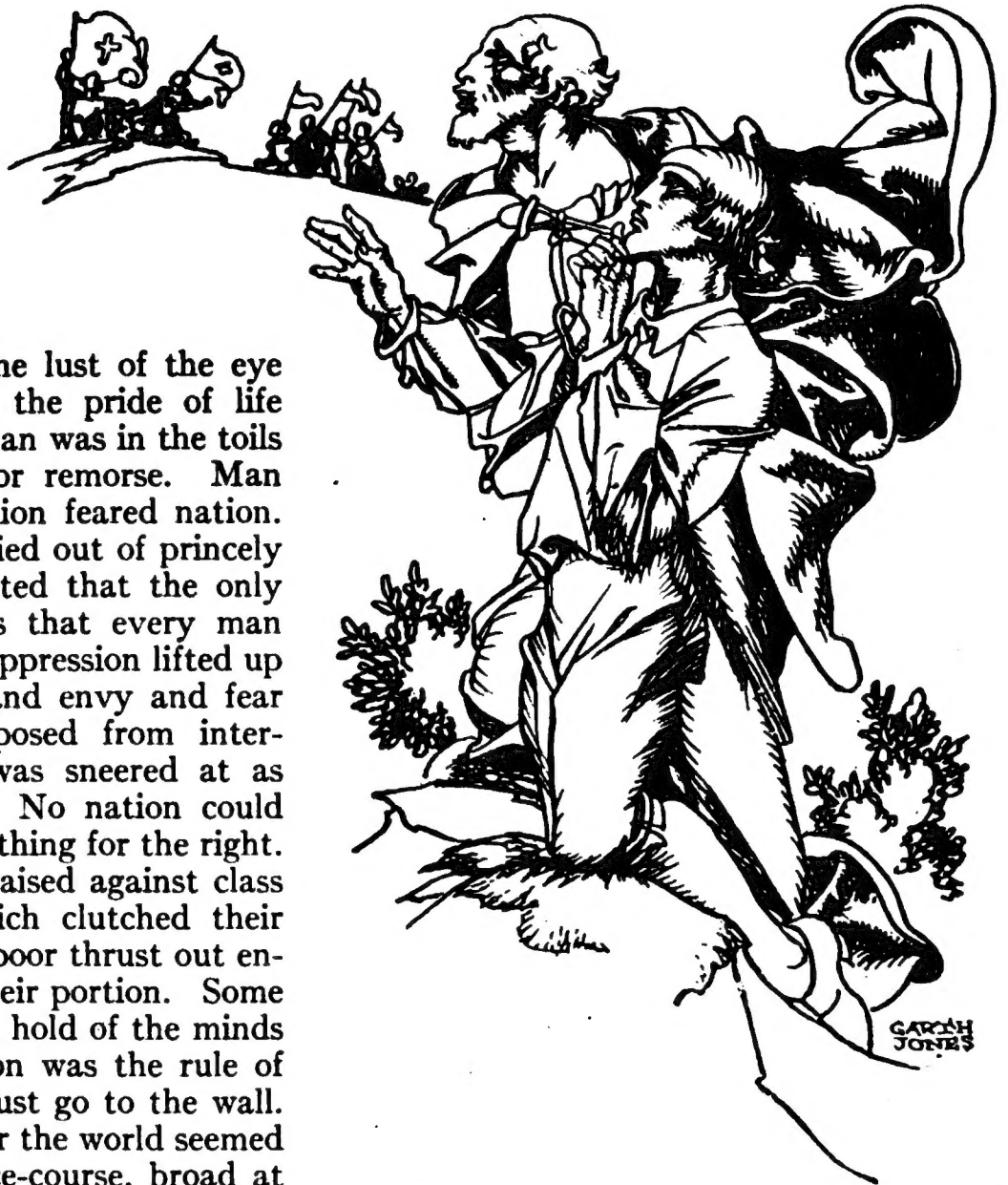
I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. Oh, God, *it was only a dream!*

II.

Again I seemed to see in a dream, this time uncolored by the wish to see anything but the truth as it is and things as they are.

I saw things as they are, in their naked reality. I saw the world without any disguise, and life without a mask. The clear, cold light of truth seemed to scatter the films of fancy from my eyes. I saw that the material was everything and there was nothing else, no reality but the outside, no meaning but the immediate and the evident, no purpose but the casual, no God but force. The heaven seemed to narrow itself down to the horizon, and there was nothing beyond. I knew it for a dream—it was too clear-cut and certain for physical vision.

In my dream I saw that men lived out this Godless creed, or want of creed. Self dominated life. The cross was dislodged and dethroned. The lust of the flesh drove



men in blind passion; the lust of the eye lured them unresisting; the pride of life directed their course. Man was in the toils of forces without pity or remorse. Man distrusted man, and nation feared nation. The generous instincts died out of princely hearts; for it was accepted that the only rule for a sane life was that every man should be for himself. Oppression lifted up its head, and jealousy and envy and fear kept even the well-disposed from interfering. Magnanimity was sneered at as foolish knight-errantry. No nation could be generous and risk anything for the right.

I saw that class was raised against class in bitter strife. The rich clutched their riches more closely; the poor thrust out envious hands to snatch their portion. Some devil's axioms had taken hold of the minds of men—that competition was the rule of life, that the weakest must go to the wall. I saw that it was so. For the world seemed laid out like a great race-course, broad at the start and narrowing more and more, so that fewer and fewer could run abreast; and the course was strewn with the failures and those crushed to the wall, and other eager runners trampled over their bodies to reach the goal.

Worst of all, I saw that *there was no goal*. The motto of the race was: "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." And I saw that the devil could keep pace with the swiftest, and took not the hindmost but the foremost; for as the foremost reached what seemed the goal, he was dragged down somewhere, and I saw him no more.

In the terror of it, I said: "Where is Christ? Has He done nothing of what I dreamed before? Poor fool was I surely, living in a fool's paradise—Where is the Christ of my dream?"

For answer I saw Him, the purest and the sweetest of the sons of men—I saw Him, a blighted, blasted thing upon a cross, with heaven's lightnings playing in derision

over His head, and the jeers of the crowd in His ears, "Let Him come down from the cross, if He be the King."

A whisper of hope came to my heart—"He can; He will. Let Him come down, and convince the ribald crowd."

But there was no answer. The cross stood dark against the twilight sky and the earth shook with the pity of it all. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain and I saw behind it, and there was nothing—wood and stones and rags, the hocus-pocus of priests.

I found myself back in the city, the city of my love which I once fondly dreamed was the city of God, and it was night. The smoke of it went up to heaven, and it was as the smoke of hell. The streets showed weirdly ghostlike in the flickering light. I saw the sins of the streets. I saw into the houses, the haunts of misery and the dens of shame. I saw that there were in the city hells where human hearts wore themselves out in hopeless pain.



I saw the rich fool choking his soul with gold, and the poor fool drowning his soul with drink. I saw children with the light of youth faded from their eyes, some with sly, crafty looks, some with gaunt, wolfish cheeks, with the iniquity of the fathers visited upon them to the third and fourth generations.

I saw men so filled with the rage for gain that they forgot the rights of their fellows and the ideals of liberty. It seemed as if they were quenching the flame of the sacred torch, and defacing liberty in the lust for gold. It seemed like another crucifixion.

I said: "Thank God that it is only a dream, a hateful vision that will pass."

I saw that there was no thought of God, no praise of Him in a city of churches. I heard women cursing men and yet living, and men cursing God and yet not able to die. I comforted myself with the thought that it was only a dream—only a nightmare of the fancy. I hugged the thought to my heart that when I awoke it would all be different. Until, above the tearless sob of mourners, above the giddy revelry of the gay, above the laughter and the music and the sound of dancing, above the curses and the pathetic make-believe of joy, through the night there came a woman's shriek, as if hell had outclimaxed itself at last—a piercing shriek of pain and despair that passed through ear and heart, bones and marrow, like sharp steel. It shivered through the air and lost itself in the godless sky above. And I awoke with the agony of it.

I awoke, and, behold, it was not a dream. Oh, God of mercy and of pity, *it was no dream!*

III.

Again I seemed to walk as in a vision and to see as in a dream. I was led back to the cross, and it stood clear against the sky. A hand touched my eyes, and I saw the pathos of it and the mystery of it, and, most of all, the power of it. I saw the lightnings, which before had seemed to play derisively above it, gather into a glory round the sacred head. I saw sad-eyed women and men and angels near it, but the sadness was swallowed up in love and adoration. Somehow I was drawn to it, as all men shall be drawn to it, and I said with gathering awe, "It is the Master." And I fell upon my face, and the mystery enveloped me and the glory blinded me.

In the light of the cross, I looked upon all the world and upon all life. In the light of the cross I saw the Kingdom of Heaven coming in like a resistless tide, never hastening, never resting, flooding the creeks and inlets. I saw through history a power making for righteousness, not by blind chance, but as part of a great design, part of a divine purpose, and I saw it to be a purpose of love, a purpose to redeem.

I saw the world as the garment of God, woven at the loom of time, a garment without seam like that of the blessed body of His Christ. And it was very good, with a deeper, richer, more mysterious beauty than before. The minor keys and the discords in the vocal score melted into the full harmony of the music of the spheres, and the discords were needed for the harmony. I saw into the heart of the world, and it was the heart of God; I saw into the heart of God, and it was the heart of Christ; I saw



Drawn by Balfour Kerr.

IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE QUENCHING THE FLAME OF THE SACRED TORCH, AND DEFACING LIBERTY IN THE LUST FOR GOLD. IT SEEMED LIKE ANOTHER CRUCIFIXION.

into the heart of Christ, and it almost broke my heart to see the passion of His love. Round the cross as round the cradle, there was the same circlet of praise—the old Christmas song, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

Back once more into the city; and I saw that it *was* the city of God, the scene of His redemptive work. I saw that amid the grossness and the slag there nestled the seed perfection, and the seed burst into a living thing, and it grew, and it had hope in its bosom. I saw the beauty of sacrifice in many a life, and even soiled characters glorified by an unselfish devotion, and love everywhere — love everywhere — bringing men to God.

I saw men and women bending their necks meekly to hard yokes for love's sake, and humble duty ennobling many a life. I saw human love being redeemed from passion by pain, and gold coming from the furnace purified by fire, and sin being washed away by blood. In the light of the cross I saw that all things, of joy and sorrow, of gain or loss, of life and death, work together for good.

Was this, too, a dream? If so, it was a deeper and a larger one than the first. It at least was not a blinding of the eyes to facts, not a whispering of peace when there was no peace, not a pretense that there was no pain and sorrow and sin and death. No, it saw these things, and yet saw them to have a meaning, to be part of the program,

not an unrehearsed accident, but part of the purpose of the great World-Artist.

And I beheld, and lo, a great multitude stood before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and I said: “What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?”

“These are they which came out of the great tribulation.”

I saw some of these saints in their tribulation in the city, and they made the city the city of God. When I saw them, I seemed to see the Master Himself, giving Himself for the world anew, saving it by love, redeeming it by blood. I saw Him seeking the lost, making hearts rise with a new hope, making eyes shine with a new light. And I follow Him that I may but touch the hem of His garment.

Is it a dream—this vision of the Christ, and the power of His Cross, and the beauty of His Love?

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it a dream.

And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream.

And all the world a dream.

Is it a dream that He comes stilling the wild tempest of human passion, creating His eternal brotherhood, establishing His Kingdom of righteousness and peace and love and joy, lifting the world in its steep ascent to God?

From that dream I have not yet awakened, and I pray God I may never awake.





BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH



*Political Rings and Corporations
join Forces to control
Courts*

BY C. P. CONNOLLY

III

Editor's Note:—In the two instalments of this series already published, Mr. Connolly has shown startling examples of what is happening in our courts. Even if one assume that the cases he details are merely sporadic, they are ominously widespread. In the first chapter, after laying down the scope of his articles and the conditions which he was prepared to prove, he began his examination of the judiciary with examples drawn from the courts of the state of Washington. Cross-sectioning in another direction, last month he traced through several states the dominance of railways over court decisions—in the heart-stirring story of Rube Oglesby in Missouri; in the “embroidery” of California’s constitution; and by other examples hardly less noteworthy. He showed, too, the insidious extension of various decisions through the courts of state after state—the “right” of personal examination, and certain applications of the “fellow servant” doctrine, for example. This month Mr. Connolly pictures the political boss, the corporation, and the judge with hands joined in friendship—an alliance that takes from the individual the assurance of justice and threatens the honest judge with retirement to private life as the penalty for his integrity.

NO ONE pretends that the judges against whom the most severe and well-merited criticism is directed are always incompetent or always unjust. Those that are selected by corrupt political machines, under the influence of railways and other corporate powers, often are as able and orderly in the daily operation of their courts as one could desire. In casual litigation between man and man these courts may preserve the ideals of justice in the highest degree. But such judges are usually there because they can be depended upon when the issue arises in which the influence behind them has something at stake; because then, by virtue of either their loyalty or their temperament, things will be “safe” in their hands.

Judges of our highest courts have been selected in practically every important state of the Union for their known conservatism, if not for worse; and conservatism has meant always the support of corporate and property rights to the utmost as against in-

dividual rights and the rights of the public as represented by the state. These judges have resolved ambiguities in the law in favor of large and powerful interests. They have upheld supposed powers of corporations theretofore unknown to the reason or theory of the law. They have annulled by judicial decisions, or warped from their purpose, laws which Congress and legislatures have, in spasms of public virtue, passed for the general good. They have reached out the long and tortuous arm of the law and gathered these enactments into a scrap-heap of “unconstitutional” relics.

In this raid on our judicial system, barriers of the law have been struck down in the interest of these corrupt and powerful forces, and new barriers erected against their already too-helpless opponents. It is too often the rule that the mere lack of influence or of wealth seems to operate mechanically against the justice to which these litigants look forward. I am talking now, not against an isolated condition

here and there, but—no matter what hostility the charge may arouse—against conditions that are almost universal.

It is so much easier to fortify one's point by a case which attracts wide public attention, even though it but indirectly illustrates the point. While I write, a Federal judge in New York City fines in the sum of \$25,000 a rich man who had defrauded the Government of some \$1,400,000. At the same time, the same judge sentences to three months' imprisonment a minor offender who had defrauded the Government of \$2,500. The rich smuggler had netted \$1,375,000. He had, figuratively, departed from court with the loot under his arm. He was an importer of silks. The Greek who was sentenced to jail was an importer of dates and figs. Were I in the Greek's place, I think I should change from figs to silks.

Watch the elevators in our Federal buildings, and see the trembling, handcuffed wretches who enter, charged with distilling a hogshead of wine, or some such minor offense. Go then into the office of the district attorneys and watch the trust magnate who has levied unlawful tribute on a nation, in unfettered conference with his lawyers and Government officials—and tell me if this is a land of equal law!

PENNSYLVANIA COURTS AND POLITICS

The state of Pennsylvania, with all its wealth and influence, affords some interesting examples of court workings when political interests are involved.

In 1901 the legislature of Pennsylvania passed what was known as the "ripper" law. The state Republican machine did not have the political support of the local authorities of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, or Scranton. It secured this support by an act removing the mayors of these cities and giving the governor of the state the power to appoint their successors under the title of "recorders." This act placed the rebellious cities in a class by themselves, contrary to a constitutional provision declaring that the general assembly should not pass any local or special law regulating the affairs of cities.

An appeal was made to the Supreme Court of the state to prevent this decapitation of officials elected by the people. That court decided that the distress of the ring

was paramount to the provision of the constitution. Justice Dean, who wrote a dissenting opinion, concurred in by Justices McCollum and Mestrezat, called attention to the fact that, in the not very remote past, it had been the custom in English politics, as soon as a victorious political party was seated in power, to cut off the heads of its leading antagonists and to confiscate their property; and he said that, if constitutional provisions were to be so easily overturned, it might become a habit in Pennsylvania to confiscate the offices of every enemy of the dominant political ring in the state.

During the pendency of this case in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the charge was made in the *Philadelphia Press*, with specific details of time, place, and language, that Justice Potter of the Supreme Court had talked over the long-distance telephone with Governor Stone, and had kept him advised of the discussion of the case among the judges. The opinion disclosed that the judges mentioned in the alleged telephone conversations voted as Judge Potter had declared, according to these statements, they would vote.

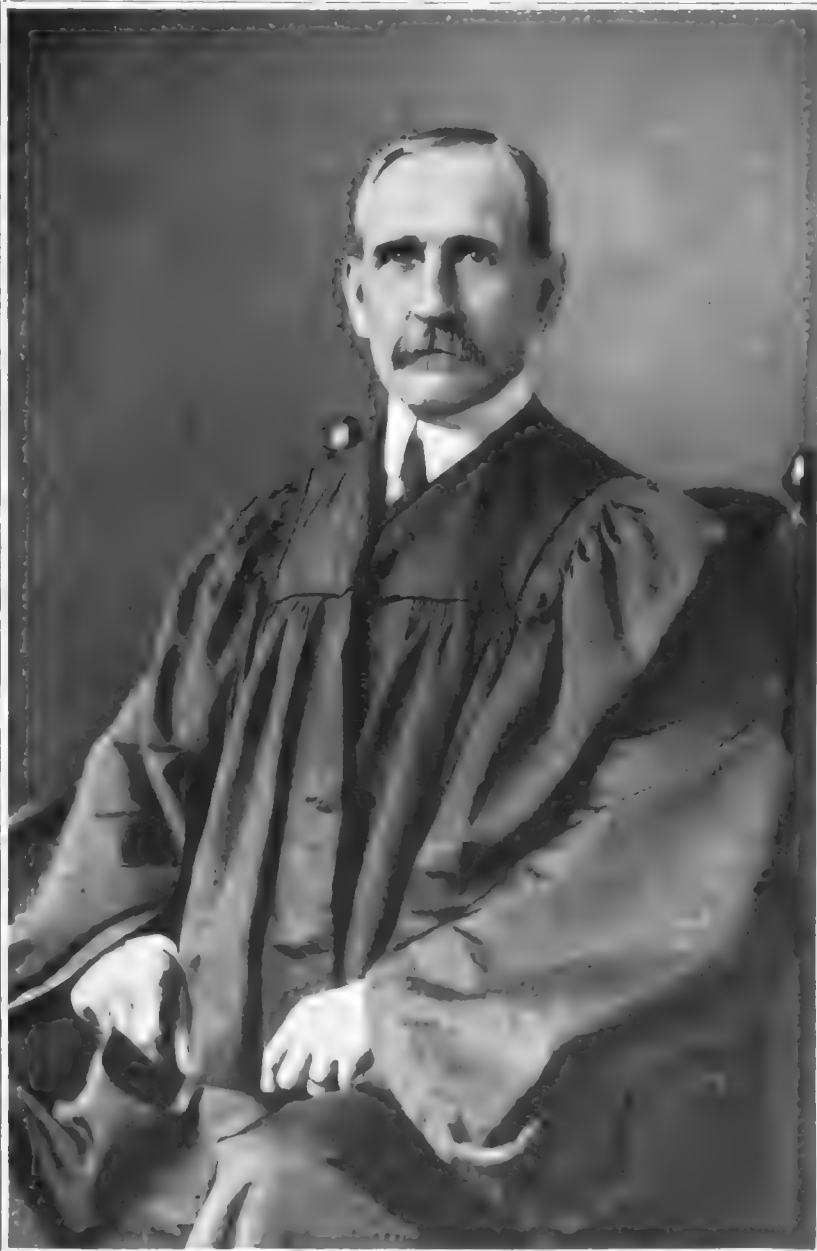
"Recorder" Brown, of Pittsburgh, who, under this law, had secured a seven-thousand-dollar office, took the stump in the following campaign, and, defending Judge Potter, who was a candidate for re-election, announced that the judge had a perfect right to communicate in advance the decision of the court.

"If it was done," he said, "Potter only did what other judges of the Supreme Court have done. They have communicated with me in an almost similar manner."

While this "ripper" case was before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, almost at the moment when Justice Potter was alleged to have informed the ring as to the way in which the case would be decided, he made an address before the graduating class of the Philadelphia Law School.

"I love to think," said Justice Potter, "of the chivalric side of the profession of the law; of the opportunities it gives to throw a lance full and fair into the face of many a frowning wrong; of the ability that it bestows for the protection of the right, for the uplifting of the poor and down-trodden, for the enforcement of equity and the restoration of ill-gotten gains."

It was not the first time that leaks had occurred in the Pennsylvania Supreme



Photograph by Gutokunst, Philadelphia.

JUDGE STEPHEN LESLIE MESTREZAT, ONE OF THE FINEST TYPES OF ABILITY AND INTEGRITY,
WHO HAS STOOD CONSISTENTLY AGAINST THE CORPORATE DECISIONS OF HIS OWN COURT.

2

Court, or in other Supreme Courts of the Union. Twenty-four hours before the Supreme Court of Colorado decided the eight-hour law unconstitutional, the fact was known and discussed among insiders in the lobby of a Denver hotel. A Supreme Court judge in Ohio was publicly charged by Tom L. Johnson with giving foreknowledge of one of his opinions to friends, who gambled on the stock market on the strength of it.

Judge John P. Elkin, one of the present judges of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, has had in the past, and still has, very close relations with the corporations. His intimate friend is T. Larry Eyre, a Pennsylvania Railroad contractor. The judge and the railway contractor are inseparable companions. Judge Elkin was mentioned in the Archbold letters, read on the stump by William R. Hearst in 1908, as receiving \$15,000, with the request to kill certain legislation.

A year ago Elkin wrote the opinion in the Bullett suit. The "organization" wanted to borrow for the city of Philadelphia eight million dollars. The "rake-off" was getting short, and the "gang" wanted more public funds. The public needed the money too, but the "gang" needed it worse. It was believed that the constitutional borrowing limit had been exceeded. A man named Frank Elliott, the tool of McNichol, the Philadelphia political boss, brought a "friendly" suit against the city in such a way as to make it possible

for the Supreme Court to give a friendly decision. The Supreme Court gave it. Judge Elkin selected the one point in the case for which a plausible argument could be made in favor of the organization. He held that "under the facts presented by *this record*," the city could not be enjoined. This is the same Judge Elkin who just recently was urged upon President Taft by a delegation of Pennsylvanians, headed by another justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, as a creditable candidate for the Supreme bench of the United States. His reputation in Pennsylvania is that of a notorious "ring" judge.

Always recurring we find the alliance of political bosses and corporation bosses un-



JUSTICE WILLIAM PLUMER POTTER, WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE INFORMED THE "RING" IN ADVANCE HOW THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA WOULD DECIDE THE "RIPPER" CASE.

dertaking to plunder the public through municipal contracts and otherwise, and whenever possible enlisting the courts as allies to make lawful the things they would do. It is a satisfaction to discover that in many a community there have been upright judges who declined to "stand by their friends," political and corporate, when equity forbade, even in the face of punishment and relegation to private life. It is the recall in practical effect, except that it is in the hands of the machine which controls nominations. Justice Lewis, recently defeated for renomination by the Steel Trust in Minnesota, is a shining example of the efficacy of this kind of recall. He had concurred in a decision against the trust.

OHIO RINGS AND THEIR COURTS

There was a political ring in every large city of Ohio a few years ago, as there are still such rings in some of those cities. These rings were smaller groups of two larger rings, representative of the Morgan and the Standard Oil interests. They selected and nominated every judge within their reach, from the trial judges to the justices of the Supreme Court.

If a judge showed independence of their power, they did not attack him openly, or manifest their real feelings; they circulated unfounded stories about him in the clubs and other public places. If the judge lost his temper, he was unbalanced; there was a trace of insanity somewhere in his family. If he went wrong in little things, these were magnified in the columns of the controlled portion of the press, and pity was expressed for the judicial shortcomings. Both his public and private reputation were gradually broken down. The public saw only the newspaper side of his career; they never dreamed of the real inside story.

On the other hand, the judge favored of the ring received a pæan of editorial praise on every possible occasion. Stories intended to make him "solid" with the public ran at intervals in the news columns. His level-headedness and judicial poise were commended. The links connecting the corporation lawyer, the press, and the bench were secret, but effective and profitable.

One firm of corporation lawyers in Ohio built up a large practise because of its "pull" with the courts. A member of this



Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

JUDGE JOHN P. ELKIN, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SUPREME COURT, WHO HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING ONE OF THE CHIEF SUPPORTS OF BIG BUSINESS.

firm was a director in a bank and trust company. This trust company acted as administrator of estates; it also marketed stocks and bonds. The probate judge, a tool of the law firm, would appoint either this bank or one of its directors administrator of certain estates, and the administrator, obtaining a court order for the sale of estate property, would reinvest the resulting funds in the trust company's promotion securities.

Every important litigant in Ohio knew that if he wanted to be certain of his case in the Supreme Court of Ohio, it was the part of wisdom to employ Joseph B. Foraker. There are lawyers in Ohio who claim that Foraker has been paid large fees not so much for his legal ability as because of his political or other influence over the courts.

Ohio has a law providing that when a telegraph or telephone company seeks a franchise from a city council and is refused, or can not agree with the city council upon terms, it may appeal to the probate judge of the county, who has the power to fix the terms. The Zanesville Telegraph & Tele-

phone Company applied to the city council of Zanesville for a franchise. That council wanted to compel the company to place its wires under ground. This was not satisfactory to the company, and it applied to the probate judge. The Supreme Court of Ohio held that the power given the probate judge was not a judicial power, and that the act was therefore void as to the probate

court. This would throw the company back on the mercy of the city council. So far as the decision itself showed, it was unanimous.

Now, note the sudden conversion of the court. Senator Foraker at the time of this decision represented in Cincinnati the Edison Company, which claimed its rights in the streets of Cincinnati by virtue of a

grant from the Probate Court of Hamilton County. This much richer grant would be void under this Zanesville decision. In order to set the court right, Foraker steps into the Zanesville case; the court sees a new light, and changes its decision, holding that the probate judge *could* legislate. There are a good many intelligent people in Ohio who are curious to know the sources of Foraker's power over their Supreme Court. Their curiosity was intensified when in the campaign of 1910 Foraker publicly denounced Theodore Roosevelt for his criticisms of the courts.

More remarkable than the Zanesville case was its sequel. The Toledo Home Telephone Company, a year or so later, tendered to the probate judge of Lucas County a contract containing among other



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"SAM" COOK, FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF MISSOURI, WHO GOT A VERDICT OF \$150,000 IN A LIBEL SUIT AGAINST THE "ST. LOUIS *GLOBE-DEMOCRAT*."



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SIMON GUGGENHEIM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO, THE COLORADO REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GUGGENHEIM BROTHERS, IN WHOSE INTEREST COURTS HAVE RENDERED REVOLUTIONARY DECISIONS.

conditions, a schedule of rates which the company proposed to adopt. This was done in order to enlist the support of public opinion for its franchise. The court fixed the terms of the franchise, including these rates, *and the company filed in court its written acceptance of them.*

A year later it increased its rates eight dollars on each business telephone and six dollars on each residence telephone. It told the court its business had increased

more than double; that it was compelled to build a large plant; and gave this as the reason which necessitated the raise in rates! The Supreme Court said that the probate court had jurisdiction to *fix everything but the rates.* It expressed regret that the people of Toledo must be sorely disappointed by its decision, but cast the blame on the legislature! It said that the courts could neither legislate nor contract—although the Ohio Supreme Court had been



Photograph by Cincinnati, Washington.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
WHOSE CONTROL OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO IN THE
INTEREST OF BIG BUSINESS HAS BEEN A THEME OF
DISCUSSION AMONG OHIO LAWYERS FOR YEARS.

doing both things systematically for years.

During Tom L. Johnson's struggle in Cleveland, it became necessary, in order to defeat Johnson's scheme for the establishment of three-cent street-car fares, to declare the charter of that city invalid. This the Supreme Court did, although it had for years upheld such charters in cities controlled by the state Republican ring. In order to declare void the charter of Cleveland, it was necessary to declare void the charter of other cities in the state, and the court had to give these communities time to readjust themselves before enforcing its decrees.

Johnson's hands were tied in such a way that he was unable to sign his name as mayor. But the court made a sweeping exception in the case of a contract with the Barber Asphalt Company, which company one of Senator Foraker's law firm represented. Johnson was permitted to sign that contract.

Until last year Cincinnati was the worst boss-ridden city in the United States. Cincinnati wasn't proud of its distinction, but it was helpless—helpless, not because of the individual power of George B. Cox, but

because of the corporate power behind Cox. When President Taft made his Akron speech saying that, if he had a chance to vote at an approaching election in Cincinnati, he would not vote his own party ticket because George B. Cox was behind it, his words were wired to every city in the United States and published in practically every newspaper in the United States except the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, owned and published by C. P. Taft. C. P. Taft's paper did not publish that part of his brother's speech because it was supporting the Cox ticket. The *Times-Star* would not have published it in any event, because C. P. Taft was identified with powerful outside interests that had large investments in Cincinnati, and George B. Cox was the political agent of those interests.

Cox's domination of the judiciary in Cincinnati, and for that matter in other parts of Ohio, makes one of the most shameful chapters in American judicial history. No candidate for a judgeship in Cincinnati can secure a nomination on the Republican ticket without Cox's consent, and a Democrat is rarely elected to office in Cincinnati. But party makes no difference: the corporations would find a Democratic boss just as serviceable and as corrupt as Cox.

The Water Works Commissioners of Cincinnati, in carrying out the construction of the new water works, entered into a contract with a corporation known as the Lane & Bodley Company for the construction of certain large pumps. This company, it was claimed, had failed to furnish the pumps as it had agreed to do, and the commissioners, after notice, declared the contract ended, and awarded it to another corporation at an additional cost to the city of some three hundred thousand dollars. The City of Cincinnati sued the Lane & Bodley Company for the additional cost. In the Common Pleas Court a judgment was obtained against the Lane & Bodley Company in favor of the City for \$238,712. The case was appealed to the Circuit Court.

It was argued to the Circuit Court on January 3, 1903, with Judges Jelke and Swing sitting, Judge Giffen being absent in the South, where he was said to be ill. Let the reader note the decision now, and the way the judges voted, in conjunction with the story that follows. Judge Jelke announced that he was unalterably for affirming the case and that Judge Swing

was unalterably for reversing it. Owing to the absence of Judge Giffen, the case thus resulted in a mistrial. The matter was afterward compromised, the City of Cincinnati accepting \$65,000 for its judgment of \$238,712.

The story does not end here. Better would it be for the honor of our higher courts if it did.

When John M. Patterson a Democrat, was elected Governor of Ohio in 1905, a Democratic Senate was elected at the same time. That senate appointed a committee to investigate conditions in Cincinnati. The committee met, and, among other things, secured the confessions of the Circuit Court judges as to what had happened in the Lane & Bodley case in the interval between the appeal to the Circuit Court and the hearing:

George B. Cox had his office in Cincinnati over a saloon known as the "Mecca." The judges of the Circuit Court were Ferdinand Jelke, Jr., William S. Giffen, and Peter F. Swing. Each of these judges had received a summons from Cox to come to his office over the "Mecca" saloon. One by one they had responded to the summons.

When Judge Jelke got there, Cox said to him:

"Judge, there is coming up for hearing in your court the case of the Lane & Bodley Company against the City of Cincinnati. I wish you would find some way to reverse it."

"That case, Mr. Cox, will be tried on the record, exactly like any other case," replied Judge Jelke.

It may be interpolated here that this answer and his adherence to its spirit ruined Judge Jelke's judicial career. After his vote to affirm the judgment in the Lane & Bodley case, he was relegated to private life. It was the first time a Circuit judge had been refused a renomination in that circuit.

Judge Giffen, in reply to a like request from Cox, said that "he understood it had taken about thirty days to try the case, and that the court occupying thirty days in trying a case of that nature, would probably make error that would require it to be reversed." This answer, while non-committal, is typical of the attitude of appellate judges toward their brethren of the trial bench. It was a judicial admission of the trickery of the law. It was an announce-

ment that Judge Giffen would approach the case expecting to find flaws.

The other judge, Peter F. Swing, told Cox he would give the case full consideration, which was, he said, all that Cox asked of him. When asked by the Senate Committee if Cox had ever spoken to him about any other case pending before his court, Judge Swing, who was a whispering and badly confused witness, failed to answer.

After the confession of these interviews with Cox, some one asked for an injunction against the further activities of the Senate Committee on the ground that "irreparable injury" would be done if the investigation was not stopped.

The Common Pleas judge who heard the matter, and who was afterward elevated to the Circuit judgeship in succession to Judge Jelke, held that the committee was illegal because it attempted to exercise judicial powers.

The matter in another form went to the Supreme Court of the state, and that court decided that the Senate could not appoint an investigating committee without the concurrence of the House.



Photograph by Kuklinski, Denver.

JOHN M. WALDRON,
AT WHOSE BECK THE SUPREME COURT OF COLORADO OVERTURNED PRINCIPLES AND PRECEDENTS, AND BROUGHT ABOUT A REIGN OF ANARCHY.



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UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE, OF MISSOURI. HE MET WITH THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE WHICH ACCEPTED A CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION FROM A MISSOURI PACIFIC LOBBYIST; OUT OF THIS FACT GREW A FAMOUS LIBEL CASE.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Two years later, the Republican House of Representatives joined with the Democratic Senate, and another commission was appointed. The new commission went to work, but had not been long in session when an appeal was made to the Circuit Court, which had already been shown, by the testimony of its own members, to be under the control and direction of Cox.

INVESTIGATIONS—HOW TO PREVENT

Judge Samuel W. Smith, Jr., who, as Common Pleas judge, had rendered the decision declaring the former commission invalid, was now sitting on the Circuit bench with Judges Swing and Giffen. Jelke, the judge who refused to obey the boss, had been put off the bench, and this man, who had rendered a decision more to the liking of Cox, had been elevated to his place. These three judges held that the language of the preamble to the resolution appointing the committee was "intemperate, ill-timed and revolutionary." They decided that when the General Assembly adjourned the committee died with it. This decision was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the state.

Under these two decisions, the Supreme Court of Ohio laid down the law that investigating committees could not be appointed by either branch of the legislature alone, and, when appointed by both branches, could not be empowered to sit after the adjournment of the legislature.

Although the courts held that the work of these committees was illegal, as a result of their labors Cox and his lieutenants returned to the county treasury of Hamilton County about \$215,000 of interest on county funds. If the work of these committees was illegal, the courts might have gone a step further and declared the members of the committees guilty of larceny in obtaining from Cox and his lieutenants the money which they had returned to the treasury.

Wade Ellis, first a political protégé of Cox, later a Government trust-buster, was attorney-general of Ohio at this time, and was a member of the Board of Deposit that was largely responsible for the state of affairs exposed by these committees. It was on his advice as attorney-general that the state treasurer refused to pay a warrant for certain of the expenses of the committee appointed by both branches of the legislature, and this action of the

state treasurer precipitated the litigation that resulted in the decisions of the courts. Ellis never took any steps to prosecute the men whose acts were exposed.

Jurors might legally be drawn in Cincinnati who, upon the evidence, would convict Cox of a number of crimes, if these crimes are not already outlawed. But Ohio will have to reorganize its judiciary from top to bottom before the doors of any penitentiary will ever close on him. I have seen Cox sit in a Republican State Convention in Ohio, and swing it as a driver swings his team.

If I controlled the text-books used in the public schools of Ohio, I would have written in them the story of Cox's life. I would teach the children of the state the history of its first statesman, as Massachusetts taught her sons and daughters the story of Webster's life. I would make Ohio sink so low as to be proud of Cox, or I would make her, out of her shame, rise so high as to forget him. A state is judged by the character of the men it honors.

THE COLORADO LABOR WAR AND THE COURTS

Let us turn for a moment to Colorado, and let me here suggest that the assertion usually heard that the judicial anarchy in Colorado was the result of social anarchy is a gross public misconception. The riots and disorder in Colorado were, too sadly, the direct result of judicial and legislative corruption—more directly of judicial corruption. For, had the courts been true to honest lights, legislative corruption would not so much have mattered. It was the collapse of judicial tribunals that incensed men beyond restraint. Judicial conditions were thoroughly bad when the test came.

A hundred cases of injustice might be cited in Colorado which have no relation to the labor war. That war simply brought into penetrating light the plague spots which were gradually destroying the courts.

The mine-owners advanced the expenses of the militia, who drove, Romanoff fashion, hundreds of innocent citizens beyond the state borders and left them upon the prairies—many of them because of mere sympathy with labor unions. Numbers of these outcasts owned their homes in Colorado. They were expatriated for good.

This arrangement, which virtually placed

the troops for the time being in the relation of hired men to the mine-owners, was characterized by the *Army and Navy Journal* as "a rank perversion of the whole theory and purpose of the National Guard, and more likely to incite disorder than prevent it." These outrages did not appal the Supreme Court of Colorado. It legalized them.

LINCOLN VS. THE GUGGENHEIMS

The writ of habeas corpus is perhaps the most sacred of human rights. It grew out of those dark days when men, sometimes because they were too loud in their independence, were flung into noisome prisons and left to rot. The writ compelled the keeper to bring the prisoner's body into court that the cause of imprisonment might be inquired into. If his imprisonment was not lawful, he was released.

I remember very distinctly a decision handed down in Wisconsin in which the Supreme Court refused to suspend the writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War draft riots. The court announced its fealty to President Lincoln and the cause of the North, but said that this sacred right should not be suspended except within the strict limitations of the Constitution. Yet the Colorado Supreme Court in the case of Moyer suspended the writ of habeas corpus at the behest of the Guggenheims and the mine-owners in Colorado. I know of no case in judicial history which marks so pathetic a decline—a great human right upheld against Lincoln, and waived in favor of the Guggenheims.

The judges in Colorado based their judgment partly on a decision handed down in the Philippine Islands, which in turn was based upon a decision in Idaho rendered during the labor riots in that state, and this fact once again illustrates the danger which always lies in reckless or corrupt decisions—they travel much faster than honest ones. Of this particular decision, United States Senator Teller of Colorado said: "My professional education and long professional life as a lawyer have made me exceedingly conservative when I come to speak of decisions of courts. I appreciate, as all lawyers do, how important it is that the people shall have at all times confidence in the integrity and ability of the judiciary, and I shall content

myself with saying that I do not believe the decision of the court can be supported either upon principle or precedent."

"The court has established a precedent so repugnant to my notions of civil liberty," said Judge Robert W. Steele in his dissenting opinion, "so antagonistic to my notions of a republican form of government, and so shocking to every sense of propriety and justice, that I can not properly characterize it."

After this decision was rendered, a motion for rehearing was filed in the Supreme Court. Court decisions hold that while a motion for rehearing is pending, the case is still before the court, and that no one may, during the interim between the first decision and the decision on the motion, criticize the court. By holding up their second decision for an indefinite time, a good many of our higher courts silence criticism. The Supreme Court of Colorado held back its second decision for a year.

Meanwhile, the Colorado corporations proceeded to pack the court for the express purpose of upholding this decision. The governor surrendered his power of selection to a committee appointed by the corporations, who actually named two new judges provided for by law. In the case of one of the candidates, the different corporations could not agree: one of the corporations suspected this candidate's too great loyalty to the corporation which had suggested his name; thereupon the first-mentioned corporation held back enough votes in the State Senate to prevent his confirmation, until a midnight conference with the candidate at his home satisfied its agents. The next morning this corporation let loose its Senate votes, and the candidate's nomination was promptly confirmed.

Former United States Senator Thomas M. Patterson charged these things and many others in his newspaper. The Supreme Court cited him for contempt. They did not give him the chance to prove his charges. They fined him \$1,000 for merely publishing them. Among the lawyers who defended Patterson were former United States Senator Teller and former Governor Charles S. Thomas of Colorado.

When an incensed speaker publicly declares, in reviewing these acts of Colorado's Supreme Court, that he is not a law-abiding citizen, the press of the country rings from end to end with his "anarchy." Yet Wen-



THE LATE CHARLES RAY BRAYTON, OF RHODE ISLAND,
KNOWN AS THE "BLIND BOSS."

dell Phillips in a free-soil speech in Boston during pro-slavery days said: "I say New England is not a law-abiding community. God be thanked for it."

Under these Colorado decisions, any striker, or any citizen *suspected of sympathy with strikers*, may be indefinitely imprisoned, without right of habeas corpus; and that, too, in time of absolute peace, as was actually done in the Moyer case in that state. In December, 1910, fourteen men, without jury trial, were in fact sentenced to jail for a year under the terms of an injunction which practically made it a felony for any man, within the limits of certain districts, to perform the ordinary functions of life without danger of imprisonment without trial. The sentencing of these men led to a street parade of protest in Denver of more than twelve thousand people. These parades were afterward addressed by former Governor Thomas of Colorado, one of the leaders of the bar of Denver, and one of the most respected citizens of the state.

After a recent election, when the complexion of the Supreme Court of Colorado was changed, John M. Waldron, chief corporation lawyer of Denver, quit the law practise and left the state. In his day judges had been rounded up by his corporate clients, while he got from them decisions which are a blight not only upon that state but upon the judicial history of the country.

Justice Robert W. Steele, of the Supreme Court of Colorado, who had, singly, dis-

sented for years from these corporation decisions, said that, if they were to be perpetuated, the entire edifice of justice in Colorado ought to come down. Prominent among the mountain states, Colorado has influenced neighboring courts, and the shadow of these "controlled" decisions lies over every other Western state.

A FAMOUS MISSOURI LIBEL SUIT

"Sam" Cook, some years ago, was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Missouri. "Bill" Phelps, the political boss and lobbyist of the Missouri Pacific, made a contribution of \$2,100 in the campaign of 1896 to the Democratic State Central Committee. This amount was entered on the books of the committee as having been contributed by Phelps. When the election was over, it became necessary, under the law, to file an affidavit showing what moneys had been received and disbursed. Several prominent Democrats, among them United States Senator William J. Stone, of Missouri, met with officers of the committee. It was decided in this conference that it would not look well, on account of Phelps's railway affiliations, to show the contribution as coming from him. So it was agreed that Cook should go to Phelps and get his consent to change the subscription on the books and to credit it to some one else.

Cook saw Phelps, and the matter was arranged, Phelps giving his written consent to the transfer of the subscription from himself to Cook. The treasurer of the committee swore to the statement in this form with Cook's knowledge and consent, if not by his direction.

In 1905, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a Republican newspaper, harking back for some reason to the campaign of 1896, charged inadvertently that Cook himself had sworn to this affidavit, instead of saying, as was the case, that Cook had got the treasurer to swear to it. It was the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. There was at that time a law of Missouri which permitted the plaintiff in a libel suit to bring his action in any one of the one hundred and fourteen counties of the state where the newspaper printing the alleged libel circulated. Cook lived in Jefferson City, in Cole County. He went a long distance, into Randolph County, a

strong Democratic district, and aired his grievance to a judge with whom he was on terms of intimacy and to a jury composed entirely of Democrats.

They gave Cook a verdict of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of Missouri, which virtuously reduced the judgment to \$50,000 and affirmed it. The Republican member of the Supreme Court who dissented from this decision—not on the ground alone, let us hope, that he was a Republican—said that "no such verdict could be found returned in any reported case in any court in any land since the dawn of civilization, so far as my research goes, and I have been persistent and diligent in search."

The total amount of damages assessed in libel and slander suits in Missouri in the ninety years of its previous existence was \$184,576.02. Cook secured in the trial court a verdict amounting to just \$34,578.02 less than the total amount of all the others during all those ninety years. The amount the *Globe-Democrat* paid to Cook under the reduced judgment rendered by the Supreme Court was more than one-fourth of the total damages assessed in all the cases of libel or slander that ever reached an appellate court in Missouri.

It is at times a costly luxury to be a Republican in Missouri.

LIFE VS. REPUTATION

If the judgment rendered by the jury in this case had been \$10,000, instead of \$150,000, and had been rendered against the Missouri Pacific for the loss of a human life, this court would, in all probability, have reduced the judgment to \$5,000, and would have preached a judicial homily on the prejudices of jurors against corporations. It is a striking fact, in connection with this case, that in eleven states of the Union the amount of damages that may be awarded for the death of a person is limited to \$5,000; in one state the amount is limited to \$7,000; and in eight states and territories, including the District of Columbia, it is limited to \$10,000. Yet Cook got \$50,000 for a doubtful blemish on his reputation.

A prominent publication afterward asked a Missouri newspaper man to write the history of the Supreme Court of Missouri. The owner of the newspaper on which the writer was employed stopped the story. He

gave as an excuse that he did not propose to have the courts of Missouri confiscate his property.

When one reads of instances like the *Globe-Democrat* case in Missouri, one is no longer at a loss to understand the successful legal career of the late "Blind Boss" Brayton, of Rhode Island, who was admitted to the bar at the age of fifty-one. Although he never tried a case, or gave legal advice of the text-book kind, he received large retainers from railway and street-car companies.

What would be a bribe in the case of the man without a license from the courts, would be a "fee" in the case of a lawyer. "Calhoun had to have that franchise," said one of the judges who turned Ruef and Schmitz loose in California after their conviction in the French-restaurant cases, "and he paid Ruef to get it. Ruef, you know, was an attorney."

When James G. Fair, of Comstock fame, died, his will left his property, amounting to many millions of dollars, in trust, with the proviso that the income only should be paid to his three children. The Supreme Court of California, after exhaustive arguments and months of deliberation, upheld the trust, as declared in the will. The heirs, who were anxious to secure the entire property, then employed William F. Herrin, state boss of the Republican party and chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California. Herrin asked the Supreme Court to guess again. They did, and reversed themselves, giving Fair's millions outright to his children.

The Missouri Supreme Court had for years laid down the doctrine that, in order to maintain the secrecy of elections, ballots could not be compared with poll lists or voting lists. A judge who wrote one of the opinions laying down this law is now a practising lawyer in St. Louis. In the election of 1910 one of his former colleagues on the bench was defeated for reelection. This judge contested the election of his opponent. He hired as his lawyer the former judge who had written the opinion mentioned, in which opinion he himself had concurred. They appealed to the Supreme Court to reverse its former decisions and to allow the ballots to be compared with the

poll lists, and the court reversed itself and granted their petition.

In another election contest case, the Supreme Court of Missouri expressly overruled a former decision of its own in order to hold that no judge of election could legally deposit in the ballot-box any ballot on which the names or initials of more than one judge of election did not appear. Nine days later, the same court, passing upon the same words in the same statute, overruled this last case, and decided that the judges could legally deposit such ballot.

That these Missouri judges have a sense of humor, and are therefore not altogether beyond hope of redemption, was shown by an incident that occurred recently in the Missouri Supreme Court. A St. Louis lawyer made an address before the Missouri Bar Association at its session in 1910, in which he criticized some of the technical rulings of the Supreme Court of his state. Shortly afterward he was arguing before that court a technical point raised by the other side.

MISSOURI HUMOR TO THE RESCUE

"Proceed with the rest of your argument," said one of the judges. "That is a mere technical point. This is an age of reform. There is a growing prejudice against technicalities."

"You mean," said one of his colleagues at the other end of the bench, "since the last meeting of the Bar Association, don't you, Judge?"

Whereupon there was a general laugh, in which the judges and the lawyers all joined, and a delicate situation was saved by a sense of that humor which Mark Twain took with him from his Missouri home.

We regularly overhaul every other department of government. We would not think of letting them run on indefinitely without attention. But the law! Why, we have given it head for a century, with judges who were political opportunists; judges rewarded for political crimes, contributions, and subserviencies; judges grossly ignorant, who have been allowed to tinker with the scales of justice.

It is time to interfere.

In the May number, Mr. Connolly will discuss make-believe "trust-busting" and the difficulty of obtaining justice against the big men in the big corporations.

"Two's Company"



by
Inez Thompson



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SOME one had turned up the gas in the front parlor, and Myrtle dodged in on her breathless way to dress, lowered the jet to an uninviting blue bean, then impulsively turned it high again and gave a helpless glance about. She knew every worn place in the carpet, every bulging spring in the shiny plush chairs, every fly-specked photograph on the lambrequin-draped mantel, every gap in the smoky glass pendants of the chandelier, and every clumsily darned place in the lace curtains. One gets to know such details in six years' association.

The thing she yearned to do—yet dared not—was to put into the background the bamboo easel with its crayon enlargement of Mr. Heffernan, deceased: a structure so adorned with huge black ribbon bow, wreath of green-dyed everlastings, faded society badges, and framed resolutions of condolence from those organizations, that it dominated the room with its mortuary suggestiveness. There was a place in the corner behind the mantel—but to move the easel would be to invite trouble; and she couldn't have trouble with a landlady like Mrs. Heffernan for a first-time, and probably *one-time*, caller like Petey Mattheson!

With a sigh of resignation she turned the gas low to discourage any loitering boarder, and ran up to her top-floor back bedroom.

The cabbage smell was strong on every floor, and she caught an added whiff as she loosed her hair from its braid. Boiled and fried dinners meant that she must work later than usual before bedtime, freshening herself; for she set the tables and helped "dish" things in the kitchen every night,

and gave up her Sunday forenoons to housework, in order to cut her living expenses to a manageable figure.

But on this night there was no time for prolonged purifying; so she opened the window and shook the heavy fair lengths out to the wind that swept in from the black February night. As she shivered in the icy draft she half regretted that she hadn't spent fifteen cents for a package of the Shu-Germ Pastilles that had been "demonstrated" in the Toilet Goods Department of the store that afternoon. They had a ravishing smell and were "healthy," besides, the demonstrator had assured her; she had recalled, then, that Mrs. Heffernan always made use of her washing-day fire to cook a boiled dinner. The one reason that had withheld her from purchasing was the resolution, formed months ago, that she would not do anything at all that other girls would do, had done, and might do to attract Peter Mattheson.

On the fresh spur of that decision, she banged down the sash and swung her arms to counteract the added cold of the unheated room. The lingerie waist, laid ready on the bed, looked distressingly filmy in that temperature; she put off changing until she should have done her hair.

With a kimono over her black store dress, she brushed the mass to an electrified bushiness and tried to put it up the new way, in a puffy, intricate coil at a particular angle on the crown of her head. Her fingers were chilled, and the soft strands slipped exasperatingly, but the final result was becoming. Almost too becoming, she recognized, as she stared into the dim glass with brightening eyes: it made her look *actressy*!

After a moment she pulled out the pins, braided her hair, and wound it severely about her head in her accustomed style; took off her blouse and washed her face and hands, and put on the black waist again without looking in the glass. Clean turn-over collar and cuffs were the extent of the special preparation she allowed herself to make for Petey Mattheson's coming.

As she went down to the parlor, Mrs. Heffernan called to her from the basement and came half-way up, wiping the stems of three carnations on her apron.

"Here, Myrtle—Mis' Gutmann had some Sattidy an' she give me—" she broke off abruptly—"Why—why didn't you change your dress? Why didn't you put your langree waist on?"

"I thought I wouldn't." Myrtle's mouth quirked a bit on the words. It was a pretty mouth—her best feature; but she had quirked it so often instead of crying or complaining or scolding that it was getting the habit

of hard lines. When there is no one at all to whom it matters whether one cries or complains or scolds, a Myrtle Judkins kind of girl is liable to get that habit.

"Well, if you ain't the queer one!" Mrs. Heffernan commented candidly. "Put these flowers on, annyhow, to—there, there goes the bell. See'f it's fer you."

It was Mr. Mattheson, pink with cold, trig and smiling, with a white-papered, gold-sealed box that might have been transparent so far as its concealment of candy went, under his arm, his cigar in his left hand, his hat in his right. And yet he had that right hand free, somehow, and had given Myrtle's fingers a warm clasp, had his hat on a hook of the hall-stand, the candy in her hands, and his coat half off before he was through with his, "Well—good evening!"—a greeting that conveyed, inexpressibly, that he had just left a wonderful good time to come to one that he infinitely preferred.



THE FINAL RESULT WAS BECOMING. ALMOST TOO BECOMING. Original from BOOK ACTRESS!!

At sight of Mrs. Heffernan, visibly curious on the stairs, he said, "Ah! Good *evening*," to her, with a warmth that defied a suspicion of impertinence; swung into the parlor and turned up the gas as if he had known the ways of the house since infancy, picked the best chair in a flash and had it over to the table for Myrtle, and drew up another facing it.

"Well! We're all here," he remarked with an air of great relief as they sat down. It was Petey Mattheson's way—the cheerful, nonsensical way that smoothed the lines from about Myrtle's lips, as she answered demurely that it looked like a storm, and drew those red curves up at one corner and down at the other in a crooked, reluctant smile that was a pleasing thing to watch. Catching the open enjoyment with which Petey Mattheson watched it, she put her pinks and the candy on the table and, unrolling a square of blue cambric that she held, produced a crochet hook from her braid and set hastily to work hooking a thread in and out among a maze of other threads fastened to the cloth.

"Would I know any more about it if you told me what that was?" Peter asked, hitching his chair nearer.

"It's Irish crochet—lace—for a yoke."

She held the puzzle toward him, and he bent over it, fingering the fine, firm mesh and tilting the tiny petals of the roses with absorbed interest. It brought him very close. His hair was warm brown, scrupulously parted and shining. In spite of his broad shoulders, he seemed so boyish at that instant that she wanted, more than she had ever allowed herself to want anything, to rumple his hair; and even as she admitted that confusing fact to herself he looked up—his face startlingly near—their eyes met, and she drew back, growing crimson. He smiled.

"That's sure-enough woman's work," he said, in a tone she had never heard from him, a tone that set her heart beating and frightened her; but next instant he was sitting straight and looking past her to the door.

"Oh, *excuse* me," came deprecatingly from the portières: a feminine voice, at sound of which Mr. Mattheson stood, icily polite. "I wanted to know if there hadn't a package come for me."

"Prob'ly not—unless it's on the hall table," Myrtle answered, without turning.

"Oh—'s that you, Miss Judkins? Well, thanks. I hope you'll excuse me, I'm sure. I'll go ask Mis' Heffernan." The side of the portière nearest the door edge dropped to place very softly, and very softly the speaker's rubbers padded down the hall and below-stairs. Peter seated himself slowly, his eyebrows down a half-inch, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Say, she was peekin' at us—whoever she was. She didn't speak till she found I was lookin' at her."

Myrtle's mouth quirked. "No, she never does. She can't help peekin', I guess. She's a dressmaker an' lives up on my floor. I guess she don't mean any harm, but she has to know all that's goin' on."

"Huh!" He reached for the unopened candy. "S'pose we have somethin' to take the taste out of our mouths."

It was a wonderful box. With the little tongs that lay atop, he picked out delectable bits with much pondering, his cigar uptilted in the corner of his mouth, and gravely asked her opinion of each selection. Not until she heard a thud overhead, followed by heavy, muffled steps, as of one walking in stocking feet, did Myrtle remember the apprehension she had felt on Petey's entrance. She sat expectant, crochet hook poised; and Petey paused similarly, surprised, a violet-tinted bonbon half gripped in the little tongs. A door overhead was fumbled open, and the heavy steps came into the hall.

"Hermann!" called a deep, sleepy voice—unmistakably the voice of a large woman, a woman of decision and bodily strength. Myrtle got up hastily and went out to the staircase.

"Mr. Gutmann isn't here, Mrs. Gutmann," she called back, a trifle too sweetly.

"I am calling Hermann, my husband!" The thick, obtusely sleepy tones sharpened a little.

"Yes—but Mr. Gutmann isn't here."

A pause. Then came the sound of a mighty inhalation taken through capacious nostrils, and then the voice:

"Who iss smokin', then? I smell smokin'."

"I—I have a caller."

"*Who* a caller? Who iss it speaking to me?"

"I'm Miss Judkins. I have a caller."

"Oh. It iss der caller who iss smokin'?"

"Yes." Myrtle gave one of the weak

staircase rails a wrench that helped to keep her voice from breaking.

"Oh. Well—" the voice took refuge in a grievance—"I wass fery tired dis efening, an' I went to sleep, an' smellin' cigar smoke woke me up."

"I'm—sorry."

No comment—the steps thudded thrice, the door slammed; and Myrtle closed her eyes for a second. To go back and face Peter Mattheson after *that*—! There came the quick opening of the second-floor-

Mattheson?" Her shamefaced peep through the portière showed him sitting as she had left him, holding the bonbon in the tongs. At her voice he started up.

"Yes—yes, indeed—certainly."

"Thanks." All the hard lines were back about her lips as she ran up to Miss Bird-

mann's room and laced that young designer of millinery into a black-and-white creation of undeniable effect; but when—going slowly through the door again—she was met by Peter's undimmed smile as he turned from an inspection of the Heffernan memorial, she felt a swift reaction of gratitude that took her perilously close to tears.

"I threw out my cigar—" Petey's smile widened to a grin. "Who's Hermann?"

"He's Mrs. Gutmann's husband. He's the only one that's allowed to smoke in the house—he's the only man here but one."

"Looks after him pretty close, does she?"

"Oh, it's something—But of course she *likes* him. But she acts like his mother—an' he's the poorest, scared little



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN -

HIS GREETING CONVEYED, INEXPRESSIBLY, THAT HE HAD LEFT A WONDERFUL GOOD TIME TO COME TO ONE THAT HE INFINITELY PREFERRED.

back door and an agitated swish of silk.

"Say! Say, is that you, Miss Judkins? Say, listen! Would you do me a favor to come up an' fasten my dress? I'm awful late an' I been tryin' for an hour—"

"Yes, I'll come. You'll excuse me, Mr.

man when she's around!"

"Yep—I got his number soon's I heard her speak. Well, I'm sorry I woke her up, but I guess now—"

The front door opened, crashed shut, and a man came whistling past the parlor doors, pausing deliberately to pull aside the cur-



THEY HEARD A THUD OVERHEAD, FOLLOWED BY HEAVY, MUFFLED STEPS, AS OF
ONE WALKING IN STOCKING FEET.

tain and look at the pair within. He was a taller, broader, and apparently more aggressive young man than Peter Mattheson, but his whistle flatted as he met Petey's stare, and he went on to the back parlor, let himself in, slammed *that* door, burst into a nonchalant song, and, judging by the ensuing sounds, began to demolish the furniture.

"And who," asked Peter, "might that be?" For the first time in her knowledge of him he looked stranger to a smile: his chin was thrust out and his eyes were opaque ice. It was a Peter Mattheson she wasn't acquainted with.

She hurried into explanation as if she felt herself culpable. "It's a new boarder—Mrs. Heffernan says he brought references an' paid in advance an' she had to take him. The back parlor is hard to let—that an' the front room above this, with alcove, are the two best rooms, an' Mrs. Heffernan has to put up with a good deal from folks that can pay the price for them."

"And how much," he inquired, "do *you* have to put up with from the fancy package that just looked in on us?"

"I—put up—" she began blankly; then understood, and with understanding came resentment. If Peter Mattheson thought that she was in any way—in *any* way!—like most of the girls he knew, it was time he was told differently. "I don't have *anything* to put up with," she said rapidly. "I don't see that man nor anybody else in the house except those that get up to early breakfast, because dinner-times I'm in the kitchen helping Mrs. Heffernan. I do it so's to take enough off my board so't I can afford to stay here. There's outs enough about the place, but I've got to have food to eat an' a respectable roof to cover me, whether I can entertain company as I'd like to or not!"

She stopped abruptly, ashamed of herself. Peter's blue eyes were on her intently, but without the disapproving surprise she had expected to see. . . . Why had she told that foolishness about working in the kitchen! He would think it was cheapening! But after a moment he smiled his old smile and held out the violet bonbon. She felt snubbed. He wasn't surprised, because it didn't matter to him *what* she did.

"I—thanks," she managed, "but I guess I don't care for any more candy just now." There was a painful and inexplicable lump

in her throat that made swallowing an effort. Peter put the bonbon carefully back in its place.

"How long you lived here?" he asked suddenly.

"Six years." She felt like a little girl in disgrace without being able to understand why or to resent the feeling; but deeper lay a chill dismay such as no *little* girl living could have experienced. It was happening as she had known it would happen. No popular Petey Mattheson could be expected to put up with such a place as this!

"Six—years!" he repeated, and all at once she felt called upon to defend the place.

"Well, I've known Mrs. Heffernan a long time, an' she has hard work to get on, with the bills for her husband's sickness an' all—an' if I'm sick she's good to me——"

"Sure," said Petey gravely. "I see. But supposin'——"

A door below opened and banged shut behind some one who began to come up heavily, and was pulled open again on the instant.

"Leon Heffernan, you come back down here! Anny other night I couldn't *drive* yer to bed!"

"Who's goin' to bed!" growled a boy's voice. "I pay board, don't I? I got a right to go into the parlor——"

"You come back down here!" Mrs. Heffernan's voice rose to a rare desperation that annihilated defiance.

"Damn it!" yapped Leon; but he went down. The door banged shut again.

Petey Mattheson's mouth had stayed slightly open on his interrupted word, and slowly it curved up to a grin. Myrtle didn't blame him: she supposed it was funny to him. She felt no resentment even toward Leon Heffernan. This was a place to work, eat, and sleep in—but for nothing more.

"I give a guess," said Petey, "that I'm keepin' some one out o' bed; but I got to be told the rest. Where's the bed?"

"Over there behind that screen." He got up instantly, went over, and looked behind the gilt-storks-on-black-paper screen at the upstanding oaken box that invited one to mistake it for a mantel or mirrored wardrobe.

"Fine!" he praised the pretense warmly. "Maybe I'd fight to get into that myself, if I knew it better." He came back to the table and stood smiling broadly and look-

ing down on her. "Well—guess I'd better be goin', hadn't I? P'raps I hit on a bad night. How about Wednesd'y?"

"Wednesd'y night," she answered, "the Gutmanns have a card party." And she was fiercely glad that the effort the speech cost her had made her voice cold.

Peter's friendly smile lessened a bit. "Well, then, how about Thursd'y?"

She felt a curious fluttering in her throat. He wanted to come again, in spite of this. He *wanted* to! She got from her chair with a sensation of dragging herself bodily from temptation.

"Thursd'y night's all right, but it won't be any differ'nt from to-night. It isn't—c'nvenient—to have callers here. Ev'ry-

body feels they can come in an' out, an' this is the only place. Mrs. Gutmann pays extra, when she has parties, to have the parlor to herself. It's only fair to tell you how it is."

"I see," he said slowly. "Well—I'll be in an' out of the store a dozen times—supposin' I stop an' find out some night when I won't be likely to butt into the Gutmanns?"

"All right." A leaden weight seemed to drop into her throat where the flutter had been. She understood. *Some* night would be never. They went out to the hall. Peter got into his coat and held out his hand.

"Well—I'm sorry I hit on a bad night,



"WELL, I DID ALL 'T I COULD," AVERRED MRS. HEFFERNAN. "THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF COULDN'T 'A' KEE' OLD MISS WILLETT'S FROM RUBBERING IN 'N' A' KEE'."

an' sorry I smoked the star boarder awake. I'll see you in the store, will I?"

"Yes." Their hands dropped apart. It was over!

It was spitting snow—hard little flakes that spun into her face as the draft of the opened door caught them.

"Looks like winter's going to get another jab at us," said Peter as he stepped out; and then he turned abruptly. "Say—about my comin' again—is it agreeable to you? Honest?"

Something leaped within her and the leaden weight vanished.

"Yes, it's—agreeable."

"Right then. Nighty-night!" He lifted his hat high and swung it as he ran down the steps.

She shut the door and stood a moment leaning on the knob. Leon Heffernan came pounding up and rolled the folding doors together, making it aggressively plain that he had been listening for the departure; but she was lifted above the irritation of it by the soaring hope in her heart. *Was it agreeable to her?* Perhaps that had just been Peter's good-natured way—that question; but if he had meant it or *half* meant it!—Vaguely hopeful, she went down-stairs.

Mrs. Heffernan, in her nightgown and a red flannel bath-robe, sat on the edge of her cot in the lower entry, her tired feet in a pail of hot water; and although she took several bonbons, she understood that the candy was but a pretext.

"Well, I did all't I could," she averred. "The President himself couldn't 'a' kep' old Miss Willetts from rubberneckin' in at yer—she come down here afterwards to pump me; an' I heard Mis' Gutmann holler; an' Leon, he's the devil an' all on a Mond'y after he's been out two nights runnin', like Sattidy an' Sund'y. I did all't I could."

"I know it." Myrtle fingered the gouged newel-post. "What other night do you think would be the best to have him call?"

"Well—" Mrs. Heffernan put her candy out of harm's way under her pillow—"I can't guar'ntee nothin' about the parlor. The boarders expec's to have a place to go an' come in, an' Leon an' me sets down here after the dinner's cleared away, an' the house is so full they ain't a rathole in it not used, or else I wouldn't be sleepin' in this drafty hole an' havin' to get up at the crack o' dawn an' hide my cot away f'r fear the Gutmanns'll get on to where

I'm sleepin'. But thank God it *is* so! Did he *ask* to be let come again?"

"Yes. He's taken me round ever since he met me, late last summer. I s'pose he's used to girls that've got a place to ask him."

"Then ye'd best leave him go with them," Mrs. Heffernan retorted calmly. "'F he cares enough he won't mind where he has to sit. All 't he give ye Christmas was a box o' candy an' a pair o' gloves! What do ye know of him annyway—a come-an'-go-again drummer like him?"

"His own cousin that I've worked side of for seven years introduced us; an' how'm I going to know him or any other fellow, seein' him the way I haf to?" Effort made Myrtle's voice a trifle hoarse. "Sometimes I don't blame those girls in the store that have clubbed together an' taken a flat somewhere. It gives 'em a place of their own."

"Yes—an' that ain't all it gives 'em!" Mrs. Heffernan stared up at her with pale eyes puckered and broad, red face stern under its weariness. "It gives 'em a bad name, an' you know it as well as I do. You ain't the kind of girl to be talkin' no sech foolishness as that!"

Myrtle turned sharply on the stair and began to go up. "Sometimes," she flung back bitterly, "I wish't I *was*."

"Well, an' some time ye'll be almighty glad y' *wasn't*—" Mrs. Heffernan got the last word. "An' if them's the ideas Mr. What's-his-name is puttin' in yer head, he don't come inside this door again!"

Nevertheless she found time in the frantic half-hour before dinner next night to say that Leon would be out till late that evening. Myrtle cut two precise rectangles of butter before she answered that Leon might come in as early as he liked, so far as she was concerned.

Mrs. Heffernan presently sounded on another tack. "Did y' remember the Gutmanns have a card-party t'morrer night?" she persisted.

"Yes."

"Well"—Mrs. Heffernan tipped her head sideways, hunched her shoulder to meet it, and rubbed back a stray white lock from her heated face—"Sattidy an' Sund'y is good callin' nights. Leon's out, an' so's the boarders, mostly." Hazel eyes and pale blue eyes met for a second; and at the genuine concern the girl saw, the faint lines

about her mouth quivered and vanished.

"Thanks," she said, "but I haven't seen Mr. Mattheson — since — an' I guess I sha'n't need the parlor any more."

Mrs. Heffernan flared in sympathetic wrath. "Think yerself lucky!" she stormed. "Good riddance to the likes o' him!"

Somehow it helped to have put the hurt into words; but when Wednesday dragged to five o'clock with no Petey Mattheson having shouldered his way up the aisle to the glove counter, the hurt outstung pride. But sympathy was lacking from Mrs. Heffernan. Mrs. Gutmann provided her own refreshment for her card-parties, and the leftover cake and cream worked up beautifully into a next day's pudding, the scraps of sandwiches went helpfully into the soup-kettle, and other remains suggested their own uses; not to speak of the feast there was while things were fresh, and the extra that was charged for the use of the parlor and attendance.

This was a contented night for Mrs. Heffernan, and she moved briskly about, putting on extra speed in the serving of dinner. On her weary way up-stairs, after it was over, Myrtle stopped before the parlor portières and looked in with an ironical quirk of the mouth at her own unimportance. Every jet in the chandelier was lighted,



SHE WENT DOWN VERY SLOWLY, HIS EYES HOLDING HERS; AND SHE FORGOT HOW SHE HAD MEANT TO GREET HIM.

the bamboo easel was put out of sight behind the screen and Mrs. Heffernan's arrangement of furniture recklessly upset to make room for the six card-tables, their chairs, two rubber plants and a crimson azalea from Mrs. Gutmann's room. And none might enter that transformed place unbidden, and none dare interrupt the expected gathering by word or sound.

Miss Willets, to be sure, hung over the banisters on her floor, awaiting the descent of Mrs. Gutmann in order that she

herself might go down to the second floor, the better to see and hear; but her spying would be unobtrusive on *this* night. She greeted Myrtle with an excited and unabashed snicker.

"D'they have ice-cream come?" she whispered. "If they did I'm goin' to see if Mis' Heffernan won't sly me out some; but if it's one of their Dutch suppers, all onions an' grease, I can't eat a mossel. D' you see which it was goin' to be?"

"No!"

Miss Willetts bridled. "Oh! Well, don't offer to go clear 'n back down to find out, for I wouldn't have you take so much trouble for anything!"

Myrtle closed the door, disdaining retort. After all, Miss Willetts's tongue didn't matter, and Mrs. Gutmann's card parties didn't matter. Nothing in the dull world mattered to her at all. And then, as she felt her way to the stand for a match, she looked up to see a new moon hung over the chimneys. Suddenly and sharply a thing that *did* matter struck home to her so that she caught her breath at the blow—caught it again in a sob; and, leaning her forehead against the cold pane, she cried over Petey Mattheson as she had cried but twice before in her twenty-three repressed years.

After a time, with the first agony of her tears past, the giving way became luxurious. She got into her coat, opened the window, and knelt, with her arms on the sill, cheek on her arms, and stared up at the heart-touching crescent. Just this one time she would wish for all she had never let herself wish, regret all she had never wasted time in regretting, *pretend* all that she had never dared let herself pretend—

She knew Miss Willetts's knock when it came—it had interrupted her so very often!—but in her mood of self-indulgence she snuggled her wet cheek closer against the rough cloth of her sleeve and didn't answer. Miss Willetts knocked again, louder; and then opened the door and came in.

"Well! I knew you was here, an' I told Blanche you was, an' to tell him you'd be right down! There's a man down-stairs to see you—'way down, Blanche said he was—come to the basement door. Kind of a funny thing to do, I should think. Short, Blanche said he was, and kind of light. What you sittin' in the dark for—an' my land! If she ain't got her window broad open! You must want to freeze the whole

house. What's the matter—anything?"

Myrtle stumbled up, knocking against Miss Willetts in the narrow space.

"No, I—Miss Willetts, I can't go down! I—" She rushed to the wash-stand and dashed cold water over her hot eyelids and stained cheeks. "I—I can't go down, Miss Willetts," she protested, groping blindly for the towel. "Look at me! You can't, 'cause it's dark; but I'm a sight! I've been—I've got a terrible cold. I'm all—Where's the matches? Get out of my way! Where's the gas—" She scratched a match and held it in one trembling hand while she found a clean handkerchief and got her cherished bottle of violet from the drawer. The match burned down and scorched her fingers, and she upset the toilet-water, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered!

"Thank you ever so much for calling me, Miss Willetts—I didn't think to say so before—I was so surprised—"

Her hold on the banister saved her in that unseeing run down two flights. On the second floor she turned mechanically down the back way, to avoid passing the parlor; and at the top of the last flight of all she looked down on Petey Mattheson, waiting in the basement entry, hat in hand. She went down very slowly, his eyes holding hers all the way; and she forgot how she had meant to greet him.

When she reached the third step above him, he put up his hand and she placed hers in it unquestioningly; and he drew her down to where he stood. It was rather dim in the hall, but she saw that he wasn't smiling at all, and he seemed a little breathless, as if he had been hurrying; but his eyes were shining and his hand tightened on hers till it hurt.

"I thought I'd wait an' see you in the store to-morrow," he said, "an' then I decided to come to-night. But I remembered the party an' came to this door." His old smile flickered, then he grew sober and a trifle more breathless. "I couldn't get to see you because I been lookin' for some-thin', yesterday an' to-day. I've found it. There's five rooms an' a bath an' a little back porch like, with boxes to plant seeds in, an' sun all day in some of the rooms, an' hot an' cold water an' janitor service; an' I paid five dollars down to hold it for thirty-six hours. I'll hold it for thirty-six months, for that matter, if you'll say you'll—"

"Oh, Miss Judkins!" A strident whisper started them apart. Miss Willetts was at the top of the stairs. "Here's your handkerchief—you dropped it jest outside your door, you was in such a hurry." She minced down to them, smiling, her eager, spectacled eyes devouring Petey Mattheson; and he tightened his hold of Myrtle's fingers and returned the glance brazenly. "You'll excuse me, I'm sure," she simpered. "I'll go see if I can do anything to help Mis' Heffernan."

Mrs. Heffernan could be heard whirring an egg-beater in the kitchen; but Miss Willetts went into the dining-room and left the door wide open opposite the two. Petey drew Myrtle, unresisting, out of range, to the corner near the area door, where she leaned against the wall weakly.

"I'd have told you different if I'd had time," he murmured penitently; "but with this sort o' thing goin' on you'd never know me any better if I was to come callin' till my hair was gray. *I ain't takin' any chance—I know what I'm after; but a girl likes to take time, I s'pose. But I'm all alone an' you're all alone. . . All I can give you is my word that I ain't so bad as I might be, an' I'm makin' a pretty good thing on the road, an' I ain't stingy, an' there's never been any girl but you that I've given two looks to. I been too busy. I'll use you white—dearie——*"

The bell wire beside them was jerked violently, and before the jangling summons in the kitchen had ceased, the door-knob was rattled by some one in haste. Mrs. Heffernan opened the kitchen door and came shuffling along the oilcloth without a glance at the two, who stood aside as she let in the man with the ice-cream. To ignore them was the one kindness in her power. Miss Willetts and black Blanche looked out from the dining-room, and she bore down on them with a flourish of her arm that sent Blanche ducking back and set Miss Willetts to giggling apprehensively.

The caterer's man stared at the two as he came back, with no concealment of his understanding grin. Some one came from the noisy parlor overhead and started down the stairs.

Petey Mattheson said something under his breath, opened the outer door, and drew Myrtle outside, shutting the door behind them.

In the little stone well under the front steps they were shielded from the wind and from passers-by, and a faint glow from the street lights and from the dining-room windows lightened the gloom of their retreat. Petey whipped off his coat and put it about her, holding it with a protecting clasp. That quickened her dazed wits.

"No—I got my coat on. I don't need this. I won't have you catching your death o' cold."

He drew her suddenly close. "Would you care? That's all I want to know. How much would you care? Myrtle—be honest with me. How *much* do you care?"

"I—don't know," she quavered. "I—Yes, I do! I—Wait! Wait, I say! It doesn't seem right to care so quick! I'd never get over being ashamed of how I went to you an' why you had to take me—" He swept her to his shoulder and pressed his cheek to hers with a shaky, happy croak of a laugh.

"Girl—*girl*—I was tickled foolish at ev'ry blamed thing that happened Mond'y night! The worse it grew, the better I liked it. A girl that could stand *that* six years—Why, it was like as if you'd lived in a nunnery the whole time, waitin' for me! I hugged myself all the way home. I—I've got an almighty jealous disposition. Say, who gave you those three pinks that night?"

"Mrs. Heffernan."

"Hah! She's all right! Girl, you got the softest cheek. . . You're as—sweet as—flowers. . . You been crying, haven't you? Was it for me? Nod your head. . . Hah! God love you—Say, you quit the job tomorrow an' come look at that flat; an' then—in a day or two—Yes, we will, I say! What's there to wait for, when——"

He held her away a little and looked down at the white glimmer of her face against his arm; and he took off his hat. The faint remonstrance died on her lips. *He was taking off his hat because he was going to kiss her!*

"—when I love you!" he finished huskily; and bent close.

Where they stood it was June.



sympathy with his point of view acted on him like a charge of dynamite and brought down an avalanche of information about such places as Timbuktu, Timimun, and Tintellust. He strove to convert me to Mohammedanism in a pleasant, jovial way; and we had many arguments over a case that was stirring military circles at that time.

One of the best-known officers of the army of Africa, a native Algerian who had been taken to France at the age of ten years and had spent all his life among Christians, marrying a Christian woman, had, after the death of his wife, returned to the faith of Mohammed. The defection of the officer, then sixty years old, rendered doubly insoluble the enigma over which so many heralds of the faith of Christ have prayed for light—the hold that Mohammedanism has upon its children; and *I* was far from solving it, in spite of the delicate hints of Saad that the Koran was the true light.

One day Saad and I were hunting gazelles out beyond Dar-ed-Djenan. From the valleys of the rugged escarpment of the Djebel Maïz the palms of Figuig reached out like green fingers into the desert, whose sleek breast of gold seemed to rise and fall in feverish palpitations under the gauze of heat and quivering sand-particles. Against the purple-shadowed horizon that welded blazing sky and blazing desert into one, a caravan for Timimun crawled, like the fleshless vertebræ of a snake.

Saad swept his hand toward the desert in a gesture of magnificence that painted the Sahara's magnitude and terrors, hinted at its mystery, and sent my fancy flying to its farthest corners.

"Men hide things there," he said darkly. "They hide, then they go 'way. Mebbe die, more likely get killed, mos' likely forget. They dream of what they hide, an' dream so many times they think first time a dream too. Then the thing is lost. Who go look for a dream?"

"What do they hide?" I asked curiously.

"Much things," answered Saad, with a twinkling glance. "Treasure. Water. Cities. Men hide themselves."

Again his hand curved in an epic sweep that seemed to lift from off the vast surface a veil, laying bare its secrets down to the bed-rock.

"Once—no sand," he said. "Forests—trees—rivers—lakes—cities. Now all gone but few. Under the sand. Cities only

story, and bimeby men forget story, even name. But sometimes men can see. Look hard and think hard! The desert's veil lifts—as a sultana lifts her *yashmak*—and then, there are the cities and men that are gone. *They* are gone, but picture stays—what you call mirage."

"What do you mean, Saad?" I asked, puzzled.

His answer was to put a leathern roll in my hand, which he held to his heart and kissed in token of farewell.

"I go to Timimun," he said. "Here is a story—of hidden water and hidden treasure and of two white men and their religion—the story told by one of the white men. Let the Sidi read and keep for to remember Saad."

He spurred his stallion and rode away, and I watched him until the dancing heat had fairly wrapped him in its fragile mesh.

Within the roll I found the following manuscript, written in English on parchment.

I

It's been a good six months since I heard the sound of my own voice, except in a whisper—when Alphabets and I talk on the wall, with our eyes cocked so that our black boy don't catch us at it. So I am going to write this down to rid myself of the accumulation of language that is stifling me.

It's hard lines to have a wife that fairly sets you dotty, and never tell her she has eyes like the gazelle and a grace like that of the camel—that is the recognized standard in Sanay; to have a friend whose talk flows on like a mountain stream, and never say a word yourself.

But I daren't speak. Alphabets and I are supposed to be dumb, and if the men of Sanay were to suspect otherwise, something tells me they would come a-running with their razor-edged *secquins* and cut our tongues or throats. You see, we are their idols, and if they ever see the clay feet there will be a small massacre.

Alphabets—his name is Professor Alvin-Betts, but I call him Alphabets, seeing he has half the letters thereof strung like a caravan after his name—met me in Mogador. I was there for good reasons, and was broke and hungry for bad ones. He looked human, which is rare in that locality, so I went up and asked him if he didn't want a

guide or a butler or a valet or a majordomo or an interpreter.

"Interpreter?" said he, cocking his eye at me sharp. "Know any Arabic?"

"One word," said I.

"Bakshish?" asked he.

"Yes," said I.

"That's hardly enough," said he. I found out afterward that he knew more

bastard Arabic than any living European. "What are your other qualifications and talents?"

"Two talents," I answered. "I can shoot with both hands."

"I need a man," said Alphabets reflectively. "I'm going up country, and it might be necessary for him to become a Moham-medan. Have you any religious scruples?"



THERE WAS A MAN INSIDE, HIS FACE COVERED WITH A SILVER VEIL.
HE STIRRED ANDuttered A CURIOUS FEEBLE SOUND.

"For a fistful of rice, I'd become a Buddhist; for a bowl of okra-broth I'd be a juju-man," I answered.

So Alphabets engaged me—principally to remember things—for he would squat in a bazaar and jabber with some cutthroat from Sus or Samur and fairly forget he was alive. It fell to me to get the caravan started and to fight with the camel-men and arrange all details.

We went to Marrakesh first, and we were the best-liked Roumis* that ever entered the place—that is, by everybody except the missionaries.

Alphabets was an atheist, and, though ordinarily the kindest of men, he had a blistering tongue when he spoke of religion. In some of his books he had given it to missions and missionaries between wind and water. He told me once that religion had been given him in his youth in such a nauseous dose that the taste of it was bitter ever afterward. He also said the age of reason had acted as an emetic.

But it—his religion—came back to him, nevertheless.

We fitted out our caravan in Marrakesh and hired twenty soldiers of the famous black guard from the Khalifa himself, and went up through the Teluelt Pass, down the Idermi River, and then down the Draa. Alphabets had heard of some ruined cities that lay between the Draa and Igliden Rivers, and he wanted to see them.

We found no ruins there, but we found a tribe called the Beni-Zorgan who pillaged our caravan and made hash of our black guard. This was at some wells between the two rivers, and they turned the trick at night.

Alphabets and I escaped; and, to avoid complications, got as far away as possible. I had saved a Winchester carbine out of the wreck, but he was wounded and on a wounded camel to boot, so I gave him mine and went afoot.

We traveled all night, following the stars, and in the morning found ourselves in a region of pebble-strewn *hammada*, supposedly safe from pursuit, but without food or water. Off to the southwest I could see the tufts of some palms, and, as we could not go back, we chased them all day. It was about an hour after sun-up that I saw Alphabets had experienced a change of heart. He prayed incessantly, saying:

*Roumis-Christians.

"God of my fathers, forgive me! Forgive me! Faith of my fathers, take me back again into thy fold."

Then he would start to stumble through the Lord's Prayer, which he probably hadn't said for thirty years. He broke down every time at "Give us this day our daily bread," for bread naturally led to the thought of water, and then he'd point to the heat swimming about us like a transparent ocean, and babble of lakes and of his thirst.

I was a bit light-headed myself from fatigue, but I had hope, for the camel kept twitching the slits of his nostrils as if he smelt water; but my heart sank when we reached the oasis at sundown. It was nothing but a ring of date-palms about a large depression where grew clumps of camel-grass.

There was not a sign of water.

I helped Alphabets to the ground roughly, and put a bullet through the camel's head. Then—for it was getting dark—I cut into him like a madman and got the water-cells out of his stomach. There was enough fluid in them to relieve, if not quench, our thirst, and when our parched membranes had sopped it up, we fell in the sand and slept like dead men.

I was awakened by Alphabets, who had arrived at "Lead us not into temptation," and I climbed on a hummock of sand and took an observation, for it was daylight.

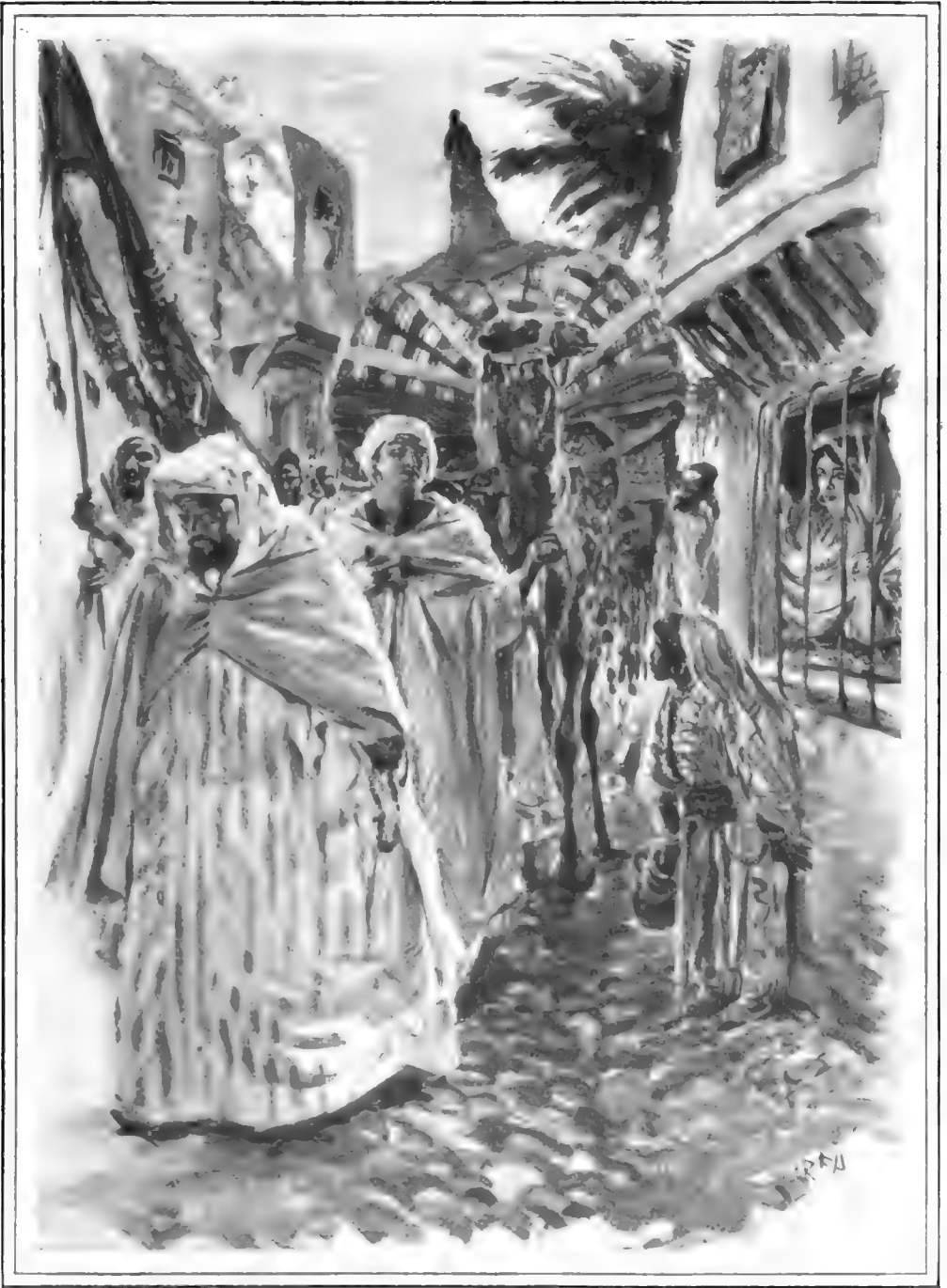
It is all a flat and stark country in that region, and we were in the flattest, starkest part of it. We were absolutely alone—the living nucleus of a dead world. The horizon curled around us like a deep-shadowed violet sash that faded above into a dome of hard, polished blue and below into a long-billowed sea of orange that lay still and blinding under a shimmering veil of iris haze.

There was not the flutter of a leaf nor the shadow of a rock nor a blot of precious green. Neither man nor beast, nor food nor water.

"Better not pray out loud, Professor," said I. "Talking will only make you more thirsty. Come up and see what you can see. This is our finish, I guess."

"It is my punishment," he said meekly; and he crawled, groaning, but with never a curse, up the hump and stared about.

He pointed to the south. Over some distant, glistening sand-dunes was projected the monstrous silhouette of a camel. It



FROM A BARRED WINDOW, I SAW THE UNVEILED FACE OF A GIRL STARING AT ME
IN A MIXTURE OF WONDER AND FEAR.

grew and blackened, and then its texture melted away.

"There is one coming," said Alphabets; but it was a good four hours later that the reality, of which we had seen the mirage, sprung up in a tiny black speck that grew with the hours into a camel with a flashing *bassoura* of green-and-yellow-striped silk. The beast came straight up to the oasis where we lay hidden and devoured with thirst. It crouched and looked at us with calm eyes, opening its nostril-slits to take in our odor.

Alphabets sung out a greeting, and I pulled the curtains of the *bassoura*. There was a man inside in a white *haïk*, his face covered with a silver veil. I touched him, and he stirred and uttered a curious feeble sound. I raised the veil. The man was very old, his hair and beard were white and scanty, his features shrunken in a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes stared at us with a dim, troubled look. I helped him from the camel and he dropped in the sand. I rummaged the *bassoura* furiously for water. There was a skin half full, of which we drank; also a bag, a spade, and a rope of thongs.

The old man endeavored to rise, and I helped him. He handed me a leathern roll, raised his veil, pointed to his throat, and again uttered the meaningless sound. His jaw hung open and I saw that his tongue was cut. He was dumb. Hanging to my arm, he tottered feebly to a point at the end of the depression within the oasis. He pointed to the ground and then to the leathern roll. Then he collapsed, and I seated him on the ground.

"What does he mean?" I asked Alphabets, who had crawled, groaning, after us.

He opened the roll and took from it a script. This is what it said:

"To him who finds me: In the name of Allah who is the one God, and Mohammed who is his Prophet—Peace. Know that I, the Marabout Mohammed-ben-Aouda, am the first of the guardians of the tomb of Sidi-bel-Hassen who am without a successor.

"So do thou, who findest me, put on my veil that none may see thy face, and cut thy tongue that thou mayest be dumb, and take the treasure that lies by the hidden water, and the guardianship of the Tomb of the Saint, that there be not hunger nor thirst nor strife in its Shadow; and be thou the ruler and arbiter of the men of Sanay. And give unto me burial

by the treasure that I have used in a way pleasing in the sight of Allah. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

"Do you see the spade and the rope?" asked Alphabets. "There is hidden water here, and a treasure! Dig where the Marabout pointed!"

The moon was the lamp, and a silent brown figure and silent white one were the witnesses to my labor. It was like emptying the sea with a shovel, for the fine, dry sand was as mobile as water and ran back in again as fast as I tossed it out. But by daybreak I had uncovered both the treasure and the well.

The loot was a small bronze chest half full of unruined gold coins that bore the stamp of the empire of Morocco a century and a half ago—so Alphabets said—and the well was most cunningly hidden. It was walled with stone, and over its top the timbers of palms had been placed crossways. These were covered with hides and rugs, and over all was the sand. Every sirocco, every simoom, every breath had added its tithe of covering and, lying as the well did in the depression, the wind could never uncover its secrets without sweeping the whole surrounding desert bare. There are multitudes of wells hidden like that in the Sahara, Alphabets assured me.

I had emptied the water-skin while digging, and now I lowered it on a rope to the black, shining waters and drew it up full of cool, sweet water. I drank and poured it over my head and flung myself dripping under the shade of a palm.

At dusk I roused myself and gorged on dates. The Marabout still sat motionless with his veil over his face. I went up and touched him on the shoulder. He toppled over stiff. He was dead. I buried him that same night.

II

The treasure took possession of me, and his refound faith filled Alphabets. There wasn't an hour of the day that he didn't pray, nor a watch of the night that he didn't beg forgiveness in his sleep. He hadn't had any religion for thirty years and, naturally, he was absorbed in it. I was feeling the same about the treasure.

It haunted me day and night. My thoughts were all of getting it away from



JUST THEN ALL THE WORLD STARTED TO PRAY. WE COULD SEE THEM PROSTRATING THEMSELVES IN THE STREETS, BEFORE THE MOSQUE, IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

there, and about Sidi-bel-Hassen and Sanay—principally about Sanay! How I did watch those sand-dunes! Alphabets, too!

He didn't give a rap now for all the ruined cities of the earth, but talked of the treasure as a sacred trust, and sat on a hummock while his leg itched and

stared at the dunes the same as I did.

In the end we went to Sanay. There were a dozen other wiser things we could have done, but the thought of the place had fascinated us and we went to it, just as a charmed birdling walks into a serpent's yawning jaws. Alphabets was in the Mara-

bout's *haik* and veil, and sat in the *bassoura*. I led the camel and, judging that a Winchester carbine might be adjudged an anachronism in the hands of a guardian of Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb, I buried it at the oasis when I covered up the treasure and the well. But we had a bag full of gold with us.

Sanay lay by a dry river-bed and was a fair-sized, well-built *ksar* lost in a maze of date-palms. Our coming was an event. The whole place turned out to receive us, and salaamed as if we had been the Prophet and Sidi-bel-Hassen themselves. They were big, reddish-brown fellows with fierce looks and long fusils, and there was not a doubtful glance among them, except one—that of a jolly-looking chap who sat in a shop. I knew him afterward, and found that he recognized me for a Roumi at once. His name was Saad.

A fat mullah took us in charge after having laid his forehead on the ground before us, and led us through the *ksar* toward a tiny hill on which I could see a white, round dome. I was sure that it was Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb. My heart came back to me when I saw the respect that we met, and I looked about.

From a barred window, as we passed through a narrow street, I saw the unveiled face of a girl staring at me in a mixture of wonder and fear. She was a desert beauty, with long, oval features and black hair and eyes. That was Aissa. I married her four months later.

The mullah took us up the hill by a high-walled, winding path and led us into a garden where he helped Alphabets from the *bassoura*, abased himself, and left. We were evidently at home, for a black boy was groveling before us and uttering little cries of joy.

The garden was a high-walled enclosure of fig and almond trees, with an open house at one end and a stable at the other, to which the camel went when the boy stripped off the *bassoura*, and in the center was a great white tomb. Alphabets stared at its writings and then we climbed a ladder that led up the wall. We started back in astonishment and then took a long look. The whole *ksar* lay beneath us at the foot of a precipice of perhaps a hundred feet, and it teemed with life. The tiny market-place was full of men and horses and camels. In the streets, merchants were sitting

in their niche-like shops, and, beyond the shining palm-hung pools in the *oued*, herds were grazing on the surrounding desert as far as the eye could see. At the end of the *ksar* was a small mosque, on the minaret of which a priest was calling to prayer. His voice came to us in a high tinkle above the dull hum that rose from the town.

"Is it the tomb of Sidi-bel-Hassen?" I whispered to Alphabets. "And do they think we are dumb?"

"They think we are dumb, and it is Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb. Man, he has been dead for one hundred and ten years."

That made me shiver a bit. Here were we, two Roumis, received into the public confidence as successors to a job that dumb fanatics had been camping on for a hundred and ten years. A misstep might mean a throat-cutting party, and yet it was plain they would swallow anything that bore Sidi-bel-Hassen's stamp. The thing that worried me most was Alphabets's religion. It had stuck to him, to my surprise, and it seemed to be a rigid, unbending conviction that might kick against the pricks of Moslem observances.

Just then all the world started to pray. We could see them prostrating themselves in the streets, before the mosque, in the market-place, and we could hear their shrill voices. On a housetop almost directly at our feet were some women. One of them looked up and let drop her veil. Distant as she was, I knew her to be the girl whom I had seen at the window.

The black boy spread a cloth under the trees. He fetched bread, sherbet, cold roast flesh of gazelle, figs from where they had fallen on the ground, and a brazier with which he made coffee under our eyes. He handed the things to me abjectly, and I gave them to Alphabets. Afterward he brought pipes, and water to lave our hands.

Late in the afternoon he came and salaamed before Alphabets and uttered a word, whereupon Alphabets gave him a gold piece from the bag that he carried under his robe. The boy led me down into the market-place. He bought food and garments and distributed them to all that asked, calling aloud in a sing-song voice:

"Take—in the name of Allah and Mohammed. Let there be none that hunger, none that thirst; let there be no strife in the shadow of the tomb of the Saint Sidi-bel-Hassen."

Later he gave alms to the priests in the mosque, where I found Alphabets with the fat mullah, and where we prayed at sunset. Alphabets's frame shook in an agony of conscience that the Moslem undoubtedly took for holy fervor. Then the black boy led us back to the garden, where we sat on the wall like eagles in an eyrie and made our plans in whispers.

III

Sanay was ours—its gardens and waters and *ksar*, its poor and its fighting-men—ours by gift of the Marabout Mohammed-ben-Aouda. We fed the hungry and clothed the naked. The fierce-eyed men came and pleaded their disputes before Alphabets's silver veil, and went, unmurmuring and content, when he settled them with a wave of his hand.

We were the heirs of the treasure and the one hundred and ten years of charity and blameless lives that had given Peace to the tiny oasis lost in the great thirst which protected it. The men of Sanay were Touaregs, but not of the Imoghar. They did not pilage. Occasionally a caravan of strangers came to trade foreign goods for camels; but very rarely, for Sanay was distant from the caravan-routes and the oases.

Alphabets and I sat above the Peace that dwelt in the shadow of the Saint's tomb, but we were not of it. We had fierce whispered battles on the wall, for this man who had scoffed and jeered at Christianity for thirty years, now bled at the heart each time he bent his head in a Moslem temple. Each time he sat on the wall and saw the priest calling to prayer from the minaret of the mosque across the *ksar*, his eye fairly smoldered.

He was bound to inaction by a pledge he had given me, but I firmly believe that had he been alone he would have walked down to the mosque and proclaimed aloud his Christian faith. I respected him for it, but I was afraid.

I spent much time in the village. My friend there was Saad, the man I had noticed on the first day. He was a cheerful, jolly fellow who talked to me continually, I answering with signs.

"You are convert Roumi," he said to me the first day I stopped and sat in his shop. "Me! I know English. I learn him at mission in Marrakesh. I live there when

quite very young. My father was merchant of slaves."

One day when I sat in Saad's shop a woman came. She dropped her veil and smiled at me. It was the girl I had seen at the window and on the housetop, and I had seen her a dozen times since. Saad caught the glance.

"You want marry girl," he said when she had gone. "Good! I go to-day to make presents."

One evening, three weeks later, he waited for me respectfully at Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb and took me to the girl's house, where I bought her from her father with Sidi-bel-Hassen's gold. The priest married us, and Alphabets gave us half the house without question.

After that the future—and even Alphabets's vagaries—bothered me little. The days went by like moments, and the suns like flights of blazing arrows. There are worse fates than to live in solitude on the crest of a tiny oasis under the penalty of silence. It was a silence that was broken by the sweet music of Aissa's chatter.

IV

It has been a year since I wrote the foregoing. Still we are the guardians of the Saint's tomb. Alphabets's qualms have settled into a sullen brooding, in which he sits for hours on the wall. He has kept his promise to me and the trust of the dead Marabout inviolate. Yet I mistrust him and watch him.

I am bound to the Peace of the Shadow of Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb by a soft and delicate tie of flesh and blood—Aissa has borne me a son—and I will preserve that Peace if I have to destroy its guardian.

Once we journeyed to the oasis for another bag of treasure. It was not needed, however, for poverty becomes a cancer only when it is allowed to fester unhindered.

If the suns went by like flights of burning arrows before, now they pass like a succession of lightning-flashes. I am wrapped and rocked and drenched in the Peace, and I wait unquestioning in the shadow of Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb.

V

None so bitter as an apostate, none so ardent as the black sheep returned to the



THE HEAD PRIEST SPRANG BEFORE HIM. "BLASPHEMER!" HE SCREAMED.

fold. I am finishing this writing—which I always carry with me—in the bottom of a dry well under Saad's house.

The volcano that lay dead for thirty years and has glowed for two and a half more, has erupted at last. No half-way man was Professor Alvin-Betts—either in his skepticism or in his religion.

Two weeks ago I found him in open converse with the fat mullah who first welcomed us to Sanay, and two chiefs of families.

To-day, which is the first Friday of the month of Ramazan, when the mosque and market-place before it were packed with worshipers, the veiled Marabout who guarded the tomb of their Saint suddenly stood up and threw back his veil. A gasp went through the people, and then there was a silence like death. Then a voice, broken with emotion and earnestness, heavy with the rust of two and a half years' disuse, rang out:

"The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, my children. I have come to lead you to His faith."

The head priest sprang before him.

"Blasphemer!" he screamed.

At the word, the fat mullah drove a knife into the high priest's breast and he fell dead on the carpet of the *kaaba*.

I slipped through the crowd and ran. My only thought was for Aissa and little Mohammed. A fusil spoke, and then half a hundred lifted their rattle of voices above the din of screams. As I turned a corner past Saad's shop, something struck me down from behind. My friend, who was close behind me, helped me into his house. My head was bleeding from a bullet-wound. In a dozen words I told him all—and that I was a true believer, and begged him to save my wife and child. He has hidden me here and promised to do his best.

I have a horrible vision. In the shadow of Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb, where peace and plenty have sat for one hundred and ten years, I can see blood and dead men—dead men and blood. I can hear the uproar faintly yet, and it has been going on for an hour.

It must be night now. The noise has died away, and I hear Saad's voice calling me. It must be over.

* * * * *

Here ended the manuscript; but on an-

other sheet, in a hand that I knew must be Saad's, I found the following:

"Sidi—When veiled Marabout startle people by him speaking, it is hour of evening prayer. Fat mullah wish to be chief priest, and also second chief wish to be first chief. They and others believe Marabout's religion and make league to proclaim Christian faith. But much others are true believers in Mohammed. So when fat mullah stab down chief priest all people fight. They shoot, stab, cut throat, and separate head from body for one hour, all through streets and up hill to tomb of Sidi-bel-Hassen. Then the fighting stop with night. When all is finish, I get the convert Roumi from well where he is mislaid, and we go up hill to tomb. I like him very much, for he is my friend.

"Very fine moonlight night in garden and much dead people about. Down under in *ksar* women and children make very sad, mournful noise of weeping. We find servant black boy—very dead and head nicely separate from body. Also Aissa, convert Roumi's wife, and son Mohammed, one year old—also very dead and heads very nicely separate from body.

"But of veiled Marabout who is not dumb we find only white arm No. 1. White arm No. 2 mislaid; also legs, body, and head mislaid. But I think very dead, just the same. Also much blood on Sidi-bel-Hassen's tomb.

"When convert Roumi see wife and child dead and heads separate from body, he weep once and call aloud. He curse religion of Mohammed, curse Marabout, curse Sanay, climb ladder, and jump off to *ksar* below.

"He also very dead and very flat when I find him. So I weep also, for he was my friend.

"For two years I look in much oasis, Sidi, but can not find treasure. Then one time I go to Timbuktu for two other years. When I come back Sanay is not.

"The world shake itself, and hill and tomb fall down in *ksar*. Then sand come and cover all up—river, *ksar*, and all. So all is lost: Sanay, Tomb, Treasure, Peace.

"Very bad to fight about religion.

"That is all, Sidi. Some day when go to Timbuktu I send you friendly post-card from post-office there. Good-by.

"Saad."

MERCURIES



who Race

by EDWARD LYELL FOX

THEY were racing five hundred miles—faster than the Limited goes from New York to Buffalo—racing over packed brick, round and round a track two and a half miles long—phantoms whirling in a great red bowl.

Nearly three-fifths of the distance had been covered, yet they went rumbling along, car to car, in twos, in threes, hub to hub, first one blunt hood poking ahead, then another—a race that any might win. Now the leaders—a yellow wasp, shaped of steel, with rounded head and tail; a thundering, chain-driven Italian; two Germans painted gray; an American snowy white—came crashing down the straightaway and past the judges' box. The pace was terrific; miles were sweeping under their wheels faster than ninety to the hour—a speed man should not dare.

And over in the big, white stands that spread the length of the Indianapolis Speedway, a crowd, nervous and quick to sense danger, ninety thousand of them, settled back into their seats as the cars swung safely into the near turn. Then a brief moment of relief, of loud talk, of unnatural laughter—like a circus crowd that has watched the diver, springing from a point high above his shallow tank, climb out on the tanbark, safe.

Looking across the field, they saw, faintly outlined, on the far side of the track, the yellow wasp, the red Italian—all of them—growing smaller and smaller with every turn of the wheels—bright-colored flies crawling along the rim of a saucer.

But other cars passed before them: lonely cars whose creakings told, without the aid of the scoreboard, that they were out

of it; cars that rattled and panted too hard—all limping after the flying leaders. Then two of them came along together, with engines groaning unashamed at the terrific strain they had borne. And their drivers lashed them resentfully—tugging at wheels and levers, thinking of the prize money that was not to be theirs. They bumped round the turn.

Then that part of the track before the stands—more than a mile of it—cleared for the first time that morning. But it was only the brief tranquillity which precedes the intense moment of a drama. A few seconds it lasted, and then from back in the crowd there rose a voice, high-pitched:

"Look! Look! Up the stretch!"

Instantly a sea of dark forms and vague faces mounted unevenly against the white wall of the stands: the Ninety Thousand were on their feet. Through a cloud of exhaust smoke they saw, four hundred yards away, a little red car that veered crazily, its front wheels jerking back and forth. Tumult began in the repair trenches: the men in overalls shouted and pointed excitedly; a command ran the length of the pits and was borne up to the stands:

"Watch out! Broken steering-knuckle!"

To the Ninety Thousand it was as if a megaphone had announced: *"That red car is unmanageable! A serious accident is likely to occur right before you!"* Uneasiness descended on them. They remembered that cry—"Broken steering-knuckle!" For the year before at the Speedway they had heard it and seen a car lurch off the track. Two men had been killed.

A great and strange quiet spread; only the scraping of many feet was heard.

Now a breath of wind swept away the smoke. The little red car was nearer. One of its front wheels had worked loose and was flopping about violently. Suddenly, like a good piece of stage "business," the sun brightened and shone full on the car and the men in it. The crowd saw a big number "8" painted white on the hood. The driver, Jagersburger, face drawn, was tugging at the useless steering-post. Beside him sat a smoke-and-oil-stained man who stared at the flopping wheel. He was Anderson, the mechanic.

The crowd waited.

A rumbling, low at first, grew in the distance at the far end of the oval, beyond the turn whence Jagersburger had come. It grew louder, deeper, bearing portents of danger. And the Ninety Thousand, forgetting the red car for the moment, turned to look up the track. There they made out, sweeping round the turn, four whirling packs of steel hidden in bluish vapor. Then they glanced back at the red car and saw Anderson, brown in khaki and grease, scramble from his seat and leap out on the track.

Thinking swiftly, he had conceived the daring plan of grasping the flopping wheel and so turning Number Eight off the course. But Jagersburger, not knowing what was passing through his mechanic's mind, had decided to feed the car more power, so as to shoot it off the track with a sudden pulse of the engine. The plans being executed simultaneously, the crowd saw Anderson knocked down and dragged under the left rear wheel.

Then the nerves of the Ninety Thousand parted in frightened clamor. Women became hysterical, hundreds of them; men leaped on top of their seats, shouting; but above it all rose a voice, harsh, unreal:

"My God! They're coming!"

Up the track what had been but balls of smoke a second before showed now as the racers—huge shapes of steel that came rushing, snorting, flaming—seven of them now—nearer and nearer, inanimate things seemingly bent on destruction. And before them was Anderson, a huddled figure in the middle of the track, grasping a disabled leg.

To the right of him, Number Eight was coming to a stop. To his left were the stands and a confusion of voices, calling down: "Get up! You'll be killed! Get up!"

From the repair pits, men in overalls rushed toward him; but they were too late—the racers would beat them. Then Anderson, evidently for the first time realizing his danger, stumbled to his feet, stood swaying, and pitched headlong—the leg was useless. . . . The cars thundered down.

The driver of the leader, a big gray machine, Number Seven, was the first to see Anderson. That driver was Harry Knight, and not an hour before he had seen a machine overturn on the back-stretch, maiming Grenier, its driver, and killing the mechanic. Knight had opened his engine to the limit after rounding the turn, racing down the straight stretch past the stand where the highest speed was made. A smash-up now and Number Seven would go the way of Grenier's car. These thoughts crowded Knight's mind, but he dismissed them. All he saw was a man who rolled over and over like a brown log on the glaring bricks just a few yards before his wheels—a wounded man struggling feebly.

Then Knight, with his iron nerve, acted. He saw ahead of him and to the right, the disabled Number Eight, with Jagersburger, fear-stricken, huddled beside it. The wreck effectually blocked the only side of the track open to Knight, for Anderson was rolling toward the left, and to steer there would mean passing over his body. It was one of those crises that rarely confront a man. But Knight met it with the swift decision of a D'Artagnan. Half rising from his seat, he wrapped both arms around the steering-wheel and, twisting hard, deliberately shot Number Seven off the course—a bolting turn of forty-five degrees, into the concrete wall before the repair trenches!

For just the fraction of a second, smoke—heavy blue smoke from Number Seven's exhausts—screened the scene. Came the boom of an engine shutting off, the screech of brakes, a series of harsh crashes, steel upon steel—stillness. Then the curtain of smoke and dust lifted for a second time and the stage had a different setting:

Knight lay in the dirt, some distance from the car. He was motionless, both hands to his head, but unhurt. His mechanic, Glover, they found in a heap of oily clothes, stunned. Number Seven, a total wreck, lay where it had plunged beside the grand stand, its smashed hood jammed against a stone, its broken rear wheels and tanks half buried in plowed-

up gravel. Near by, another car, Lytle's, which had drawn up at the repair pits, lay wrecked, torn by the pit wall. It had been slashed broadside by the plunging Number Seven.

And then, out on the bricks, climax piled on climax, the crowd saw a man in knickerbockers and puttees crouched near the disabled red car and waving a square of blue cotton. He was Wagner, the starter, and toward him were rushing the six machines that Knight had been leading. The blue flag slashed the air, whirling, cutting, in its tense signaling.

Then, just when it seemed as if nothing could prevent a tangle of machines and men, the drivers one by one caught the signal and, with the skill that comes in such emergencies, performed unheard-of feats of steering. Wheels were wrenched, shot sharply to one side, to the other, dodging twisted wrecks and the rolling man—thundering shapes that missed only by inches, skidded, straightened, and crashed away around the turn.

And only a few seconds later the fantasy of Distance had changed them back into six flies, crawling on a red saucer—the seventh lay near the pits, its back broken.

That's what Ninety Thousand people saw last Memorial Day at Indianapolis. And similar scenes are to be seen whenever a big automobile race is held.

The scene came back to me in the smoker that night and I realized that here were men who were *different*—each of them a Mercury with the heart of a Mars. I felt myself wanting to know something more about them, these players in the Drama of Speed, and why they played it at all.

Near me sat an alert-looking man, with sandy hair and thoughtful brown eyes. I recognized him as the racing manager of one of the factories that had finished just a car behind the leaders. I introduced myself, and after the usual commonplaces asked him why automobiles are raced.

"Automobiles are raced," he explained, "for two reasons. From the standpoint of the manufacturer it's business, and from the standpoint of the promoters who arrange the meets it's business, just like the theatres; but from the standpoint of the public, it's amusement.

"The scope of my racing campaign would surprise you," he went on. "In February we compete in California, at the Los

Angeles Motordrome, in the big road-race through Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, or at Bakersfield. Then we work east into the Middle West, racing at the Indianapolis Speedway, in the national road events at Elgin, Illinois, in the hundred and one track meets where horse-race courses used to be, until late summer finds us on the eastern coast. Here we compete in track contests, in hill climbs, but always working south toward Savannah, where the Grand Prize and Vanderbilt Cups are held in late autumn. We used to stop off at New York before they took away the Vanderbilt from Long Island. And while South, before returning to California to begin it all over, we take a fling at beach racing at Ormond or Atlantic-Pablo, Florida, a track meet at New Orleans, and then west."

"And is public interest always as great as it was to-day?" I asked, thinking of the Ninety Thousand.

"Whenever you put on a big race," he replied, "you'll draw more people than any other sporting event in this country. Why, at every road race the crowd runs to nearly a hundred thousand, and before they stopped holding them at daybreak people would stay up all night, enduring every manner of physical discomfort to be on hand for the start."

He lighted another cigar—big and black—of a kind common, I knew, to team managers.

"But," he resumed, "it's a mighty big proposition. When a promoter plans a race, he sends entry blanks broadcast, months ahead of time. Then the manufacturer begins preparing—builds cars and chooses drivers. And it costs a lot of money."

"How much?" I interrupted.

"You'd be surprised if I told you what it cost a certain company to win the biggest road-race in this country," he replied. "Well, let's see: They had two cars entered. That cost, off the bat, \$800 for entrance fees. Then there was a \$1,000 salary for one driver, a star; \$600 for the other; \$400 for their mechanics; \$300 in wages for other mechanics during the weeks of practise; \$1,000 in team quarters expenses, and railway fares; \$1,500 for tires; \$1,000 for oil; \$50 for gasoline; \$2,000 for repairs necessitated by accidents in practise, and anywhere from \$10,000 to \$16,000 for the cost of building the two racing cars.—How much

does that make?" he asked, "Did you add?"

"Repeat it," I begged, and jotted down each item as he gave it.

"It adds to \$21,650," I announced finally.

"Yes," he said, "and I gave it to you low. All the prize-money goes to the driver. What the manufacturer gets out of it is the lessons revealed by the terrific strain of racing—breaking of parts that his engineers correct in future cars made in the factory. And, of course, to win a big race is a great business-getter. But the bills are awful heavy!"

I thanked him, excused myself, and presently approached a driver I had met, who was seated at the other end of the car. With him were two other drivers. I knew their names, but had never met them. Introductions followed, and after cigars had been lighted I asked what they thought of racing. They looked puzzled. I remembered how reluctant most drivers are to talk about it.

"Why do you race, taking such chances with your lives?" I persisted.

They said nothing, and I thought they appeared bored.

"It's our *business*," one answered finally.

"Simply that," the others agreed. "It's our business."

And from their manner it was evident that they didn't care to talk further about that "business"—the business of traveling faster than the wind, of chancing Life in the strange game they were playing. I discreetly left, and when alone once more my memory went back. . . .

It was during the 1910 Vanderbilt—the red Vanderbilt that destroyed machines and men, ending road-racing on Long Island.

From daybreak the cars had been whirling by, smudges of red, of yellow, of gray, that seemed to move more swiftly as the race went on. With every circuit of the course, records were being made—records of speed and disaster. Grant, Mulford, Wishart, and Dawson were literally sizzling the oiled roads with their speed. Stone's car had leaped from a bridge fifty feet into the air, thirty feet to the ground below, and Death, just missing him, had taken his mechanic. Chevrolet's big racer had overturned near Westfield and another mechanic lay dead. A man had crowded too close to the course and had been struck

down. . . . The smudges, red, yellow, gray, swept on.

Suddenly, those of us near the judges' stand heard a loud whir of mechanism and a commotion rising in the repair pits. Turning, we saw there a long, rakish-looking car, bright in yellow paint striped with black. The driver at the wheel lifted his mask. We saw he was Dawson, almost a boy—the "Kid," they called him. But the face was old—ages old, with sagging cheeks and long, strained lines of pain about the young mouth.

"He's almost caught the leader!" exclaimed the man at my side. I consulted the great skeleton-frame of the scoreboard and saw he was right. But when I looked for Dawson he had gone—a yellow streak vanishing down the road. We waited for him to complete another circuit of the course, to pass, perhaps, in first place. Other cars swept by—Grant, Mulford, Hearne.

The minutes began to drag; then the seconds—but no Dawson. We looked at our watches. He was long overdue. Something must have happened. The suspense grew.

Over in his pit the team manager and his helpers were betraying nervousness. I saw one of them climb on another's shoulders and peer down the course in the direction from which Dawson would come. I watched him, watched the fear growing in his face, his fingers beginning to twitch. Then his expression changed unexpectedly to one of relief, of thankfulness. I knew Dawson was safe.

Up the road came his yellow car, and opposite the pit it stopped. A grimy-faced mechanic leaped out and shouted for gasoline. Dawson, we saw, sat motionless. I trained my glasses on him and saw that he was crying. Tears were tracing queer lines on the dust and oil of his face. The team manager and his helpers stood bewildered, unbelief in their faces. Then the mechanic said something to them, and they all looked sympathetic. But Dawson, blind to it all, sat sobbing.

The gasoline tank was replenished, the mechanic swung into his seat—the yellow car was ready to take up the race. I watched Dawson. He still sat as he had sat since the machine stopped—crushed by some awful anguish. Now men in the stands yelled for him to start. They couldn't see his face. Other cars went roar-

ing past. The team manager knew what the delay was costing, but only looked uncomfortable. And then, when we thought that Dawson must surely become hysterical from the strain of it all, he suddenly threw up his hands, grasped the wheel, and was off.

"He hit a man who tried to cross the road," explained the team manager. "Broke the 'Kid' all up. We had an awful job convincing him the man hadn't been killed. I got it over the 'phone in the judges' stand. How he got back his nerve is beyond me."

And it was beyond me, too, for Dawson drove the rest of that race as he never can drive again. It was not hard to imagine an unholy fire in his eyes. He drove like a man beside himself, outmatching Death with Chance at every turn. Yard by yard, mile by mile, the yellow car crept up on the leaders.

But the delay had been too long, there was not time enough to regain all the lost ground; and so when the finish line was crossed Dawson was in second place—defeated, though by a margin of only twenty-five seconds at the end of three hundred miles!

Here, then, was another driver of nerve—of greater nerve perhaps than Knight's. For Knight's courage was the flash of a moment's impulse, while Dawson's came only after long mental suffering. This suggests that different men have shown different kinds of nerve while racing. And indeed this is true. But before we seek other examples of nerve, let us agree to classify the dramatic incidents of the track broadly in three groups—Nerve, Superstition, and the Unusual. We shall see how the three work together.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve—nerve in the sense of fortitude—ever seen on a race course, happened in France six years ago. The fastest cars in Europe were racing for the Grand Prix. Up with the leaders was Victor Hemery, a heavy-set, violent-tempered Frenchman who had won the Vanderbilt, the Ardennes Circuit, the St. Petersburg-Moscow race—in short, a master at the wheel.

Driving with characteristic stubbornness, Hemery was battering his way through mile after mile, overcoming the finesse of rivals by headlong courage. As he was tearing along in the lead, with only a few laps to go, a stone flew up from the road and, strik-

ing his goggles, smashed the glass, driving the jagged splinters back into his eyes. Shrieking with pain and blinded, Hemery managed to stop the machine. He ordered the mechanic to find a physician, and, while waiting, Hemery jabbered in turn at the pain and the loss of time.

Fortunately, the physician arrived quickly and extracted the larger bits of glass from Hemery's eyes. Whereupon, commanding his mechanic to take along a bottle of lotion, Hemery climbed back into the car and took up the race. The pain was intense, but that half-blind man drove, while the mechanic bathed his eyes. It was a fight too unequal, though, and when the finish line was crossed Hemery came in behind Lautenschlager, a German. But he had made second place.

George Robertson, an American, illustrates a different kind of nerve—reckless nerve that went ahead when there was no need to go. It was typical of the man.

During the National championships at Lowell, three years ago, Robertson drove one of the best races of his career on one of the trickiest courses in the country. Especially dangerous was the "back stretch"—a long section of country road, soft and rutty, hardly wide enough for two cars to pass abreast. Late in the race, down this road came Robertson in Number Sixteen, the engine roaring, flames spurting from the exhausts.

Ahead of him, some distance, he made out three colored specks on the dark road. These grew and grew as he tore on, and gradually took the outlines of other racing cars. Robertson's foot jammed down on the accelerator.

Nearer and nearer to the three cars he drew. Now he was able to make out the faces of their mechanics casting worried glances behind. They knew that when Robertson came the road had to be cleared. Another hundred yards and Number Sixteen was almost upon them, bellowing irritably, breathing smoke, shaking from the pulsing of the big engine. The three drivers each wondered if *his* car would be scraped.

Then one of them, suddenly nervous, blundered. Trying to turn off the course, he twisted the steering-wheel too hard, and the car, plunging wildly, swept over a ditch and brought up against a fence, a cloud of splintered wood flying into the air. The other drivers, also nervous, turned out



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

STARTING A RACE IN THE SMOKE OF THE EXHAUSTS, AT INDIANAPOLIS.

squarely opposite each other, hardly leaving room for a car to pass through.

Robertson sensed the situation—the danger from the flying wood, from the two masses of steel that all but blocked the road. Discretion told him to wait until one of the machines moved aside.

But, on the other hand, the quality that made Robertson the greatest driver of his time urged him to go ahead and take the chance. To stop might mean the loss of the race, for Grant was pressing him closely. So Robertson obeyed the impulse, as he always did, and hurled Number Sixteen into the bare gap of road between the blocked cars—a desperate bolt, with heavy splinters flying all around him. And as men generally do who take such chances, he came through safely.

The nerve of the late Lewis Strang was still more reckless. Strang

liked to take the most desperate chances, apparently just for the exhilaration that the moment afforded. Time after time he risked his life to no apparent purpose. Once he drove an automobile at terrific speed around a little, highly banked indoor track built for bicycle riders.

But the incident most characteristic of his daredevil nerve occurred in the 1908 Vanderbilt. In that race Strang had the

mount on a French car from which much was expected. It was "cranky," though, as the drivers say, and just before the start developed engine trouble. For almost an hour, Strang watched the other machines sweep through the early morning mist, while he worked frantically to get the French car into condition. Finally, he succeeded and drove off.

To win the Vanderbilt or even to finish with the leaders was out of the



Photograph by International News Service, N. Y.

"WILD BOB" BURMAN.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

FROM DAYBREAK THE CUP CARS HAD BEEN WHIRLING BY.

question. So he decided to go off on a wild jamboree that would land him nowhere—unless in the hospital. Very coolly, secretly delighting in the horror of the crowds, Strang took turn after turn—"hairpins," "S turns," and all—at a rate no driver should venture. Finally, tiring of this, he picked out a man and decided to worry him. The man was Foxhall Keene, and on the program he was the only entrant who had a "Mr." before his name. Mr. Keene was a "gentleman driver." Maybe Strang

wanted to frighten all the gentleness out of him. At any rate, every time Strang passed Keene—which was often—he would veer in as close as possible, taking care almost but *not quite* to scrape his wheels.

After two experiences of this, Keene took to turning into the ditch when Strang came along. Then the daredevil would follow and smile. Finally an announcement was made that Mr. Keene had "withdrawn from the race"—and Strang laughed.

This was the nerve of Strang—an inhuman daredevilry that forgot there was such a thing as Death.

And terribly ironical was it that Strang was killed one day when a bank caved in over which he was driving at eight miles an hour!

There are many other instances of nerve—too many to be recorded. I remember how Jenatzky, in a Vanderbilt, equaled the fortitude of Hemery in the Grand Prix; how Lorimer, like Knight, risked his own life to save others; how Bailey, a mechanic, forgot danger for his driver, Disbrow; how Endicott, seeing a wrecked car ahead of him, stopped and ran back on the track, warning other drivers.



VICTOR HEMERY (LEFT).



Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

BATTERING HIS WAY THROUGH MILE AFTER MILE.

It is not surprising to find in the make-up of these nervy drivers the element that one always looks for in men who are constantly chancing their lives—Superstition. It enters into the composition of calm Americans as well as dramatic Europeans. It's a part of them all, big and little. Let me illustrate:

It was a November morning at Savannah. Practise for the Grand Prize was on, and as I joined a scattering of spectators and automobile men near the grand stand at Barstow, the cars rumbled by. At my elbow, the manager of the Italian team was talking.

"Davy Bruce-Brown's got me worried," he said. "When not out on the course he's been searching Savannah for something. Often I catch him peering into the faces of policemen, as if one had lifted his watch. Can't get it at all, because——"

A sudden roaring, louder than the rest and punctuated harshly with the screaming of brakes, cut off the manager's sentence, and, following him, I stood beside one of the big Italian cars. Its engine throbbed heavily beneath the red-painted hood. The driver drew off his mask, and I saw he was

Bruce-Brown, strapping and boyish. He glanced about, grinning hugely, and then, spying a tall policeman thirty feet down the course, astonished us all by leaping from his car and running toward him.

"Oh!" wailed the little team manager. "Davy's got 'em again—he's after another cop!"

Watching, we saw Bruce-Brown stare at the tall patrolman, turn away, look again as if to make sure, and then, seizing his hand, jump about like a delighted boy. A



Photograph by International News Service, N. Y.

JOE DAWSON (LEFT).



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

REPAIRING A TIRE DURING A RACE. HARRY GRANT AT THE WHEEL.

moment's explanation and, grinning as delightedly as Bruce-Brown, the patrolman came hurrying back with him to the Italian car. There, upon whimsical request, the policeman clambered up beside the driver's seat, while Bruce-Brown howled for a photographer to snap the picture—the driver and the patrolman at the steering-wheel. Two cameras clicked.

The big boy yelled: "Sure you got it?"

Then the little team manager, recovering from his bewilderment, made hastily toward him. They talked a few minutes, Bruce-Brown laughing and slapping him on the back. A rattling of gears and the red racer whirled away. I sought the team manager. He was smiling.

"All Davy was doing," he chuckled, "was looking for his mascot. Before the 1910 race he had his picture taken in the car with Policeman Number

23. As you know, he won the Grand Prize that year. So Davy's first thought on arriving here was to find that twenty-third cop. Now that he's got him, he says the rest is easy—he'll win the Grand Prize this time too."

He laughed again; so did we. But two days later we saw a red Italian car come thundering down Waters Road under the hanging boughs and Spanish moss, and win another Grand Prize—and driving that car was Bruce-Brown.

Such incidents as this have made Superstition almost a religion with the drivers. Take the old hoodoo that is associated with the number Thirteen. Until four years ago, at the light-car race at Savannah, the race-drivers laughed at that superstition, just as you and I do.

Two evenings before the race, the drivers met at the De Soto Hotel and drew for numbers to de-



Photograph by The International News Service, N. Y.

GEORGE ROBERTSON.



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co., N. Y.

THE RACE COURSE AT LOWELL, MASS., IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE TRICKIEST IN THE COUNTRY, PART OF IT RUNNING OVER SOFT, RUTTY ROADS.

termine the order in which they would leave the starting line. The man (I forget his name) who took a slip marked "13" from the hat protested. He happened to be one of the few drivers with faith in the ill-luck powers of that combination, and he flatly refused to have it painted on his car. The others laughed at him, but he held out stubbornly.

In the midst of the confusion, Burns, driver of the old Chalmers-Detroit, offered to take the "13," exchanging numbers with the man who protested so earnestly. Everybody laughed some more.

Race day came, and Burns, flaunting a big "13," went whizzing away with the rest of them. Laps passed, and then we learned that Number Thirteen had crashed off the course and lay a wreck.

From that day to this the hoodoo combination has been omitted in all

meets. Number Fourteen follows Twelve.

Superstitions are also founded on animals. George Robertson once told me that it was considered lucky to kill a cat before a road race. The killing, he explained, had to be done by the car in practise or on going to and from the course. He claims that a cat got under his wheels before he won the Vanderbilt cup race in 1908. He also avers stoutly that Hemery and Wagner, winners

of the 1905 and 1906 Vanderbilts, killed cats; that Nazarro killed them before winning the Targa Florio and the French Grand Prix in 1907, and that another went Wagner's way before he won the American Grand Prize in 1908.

Robertson went on to tell, too, how other animals bring bad luck. He said that to kill a dog or chicken means misfortune, and that he dreads seeing a pig cross the road before his racing car during prac-



Photograph by N. Lazarovitch, N. Y.

DAVID L. BRUCE-BROWN.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

CROSSING A BRIDGE DURING THE 1910 VANDERBILT—THE RED VANDERBILT THAT DESTROYED MACHINES AND MEN, ENDING ROAD-RACING ON LONG ISLAND.

tise. While practising for the Vanderbilt in 1906, he barely missed running into an old sow and her eight sucklings, and the experience got on his nerves. In fancy afterward, he saw the road blocked again and again with pigs, and he connected this persistent impression with an accident in which he was involved.

But every driver to his superstition. Lancia, the dare-devil Italian, used to nail a horseshoe to the floor-boards of his car until he smashed up in a Vanderbilt. Mul-

ford makes a practise of borrowing something just before a race. He happened to do that before the National Stock Chassis Championships at Elgin, Illinois, in 1910, and, recalling the incident after winning, decided that it was a luck-bringer.

Other drivers say it's certain disaster to have your life insured before a race, and will have none of it. (Incidentally, the rate is exceedingly high, generally ten dollars' worth of principal costing \$1.50 worth of premium.)

The pet superstition of Robert Burman—"Wild Bob," who has enjoyed the sensation of driving faster than any other man—originated with a headache. Last April, before he climbed into his two-hundred-horse-power car at Daytona Beach, Burman complained of a severe headache. Then he drove his record mile—faster than mechanism had ever gone before—a mile in 25.4 seconds!

This year Burman is going to try to break that record. He says he'll drive a mile in twenty seconds flat, or 180 miles an hour. And, on the day he attempts it, Burman is hoping for a headache.

The incidents of the track that we have



RALPH MULFORD (LEFT).



Photograph by N. Lasarick, N. Y.

MULFORD WINNING THE VANDERBILT AT SAVANNAH.

classified as the unusual are just as strange as the superstitions, and more tangible.

Take the car that stopped near the finish line at Savannah three years ago. The Grand Prize was ending. The first three cars had roared past the flag. Only seconds had separated Wagner, Hemery, and Nazarro. Then the crowd, already tense with the thrill of it all, saw another car come down the track—slower, slower. Its driver was Hanriot. He would finish in fourth place—if he hurried: another machine was snorting behind him somewhere. But Hanriot's car rolled feebly and then stopped—what was the matter?

"Gasoline given out!" a man barked through a megaphone, and the crowd sympathized with the car that had made such a run of it. As it was against the rules to take on gasoline except at the pits, it was obviously a lost cause—too bad! But they reckoned without the ingenious Frenchman, the driver. Now they saw him gesticulating to the mechanic beside him and pointing eagerly to the rear wheels. Then they watched curiously as the two men, clambering back on the seats, grabbed hold of the wheels, Hanriot the right,

his mechanic the other, and began frantically to tug at the heavy tires.

The car moved a trifle. The men tugged harder. From up the road came the rumble of the other car. Hanriot began to claw in his excitement. Then gradually the great bulk of steel gained momentum—slow momentum—the wheels revolving heavily, but faster and faster until the car rolled across the finish line—in fourth place. Hanriot had driven his car without fuel.

Then there is the incident of Lewis



LOUIS CHEVROLET (LEFT.)



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

HARRY KNIGHT SAVED THE LIFE OF A RIVAL BY DRIVING THIS CAR INTO A CONCRETE WALL, WHILE RACING AT INDIANAPOLIS, LAST MEMORIAL DAY.

Strang in the Vanderbilt two years ago. It was one of the early laps of the race, but Strang, as was his wont, was crowding his car to the limit. Just before he took the Westbury turn, a stone flew up from the road and drilled a hole in his radiator. The water gushed forth. To go on was out of the question. Reluctantly Strang turned the car off the course. Men and women crowded about him, eager to sympathize. Strang was out of the race. A vender with a tray full of candy and chewing-gum suspended from his shoulder also sympathized.

Strang, half amused, half bored, watched him a minute. Then he surprised the crowd by shouting and, thrusting a bill into the vender's hand, swept all the chewing-gum from his tray, and hastened about, giving a bar to each person within reach.

"Chew it as quickly as

you can," begged Strang, "and then give it to me."

In amazement, but moved by the determination in Strang's face, the crowd obeyed. Impatiently he waited until the man to whom he had given the first package withdrew a sticky ball from his mouth. Then Strang took it and, hurrying from one person to another, received ball after ball, wadding them all into a lump about the size of an indoor baseball. Still wondering, the crowd watched Strang plug the hole in the radiator with this mass of gum. So effectively did he spread the stuff that the leaks stopped and he was able to drive around to the pits, where repairs were made.



Photograph by The International News Service, N. Y.

HARRY KNIGHT.

superstitious vagaries, that people, hundreds of thousands of them, flock to the courses where automobiles race. It is these things—and something else: something in the game—the element of danger, the sensational that piles upon the sensational, which draws them there. Perhaps it's the same force that makes a man once a race-driver always a driver. . . .

The Vanderbilt cup race was on—the red race that broke Dawson and mended him. Men and women, bleary-eyed, their lids heavy from want of sleep, stood up in the hush of the dawn and watched the start. Before them the vague shadows of the cold night had congealed into trees, fences, stands, and automobiles, rows and rows of them, with hoods nosed close to the wire barriers, fronting the course. Uncertain, streaky lights were fighting through the fog, and over the drab fields had fallen streaks of violet and pink.

A confusion of hoarse, early morning voices, clinking tools, and whirring mechanism came from the repair trenches. The cars, colored smudges that seemed to shiver in the cool air, sidled, their motors purring, toward the starter, a man in knickerbockers and puttees. Smoke began to belch from two-score exhausts. Engines boomed louder; the smoke thickened.

Now through the drifting fog there issued a voice. It was counting the numbers backward from "ten" to "one," and at the last word an engine screamed, gears rattled, and the first car went snorting down the oil-blackened road—the Vanderbilt was on.

Other machines followed—machines that roared and spat blue flame in grim menace. Then Chevrolet drew up into position—Chevrolet the Daring. The crowd watched him and cheered with dust-choked throats. Now he was at the line and the starter was tolling off the seconds. But at "One!" there was a taunting roar of mechanism, a harsh creaking, a cough, a rattle, and the car stopped dead. The mechanic had blundered. He had forgotten to do something to the engine that he had been ordered to do. Chevrolet swore roundly in his excitable Alsatian way, but Miller, the big mechanic, almost crying at his mistake, was repairing it. A moment's delay and Chevrolet dashed away.

We saw him stop again that morning and

saw Miller, a giant lithe and virile, a man in the full strength of his body, again make the rebellious car do his will. Chevrolet's team manager, craving publicity, wandered over to the press box, and told a story of "Louis and his mechanic"—how Miller was a wanderer, a man early lost to his family, how as a boy he had shipped at sea, how he'd drifted around the world, and then, drifting Chevrolet's way, had been given the seat in his first race—the Vanderbilt! Also, he added that Chevrolet loved him as a son, and we believed him.

But it was not until hours later that we saw Chevrolet again. Then he was at the hospital—alone. Miller lay dead in the parlor of a little farmhouse near Westfield. He had been penned under Chevrolet's racer after it had crashed from the road, cut a touring-car in two, gone through a hedge, splintered three trees, and somersaulted upside down against a house.

And Chevrolet was sobbing, clutching his face with hands greasy and red.

"My God!"—we heard him moan—"I've killed Miller—my friend—my friend, dead—dead!"

He ended with a long-drawn-out shudder as Nature gave to him a temporary anesthetic and merciful forgetfulness.

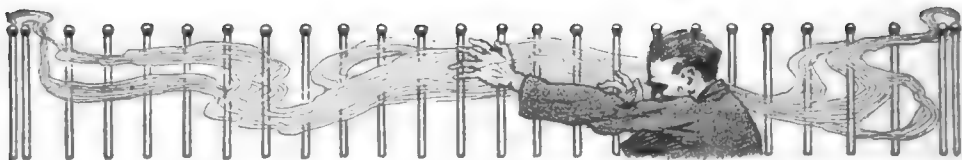
Weeks passed. Chevrolet, his arm in a sling, left the hospital. To his friends he said:

"That ended it. I'm through with racing. I've had enough."

Months passed. Came Memorial Day at Indianapolis—the day when Knight hurled his car off the course; when the smoke of chaos lifted and the Ninety Thousand saw Anderson dragging himself over the pit wall; when the six drivers thundered past the wrecks before the stand; when all that was happening was a man driving out on the back-stretch somewhere.

Low in the seat of a great, gray racer, he was taking chances that made the other drivers, seasoned as they were, pray he'd stop. Bellowing into the turns, never reducing the terrific pace he had set, bursting tire after tire, racking the engine as motor had never been racked before, he tore on—a Mad Mullah of the track.

The fascination of the game held him cruelly, you see—for the man was Chevrolet.



MATCHES OR MEN?

By Gordon Chayer

Editors Note:—What kind of matches do you use?

If they are the kind that readily "strike anywhere"—and they probably are—you should know that they are made of white phosphorus. You should know, too, that their manufacture involves for the workers the most terrible of industrial diseases—a disease so revolting that we haven't the heart to print pictures of its victims.

It is a needless horror. To our shame, we are the only important nation that allows it to go on. There are cheap, harmless substitutes for the white phosphorus match—substitutes that eliminate disease dangers, and fire dangers in large measure. But the effort to stop the making of the matches that do the harm meets constant obstacles at the hands of interested persons. There is a way to spare the workers in the industry the dreadful penalty they pay, to spare your children and your homes the dangers that accompany the household match. There is a chance for you to help. Read this article and decide what you will do.

GRAY sky; gray snow; gray water; a low horizon of wan marsh and waste land through which creeps the sluggish open sewer of a river. Here and there, dominating with their touch of color the scattered settlements, stand factories, bare and unsightly; while above them—rigid and inevitable as the facts of poverty—rise the sharp accents of their yellow chimneys.

Mired in the yard, a team of horses, hitched to a truck loaded with pine logs, strains and sweats under the driver's lash; while on every side rise piles of rough-split or planed lumber, still dark and sodden with recent rain. From an escape-pipe in the wall that we pass on our way to the entrance, comes an intermittent spurt of steam which seems to keep time with the pulsing wheels and levers behind the lime-stained bricks; and mingled with the chill of the winter air is a pervasive, evil smell that seems strangely familiar, and yet suggestive of the legends of the underworld.

Once inside the door, we are deafened by

the diapason of the engines, above which rises a teasing, snarling, chattering overtone of metallic discord. Through the intangible, drifting, bluish haze—which stings the throat and eyes with a constantly increasing irritation—can be seen a large, whitewashed room, well lighted, and apparently well ventilated, by means of innumerable open windows. Following an iron truck, whose progress over the cement floor is marked by jets of yellow flame from the hundreds of matches with which it is strewn, we make our way to the farther end of the building.

Here we find the operatives who begin the process of manufacturing what is the most necessary of all the articles of common household use, yet the most dangerous to the worker.

For while there are many industries in the United States that involve cruel and unnecessary suffering on the part of the workers, there is none which exacts so awful a price as the match-trade. "Phossy Jaw," the most terrible of occupational diseases,

is the unique malady of the phosphorus-match maker: a highly localized manifestation of infection resulting from exposure to the fumes of the most subtle and dangerous of all industrial poisons. These find entrance to the system through the gums or defective teeth (common to fully eighty per cent. of adult wage-earners), and, first attacking the covering of the jaw-bone, finally induce a process of slow destruction in the bone itself, which involves either its removal by a surgical operation or a loathsome and agonizing form of death.

THE TERRIBLE "STRIKE ANYWHERE" MATCH

And yet in a cosmopolitan group composed of intelligent Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Swiss, Austrians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Hollanders, Hungarians, Belgians, Japanese, and Americans, only the last named could toss aside the phosphorus-tipped matches with which they had lighted their cigarettes, in absolute ignorance of the fact that terrible physical suffering inevitably lay behind their production. For—industrial laggards as we of the United States are reckoned for our failure to control occupational disease—we alone have accepted the "strike-anywhere" match as a common necessity concerning which we need ask no questions.

But it was the fact that the American match to-day possesses more of tragic "human interest" than any other manufactured article, which induced President Taft to make an appeal to Congress concerning the protection of some four thousand match-workers in his annual message of 1910.

"I invite attention," he wrote, "to the very serious injury caused to all those who are engaged in the manufacture of phosphorus matches. The diseases incident to this are frightful; and as matches can be made from other materials entirely innocuous, I believe that the injurious manufacture should be discouraged, and ought to be discouraged, by the imposition of a heavy Federal tax. I recommend the adoption of this method of stamping out a very serious abuse."

"Frightful; a very serious abuse—" such words from the pen of the Chief Executive should carry weight and meaning, provided there were facts to warrant them. And their justification is not far to seek:

In certain sections of Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota may be found men and women mutilated in feature and broken in health. In all cases there lies behind them a record of physical suffering which stuns the imagination in its effort to realize the living hell through which they have been dragged—suffering lasting sometimes during one, three, five, eight, even twelve years of irremediable horror. Often, when freed from fear lest their testimony be used to injure them, they endeavor to tell of their experiences: some with a dramatic bitterness that startles and appals; many with the apathy of those who no longer have hope in the present or the future; yet others by an inarticulate mumble—their only means of communication—which is more eloquent than coherent speech.

There is no need, however, to question such as are still in torment. Toothless, with rotted purple gums, from which protrude fragments of decaying bone; with discolored pus oozing from swollen lips or abscesses in jaw and throat, whose stench makes the sufferers intolerable to themselves and all with whom they come in contact, the victims of phosphorus necrosis seem to have passed beyond the recognized pale of human misery.

THE MATCH-TRADE FROM THE INSIDE

It is they who justify the President's word "frightful"; and their physical condition indicates "a very serious abuse." What were, and still are, the actual trade conditions to which he thus called Congressional attention? What was the remedy suggested by the possibility of employing harmless substitutes for the poison commonly in use? And what remedial legislation should have seconded his proposal to utilize the Federal machinery in banishing a revolting and unnecessary occupational horror?

We shall find conclusive answers to all these questions awaiting us inside the white-washed rooms of the match factory whose doors we have already entered.

The block-feeder stands at his machine, with its battery of circular knives, which seems to suck in the angled pieces of wood offered it, and then spew them out in a

perpetual shower of match-splints that fall, with incalculable rapidity, into the open sacks ready to receive them.

They are "green," however, from previous steaming; and must therefore be carried to the drying-room, emptied into slow ovens, and later passed on to a revolving sieve, which frees them from splinters, before they can find their way to the oscillating tray full of metal boxes, from which they are fed by hand, or mechanism, to the automatic dipping-machine.

Into the small perforations of the iron plates composing its endless chain each splint is thrust by a sliding driver; and they are so adjusted in the operation as to leave them projecting downward, at a uniform length from the under surface of the plates. Slowly, like some giant, corrugated worm, the endless chain uncoils; first passing the tips of its bristling white spines through a trough filled with melted paraffin; thence over an iron plate covered with a red-, black-, or blue-colored phosphorus match-paste that "heads" them with a rounded drop; and finally over a second plate, coated with a lighter-tinted mixture, which "tips" them with a highly inflammable paste, and in so doing finishes the matches for the market.

After being dried by exposure to currents of warm air, and thrust by a freeing-machine from the perforations in which they have been fixed for several hours, the "double-dip" "strike-anywhere" matches fall into the metal trays waiting for them; and are ready to be wheeled to the packing-table in the boxing-room, where the deft fingers of women operatives complete the last detail of their manufacture.

A TRADE OF HORRIBLE RISKS

A "clean" business, any one would say who, ignorant of the dangers invariably involved in the use of white phosphorus, had seen a rough-planed log transformed into the boxed, sealed, and labeled product, apparently without the intervention of human agency. Certainly a marvelous advance in industrial ingenuity from the laborious hand-processes in vogue at Springfield, Massachusetts, when, in 1836, the Treschel match and its inseparable "occupational horror" first made their appearance in the United States.

And yet, in spite of the multiplication of

mechanical devices to eliminate hand-work, it is an established fact that out of the four thousand employees now earning a livelihood in our fifteen American factories, fully 95% of the women, 82% of the children, and 44% of the men are directly exposed to the danger of contracting either "Phossy Jaw," with all its attendant misery, or the chronic form of poisoning known as "phosphorisme," characterized by anemia, yellow tint of skin, dyspepsia, progressive emaciation, and albuminuria.

THE CONSTANT MENACE OF WHITE PHOSPHORUS

For no scientific fact has been more clearly demonstrated than that white, or yellow, phosphorus is impossible of control even under the most favorable commercial conditions. Since its discovery in Germany in 1669, and its successful utilization in the manufacture of matches in Vienna in 1833, the toll it has taken of those who have been subjected to the insidious infection of its fumes, is incredibly gruesome and revolting.

From the moment when the cans filled with phosphorus-sticks (shipped from laboratories in Philadelphia and Niagara, and kept submerged in water until needed) are opened in the mixing-room, there is risk to the health, and even the lives, of all who may chance to find themselves exposed to the "vapor" invariably produced by a combination of the unstable poison with the oxygen in the air.

This is a condition from which there is no known certainty of escape, although for seventy years the scientific experts of Europe have devoted their energies to an attempted solution of what is recognized as one of the most cruel of industrial problems.

And it is not alone in the air breathed that the danger lies: the deadly substance may also become dissolved in the saliva by the inhalation of fumes (thus exercising a solvent action on defective teeth), and particles of phosphorus cling to the hands of the work-people, which are commonly so stained by the dye given off by the match-heads as to emit a garlicky odor and to glow in the dark.

Every instant spent inside the factory walls offers its menace to the match-maker: a luncheon left exposed in the work-room

and eaten with unwashed fingers; the thoughtless chewing of gum or candy during working hours; the drinking of a glass of phosphorus-contaminated water; the wiping away with dye-stained hands of sweat from cheek or lips; the use of a whittled match-splint in lieu of a toothpick—all these trivial, and practically uncontrollable, carelessnesses of the ignorant, foreign, low-waged laborers commonly found in this branch of industry may mean death, or a fate worse than death, to men and women and children.

Having carried the knowledge of these conditions with us on our visit of inspection, a curious sense of haunting evil pervades for us all the thrift, orderliness, and apparent cleanliness of the building. In spite of the open windows to right and left, the drifting, pungent fumes of phosphorus seem everywhere. From the unprotected plates of the dipping-machine they rise in long, bluish wreaths like incense; in the boxing-room—where, as in most American factories, the matches are packed by hand without the protection of mechanical ventilation—the air is heavy with the “steaming” of the finished product. Above the noise of the machinery rises the almost continual crackling of the “firing” matches with which the floor is littered, and their innumerable spurts of flames and smoke, appearing from under truck-wheels and the feet of workmen, also add their unsavory quota to the persistent, acrid vapors.

THE PERIL OF FIRE AND POISON

As we enter the boxing-room there is a sudden cry from one of the score of women at the long compartment-table. She seizes a metal tray full of matches that have burst into flame, and we stand and watch the red tongues of fire shoot high above her head, until she empties the still smouldering heap upon the floor and stamps on it.

“That must be a bad business when their clothing catches fire,” we suggest to the foreman who has accompanied us. He nods, and looks at us curiously, almost appealingly, as he draws us away from the path of an iron truck. In the noise and confusion of the cutting- and dipping-rooms there has been no chance for conversation; but here, in the comparative quiet of the boxing-room, we suddenly realize that he is himself a pitiable example of chronic poisoning,

or “phosphorisme.” He has the pallor of a consumptive: his hair, eyes, teeth, and skin are tinged with a strange metallic hue impossible to describe. He produces the effect of unreality, to be met with in those beings of the underworld whom Dante and Virgil mistook for living men. He speaks in a thin thread of voice, as toneless and impersonal as theirs.

“Is the health of your operatives good?”

“We have no cases on us,” he answers; “but I’ve only been here a short time.”

“You have, however, been working at match-making before?”

“I’ve been at it fifteen years.”

“And in that time you’ve seen sickness among the workers?”

“You don’t ever need to ask that question,” he answers. “There isn’t any one in the business who hasn’t seen it. If they tell you anything different, they lie.”

THE PLEASANT MATCH TRADE

We involuntarily recall the testimony of a certain match-manufacturer before the Ways and Means Committee at Washington: “I have never had any case of sickness in my factory at all There is no chance of necrosis It is like sharks that people talk about, that will bite you when you are in bathing or swimming. There is nothing in it. Those are stories that are told to people who don’t know. . . . Nobody need go near the phosphorus. . . . The workman takes a pail, and the matches are coming out by the thousands every minute. . . . It is fine. I wish you could see it. . . .”

Grotesque statements, these—unworthy of quotation, except for the surprising fact that the Ways and Means Committee was largely influenced by them to defer action for a year.

“And you have had experience with cases of Phossy Jaw?”

The foreman’s manner suddenly loses its apathy. “I’ll never forget my first case,” he says with a shudder. “I’ve never been the same since. It’s always there. I know the thing is there. I know it all the day long. I see it at night. I can’t forget it. He’d been in the same factory with me. They told me what was the matter, but I didn’t understand them. I went to see him. . . . The windows of the room were wide open; but I could scarcely stay to

hear him talk. He couldn't talk, really: just a kind of a mumble. But I understood. He put his fingers into his mouth, before my eyes, and pulled out a piece of jaw-bone near an inch and a half long. . . . I ran away from him then. I've been seeing it ever since. I've been smelling it ever since. . . ."

"Had the man ever been warned that the match-trade was a dangerous one?"

The foreman shakes his head. "No. They almost never know the truth till it gets them . . . Is it true that in other countries they won't allow poisonous phosphorus in their factories?"

"Yes; there is hardly a country to-day which permits it. Finland stopped its use as early as 1872, and adopted the harmless red phosphorus for a substitute. Denmark did the same in 1874; France found she couldn't afford to keep on paying damages to necrosed workers, and began to use her patent sesquisulphide in 1898. Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, Austria—none of these nations could withstand the pressure of outraged public sentiment. And in all the countries where they still manufacture poisonous matches for export trade—such as Norway and Sweden, or even Russia, Hungary, and Japan—they enforce the strictest sanitary rules, in an effort to protect their workers.

SANITARY PROTECTION ABROAD

"There are government laws prescribing the architectural plans of match factories; their air-space, lighting, flooring, and mechanical ventilation; the separation of the mixing, dipping, drying, and boxing-rooms; the percentage of phosphorus permitted in the match-paste; the employment of dental surgeons, with periodic compulsory examination of the teeth of all employees; the certification of the health of newly accepted applicants; the enforced alternation of employment for all workers exposed to especial danger; the furnishing of overalls, aprons, eating-rooms, cloak-rooms, lavatories, and antiseptic mouth-washes; and the posting of warnings to employees as to the dangerous features of the trade and the need for personal cleanliness."

"But I never heard of such things here."

"No; for the reason that there are none. Barring four states that protect their minors,

every statute-book in the United States is a blank as concerns the match-trade."

The foreman stands buried in thought for a moment; then in the same passionless, thin whisper, he resumes his broken thread of speech. "I suppose there are too many of us here. . . . They don't need to care about a man's life. . . ."

There is one part of the establishment that we have not yet seen: the mixing-room, in which the phosphorus-paste for the dipping-machine is prepared; whose operatives are inevitably exposed to the greatest danger offered to any match-employee, and whose welfare has been the especial care of the sanitary experts of other governments.

The foreman leads the way through the clanging turmoil of the dipping-room to the stifling heat of the drying-chamber. Here he hesitates, and something of the fear we noticed when he spoke of his first sight of "Phossy Jaw" is again upon him. "It isn't a thing you'll like to look at," he says. "It's a thing that hadn't ought to be." Then, turning, he flings back a heavy iron door, and a rush of stifling white fumes envelops him and fills the chamber.

On the cement floor of a brick cell stands the mixing kettle—a pail-like receptacle some four feet deep by three across. In it is a thick, magenta-colored paste, from which, under the constant stirring of the machine-turned mixer, rise clouds of suffocating vapor. The kettle is unprotected by hood or ventilating apparatus. In the roof above is a small window—closed. To the right, however, a window is open; and the air blowing in seems to stir the vapor with the same rotary motion as the mixer. We start to enter, but the foreman bars the door with his arm. Upon his face is the fear made visible—the fear that has dogged his footsteps now for years.

WHERE THE POISON IS THICKEST

"And the mixer?" we question. "Where is he?"

The foreman rouses himself and, drawing back, slides the door into place. "I keep him out of it all I can," he answers. "When he has the chance he goes outside. You see—" he hesitates, and the thread of voice trails away into silence.

"How can he stand it?" we question.

"He has to," he replies, with the fatalistic philosophy of the laborer.

"But there are ventilating hoods and ventilating apparatus in some factories."

"Yes. Then it gets the workers slower, but it all comes to the same thing in the end. You know we could use red phosphorus, or sesquisulphide, even if they do cost a little more; but as long as everybody else is using this stuff, we've got to keep on, too, or close our doors."

"But you'd like to get rid of the white phosphorus?"

With a sudden passion that strengthens his voice and seems to dilate his shrunken form he answers us: "I only wish I could live long enough to see this business clean. I tell you, it's bad for every one that's in it. I've been told they're trying to do something about it in Congress. How soon before they can help?"

How soon, indeed! "If they take it up, it will be a question of years. Perhaps two; perhaps three."

He looks at us quietly, steadily; then his eyes drop, and the momentary illusion of vigor passes from him. "Three years," he repeats. "It's—it's a long time. . . ."

THE UNITED STATES ALONE INDIFFERENT

As we pick our way through the raw mud of the factory yard, the sense of relief with which we drink in the clean, chill air is almost overpowering. The teasing clang of the machinery we are leaving behind lessens with every step, and dies away. Before us again stretches the dingy gray of snow and sky, athwart which a flight of crows, silent, funereal, beats its way to the shelter of a distant wood.

We turn for a last look at the low building with its sentinel chimney, behind whose walls seems to lurk the shadow of an evil thing. As we do so, our eyes are caught by a thread of smoke that steals from the open window of an extension and, drifting in wavering wreaths across the roof, loses itself against the background of the sky. With a revulsion of feeling we know it for the thing it is—the steaming of the hell-brew in the mixing-room. And as we move away it seems to us the incarnation of a subtle horror; the visible, yet intangible, symbol of an ever-haunting fear.

There is a saying that to understand everything, is to pardon everything. This does not apply to the American match-

trade. It is impossible for any one who has read the report of the Bureau of Labor for 1910 (Bulletin No. 86), in which is printed Dr. John B. Andrews's investigation of the results of the use of white phosphorus in this country, to find anything but condemnation for our record of seventy years of criminal negligence.

While every other civilized country has endeavored to eliminate the dangerous features of the industry by sanitary control, and, failing to banish necrosis, has either barred poisonous phosphorus altogether or safeguarded its use by all known scientific precautions, the United States alone has remained indifferent. It is true that our early introduction of labor-saving machinery prevented epidemics of necrosis, but it is no less true that since 1836 the presence of "Phossy Jaw" has been persistent.

Dr. Andrews's investigation in the homes of three factories, only, yielded a total of eighty-two cases. In two factories eight serious cases are known to have occurred during the year 1909, and there are references to three more. In spite of the claim of some manufacturers that the trouble has not existed in a severe form for years, he found data of more than one hundred authentic cases within a brief time. One small factory had a total of twenty necrosed workers, most of whom had undergone the removal of an entire jaw; in another factory twenty-one records were found, six of which were for the year 1907; and in one of our best establishments records of forty victims were secured.

WHY PHOSPHORUS POISONING IS "EPIDEMIC"

While, in the case of a few companies, European sanitary precautions are voluntarily observed, the majority of our factories violate every principle known to science and humanity. So ignorant are our state inspectors of the risks offered to laborers in this form of employment, that one firm had been in operation for five years before an "epidemic" of necrosis among their workmen revealed to them the nature of the poison they were handling. In contrast to Continental care for the preservation of the health of their match-makers, Dr. Andrews's report tells of American factories in which all the processes of mixing, dipping, drying, and packing are sometimes carried on in a single poorly ventilated room; of "lavatory

facilities" consisting of a water-tap and an iron sink; of one towel apportioned to do duty among two hundred women; of open lunch-baskets exposed to fumes for hours, and of food eaten on the premises with unwashed hands. Applicants for positions are usually accepted without dental examination; warning notices are rarely posted, although in one instance a list of instructions as to sanitary precautions was found nailed upside down. Mechanical ventilation is seldom required or enforced.

A MODERN HELL

In short, the United States to-day tolerates conditions throughout its match-trade such as have been prohibited for years in every other country. Month by month, for a wage lower than that in almost any other industry (out of 1,888 male employees, 23.26 per cent. earn less than \$6 per week, and only 33.52 per cent. earn \$10 or over; while out of 1,278 females, 53.75 per cent. earn under \$6 per week, and only 4.47 per cent. earn \$10 or over) our states permit men and women and children to run the needless risk of enduring what has been described as "all the torments of the old orthodox hell."

For the horrors of "Phossy Jaw" are unnecessary. With no change of apparatus, and no greater effort than is required for the thorough cleaning of their mixing-kettles, the manufacturers of this country could continue the production of satisfactory matches (which would light on ordinary rough surfaces, and only a little less readily on cloth) by employing either the harmless amorphous or red phosphorus in use abroad for "safety" matches since 1855; or the French patent for sesquisulphide, now available through the action of the Diamond Match Company.

But since white phosphorus is from three to five per cent. cheaper than either of these innocuous substitutes, it has been proved that only the pressure of legislative restraint will be effective in compelling their universal adoption throughout the trade.

It was to meet this condition that, at the instance of the Association for Labor Legislation, a "bill to provide for a tax upon white phosphorus matches and for other purposes" was introduced into the House of Representatives on June 3, 1910,

by the Honorable John J. Esch of Wisconsin. *This bill* (since twice amended by its framers) *is still before Congress.*

Briefly stated, the Esch Bill seeks to eliminate, through the exercise of the Federal taxing-power, the use of white or yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches; thereby making obligatory the employment of those harmless substitutes whose satisfactory character has been thoroughly proved in the factories of Europe. It also calls for licenses for all factories; and provides a sliding scale of tax on wholesaler and retailer and manufacturer, with suitable penalties for violators. There are also provisions relating to the foreign trade, prohibiting the exportation and importation of poisonous matches.

To those who drafted the measure, a Federal tax seemed the only means of meeting the difficulties of the American situation. A long list of separate state legislative measures would involve delay, lack of uniform laws, and, above all, furnish an opportunity for the springing up of small, unsanitary factories in such states as failed to bar the use of white phosphorus within their borders. As in the case of the oleomargarine law and the tax upon circulating bank-notes, the regulations proposed in the Esch Bill come well within the Constitutional provisions.

THE ESCH BILL WOULD SAVE LIVES

The adoption of its measures (to take complete effect in 1914) would mean not only the elimination of "phosphorisme" and phosphorus necrosis, but the saving of many innocent lives which are sacrificed annually through young children's sucking poisonous matches. It would check the increasing use of a solution of match-heads to produce criminal abortions. And it would lessen the enormous property losses by fire, and the appalling waste of human life, which for years have called forth the protests of all insurance companies against the use of the inflammable parlor-match.

It is a curious fact that the match-trade itself should have shown a greater desire for reform than was manifested by the members of the Ways and Means Committee, when the Esch Bill had its hearing before them on December 16, 1910, January 20, 1911, and January 11, 1912.

This was owing to the influence of the

Diamond Match Company, which, since its organization in 1880, has practically controlled the American industry. Fortunately, its sixty-seven per cent. share of our annual output of 250,000,000,000 poisonous matches represents the best sanitary conditions prevailing throughout the trade. With the publication of Dr. Andrews's report on phosphorus necrosis, moreover, the influence of its president, Edward R. Stettinius, was energetically thrown in favor of the efforts of the Association for Labor Legislation to eliminate those evils he had personally endeavored to combat during his brief tenure of office.

THE DIAMOND MATCH COMPANY'S HELP

Shortly after the introduction of the first Esch Bill (June, 1910), the Diamond Match Company went on record as favoring Federal prohibitive legislation. Moreover, it opened negotiations with the various independent match-manufacturers of the country, with a view to discontinuing the employment of poisonous phosphorus. And, since it controlled the use of the French sesquisulphide patent—for which it had paid the sum of \$100,000—it offered its competitors the use of this harmless substitute, on the payment of a proportionate share of its initial cost, based on a percentage of their annual output. Ninety-five per cent. of the trade (based on their output) agreed to this proposal.

Then, because of widespread prejudice against it owing to its so-called monopolistic control, the Diamond Match Company went further and assigned the control of its patent to a board of trustees, consisting of Professor Edwin Seligman, of Columbia University; the Honorable Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor; and the Honorable Jackson H. Ralston, of Washington, attorney for the American Federation of Labor.

Such was the situation in December, 1910, when the Esch Bill first came before the Committee. There appeared on the first day a number of men qualified to give expert testimony on this subject, which for more than half a century had claimed the serious investigation of the scientific experts of Europe.

The evidence offered as to the present unsanitary conditions in the American match-trade and the prevalence of "Phossy Jaw" was conclusive: the impossibility of control-

ling phosphorus fumes, even under the strictest sanitary regulations, was proved by the recorded experience of a dozen foreign nations; the industry itself had expressed a desire for reform and promised that, in the event of changes, prices should remain the same to the retail consumer; the President of the United States had personally appealed to Congress for restrictive legislation.

How overwhelming were the arguments offered against a continuation of the daily production of matches, which are not only a menace to those who make them, but also to the public which buys, may be concisely shown by the following tabulation:

<i>Arguments against the manufacture and sale of white phosphorus matches.</i>	<i>Arguments in favor of manufacture and sale of white phosphorus matches.</i>
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The Workers.

The danger of contracting "phosphorism."

The danger of contracting "Phossy Jaw."

The Public.

The American smoker can light his matches with greater ease on his trousers.

The Manufacturers.

The newly realized moral responsibility arising from the unnecessary mutilation of employees.

The growing public sentiment against those who profit by such conditions.

The fear of the imposition of costly and burdensome sanitary regulations (such as are in vogue abroad) in event of attempted state control.

The desire on the part of a majority to do a "clean business."

The Manufacturers.

A saving of from two to five per cent. to the manufacturers, who voluntarily admit that they can afford to employ harmless substitutes.

The Public.

Annual loss of hundreds of lives through the inflammability of the white phosphorus match.

Annual loss of millions of dollars' worth of property from the same cause.

Annual sacrifice of the lives of scores of young children who are ignorantly poisoned by sucking match heads.

Suicides and murders by means of a readily available poison.

In lieu of reporting the Esch Bill to the House with a favorable recommendation, however, the Committee reported, on February 21, a joint resolution, authorizing the President to appoint a competent person to investigate the manufacture of white phosphorus matches, and report at the next regular session of Congress. The scope of the inquiry concerned the conditions affecting the health of employees; whether any substitutes for white phosphorus can be found; whether such substitutes are free from patent control; and whether the proposed prohibition would tend toward a monopoly of what has become a necessity of life.

REPRESENTATIVE DELAY

When taking this action the Committee was aware that a month previous—as a result of the determined antagonism of its attitude toward the so-called “Trust,” and a recommendation from President Taft (in response to a suggestion from the trustees)—Mr. Stettinius had induced his directors to cede their company's rights in the French sesquisulphide patent; and that on January 28th, the Diamond Match Company and the board of trustees had filed with the Commissioner of Patents a certificate declaring the surrender of said letters patent, and dedicating the invention “to the public of the United States forever.”

In view of these facts, the unsatisfactory nature of the resolution of February 21 is self-evident. After debate on the floor, it was adopted on February 27, and sent over to the Senate; there it was amended by striking out practically all of its provisions, and substituting one confining the investigation to a single inquiry: “Whether or not white phosphorus matches were fit subjects for interstate commerce.”

The House refused to concur in the Senate amendment, and asked for a conference; but, the resolution having failed of passage, owing to lack of agreement between the conferees, the entire subject was thrown over for revival at the next session of Congress. This occurred on January 11, 1912; and although the chairmanship had in the interval passed from the Honorable Sereno E. Payne (Republican) to the Honorable Oscar W. Underwood (Democratic), the temper of the Ways and Means Committee practically remained unchanged.

The result, therefore, of nearly two years' effort to induce our National Legislature to follow the example of other countries in banishing an admittedly unnecessary occupational disease, promises to bring us little nearer to the desired goal. Prompted by cries against the “Match Trust,” it has thus far been content to confine its efforts to an abortive request for a superfluous investigation of an industry already reported upon by the Bureau of Labor; to an endeavor to ascertain if there be any harmless substitutes for white phosphorus—although it is well known that the non-poisonous red amorphous phosphorus has been in common use since 1855, and the French sesquisulphide process since 1898; and to an inquiry whether such substitutes “are free from patent control”—in spite of the fact that the company owning the French sesquisulphide patent had deeded it as a free gift to the American people.

JOIN THE PROTEST!

Fortunately, Congress is not the Court of Last Appeal: there is still to be reckoned with an awakened public conscience. The discussion of the Esch Bill, disappointing as its outcome must be reckoned, has nevertheless succeeded in arousing wide-spread interest throughout the press. From all sections of the country have come protests against our official inaction; expressions of horror that so unnecessary a toll of death and mutilation should be possible; demands that the stigma attaching to us in the eyes of other nations should be wiped out; and that the health and lives of men and women and children should no longer be weighed in the balance against a theoretical danger of possible advantage to a trust.

Here, then, is a fine opportunity for every reader of this article to help wipe out a blot that shames us in the eyes of all nations. Just write a note, or telegraph, to Chairman Underwood, of the Ways and Means Committee. Show him that you want action on the Esch Bill. This is no subject for politics. It is a big, fine humanitarian work, demanding the support of all citizens regardless of party.

In the meantime, don't buy white phosphorus matches.



For Love of Mary Ellen

by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

AUTHOR OF "THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY," "THE PERSONAL CONDUCT OF BELINDA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

SUSAN RANDOLPH PEYTON CARTER was an anomaly. Her blood, which should have been uncompromisingly, incorrigibly blue, insisted upon a riotous preponderance of red corpuscles; her manners showed no symptoms of developing a Vere de Vere finish; and her tastes—Mrs. Carter refused to admit that a descendant of the first governor of Virginia could have low tastes, but she confessed to other members of the family that Susan's friendships and ideals were a trial to her.

Even at six, a Carter who was also a Peyton and a Randolph should have shown a nice discrimination in the matter of associates.

Not that Susan did not discriminate. She did. Steadfastly, unswervingly, she declined all intimacy with the nice, blue-blooded, pretty-mannered, neatly dressed little girls whose mothers were upon Mrs. Carter's visiting-list. She was not rude to them—Susan was never actually rude. When confronted with situations or persons

not to her taste, she simply retired within herself and gently but firmly closed the door behind her. Her material body might be haled forth to dancing-school, to church, to children's parties; might be whipped or locked in a closet or deprived of supper; but somewhere within her spiritual fastnesses the real Susan was of the same opinion still.

"If she'd only cry, or fight, or run away, or do anything the other children did, one would know how to manage her," the distraught hen that had mothered the duckling explained to Susan's father. "But she just does queer things and then goes around having queer ideas of her own that she won't tell."

"How do you know she has them if she won't tell about them?" asked the logical masculine.

"Oh, because she seems so satisfied."

"Doesn't sound like a vicious symptom," commented Susan's father. But fathers seldom take child psychology seriously.

That Susan's private stock of ideas was

tinged with democracy might be inferred from her choice of a bosom friend. As insistently as she refused to expand among what Mrs. Carter called "proper associates," so insistently did she cleave to Mary Ellen, the enterprising and grubby little daughter of Mrs. Rafferty—Mrs. Rafferty who had been trying to run the newsstand and tobacco shop on the corner since Mr. Rafferty had tired of the undertaking and disappeared, leaving nothing to his wife and child except an unexpired lease and an unpleasant memory.

Mary Ellen was considerably older than Susan in years, and æons older in experience; but she admitted that for a "swell kid" Susan was fairly intelligent and companionable, and the ardent admiration of the smaller girl tickled her vanity. Moreover, there were perquisites—candy and cookies and other delectable things, which Susan shared in a truly Christian spirit. So Mary Ellen allowed herself to be adored, and, it must be noted to her credit, did not impart to her adorer, out of the fund of her worldly knowledge, any facts that a very small descendant of the first governor of Virginia could not easily and safely digest. Her conversation and example were not always elegant, but they were harmless enough. Besides, she could make up games out of her own head at which small Susan gasped with rapturous appreciation. Proper associates had no such heaven-born inspirations as these.

It was one day in April that the blow fell. Mary Ellen, her face smudged by application of grimy hands to tear-wet cheeks, announced that she was going away from Washington, going to relatives up in Pennsylvania. Her mother couldn't pay the rent of the shop any longer, nor of their rooms, either; and the grocer and butcher wanted their money, and wouldn't give any more credit, and the doctor said he guessed Mrs. Rafferty would have to go to the hospital for an operation, and the Pennsylvania relatives seemed the only refuge for Mary Ellen—only maybe they wouldn't take her, and she didn't have any money to go with, anyway. But she didn't have any money to stay with, either, and her mother just cried and cried and said:

"Oh, Rafferty, Rafferty!"—meaning the old gentleman—though what she wanted with him, Mary Ellen couldn't imagine. They were in a bad enough fix already.

All this and more she told to Susan while they sat on a bench in Dupont Circle, whither Susan had been convoyed by Jane, the parlor-maid, and where she had been left to play until called for.

Proper associates circled round the bench, eyeing its occupants askance and desperately curious about Susan's excitement and her grubby friend's tears and eloquence; but the two were lost to all save the absorbing business of the moment.

"Oh, Mary Ellen!—Oh—M-a-r-y E-l-l-e-n!" wailed small Susan, when the tale was told and she knew the worst.

"Ain't it fierce?" groaned Mary Ellen, her sorrow tempered by joy in her dramatic rôle. "If I jest had a little money, I could do somethin', maybe; but I dunno, and mom, she dunno, either."

And just then, as luck would have it, Susan's grown-up sister came walking through the Circle, with a perfectly proper associate in a frock coat and top hat and spats, and carried Susan off, with vigorous remarks about her being a disgrace to the family and playing with low children and catching awful diseases and ideas and things. But Susan did not hear her. She had gone inside herself and shut the door; for she had things to think about and could not be distracted by foolish, grown-up talk.

All through the rest of that day she was very quiet, and when evening came she went to bed willingly, even eagerly—a phenomenon which led Mrs. Carter to give her a dose of castor-oil, just by way of no harm. Susan gulped the medicine down without argument or rebellion. She wanted to be alone and think.

She thought until sleep caught her unaware, and just on the Borderland of Sleep, in that semi-conscious state during which, so often, mental illumination flashes out from among the gathering shadows, she had her revelation.

She must make money for Mary Ellen. That fact had been established from the first; but how was she to make it? That was the question. How? How? How? The baby brain fumbled helplessly but doggedly with the problem.

There was Maria, the charwoman—but Susan wasn't big enough to do charwork, and for the same reason she couldn't take in washing; and it would take too long to learn to rub out face wrinkles like Miss Nelson; and she couldn't go around sewing, be-

cause she knew nothing but perforated cardboard work; and she didn't have anything she could sell, because she'd lost her gold heart and chain.

Really, the situation did seem very hopeless.

If she could have talked it all over with her father, maybe he might have told her how to make money. Men knew all about such things. But she did not dare ask for

putting away a tidy fortune in the bank?

Anybody could sit and hold out a tin cup. One didn't have to be big and strong for that. And the woman's eyes were just as wide open as Susan's own, so how was anybody to tell? Maybe it wouldn't be quite honest, but Mary Ellen did need the money so awfully.

And then Sleep opened the door of the Castle of Dreams, and the small girl forgot about

financial worries in the excitement of chasing a green kitten with a pink tail and a face strangely like Mary Ellen's round and round Dupont Circle, and seeing it fly up to the top of the big magnolia-tree and sit on a branch eating chocolate éclairs out of a very dirty paper bag.

But in the morning Susan went down to breakfast with purposeful determination in her eyes. The money-making idea looked as good to her by daylight as it had in the night-time. She would have to run away, and she would probably be caught and punished; but she wouldn't mind punishment, if only the evil day could be put off until after Mary Ellen had her money.

She was eager to go to work at once, but, as usual, grown-ups were bothersome. Mrs. Carter was going shopping at ten o'clock and insisted upon taking her Youngest with her, although the Youngest objected in no uncertain voice. However, the expedition proved to be a blessing in disguise; for Susan was left in the carriage for half an hour, just opposite the spot where the Blind Woman was carrying on a thriving business, so she had a chance to study her methods thoroughly and, besides, discovered something she had quite overlooked before.

Fastened on the front of her waist, the woman wore a square of soiled cardboard on which was printed something that Susan



"OH, MARY ELLEN! —OH—M-A-R-Y E-L-L-E-N!"
WAILED SMALL SUSAN.

"AIN'T IT FIERCE?" GROANED MARY ELLEN.

advice—nobody liked Mary Ellen anyway.

And then came the illumination. Didn't the blind woman down on M Street make money—boxfuls of it, just by sitting on the curbstone and holding out a tin cup? Hadn't Susan herself, with her mother's full permission, stopped and dropped pennies into the cup and peered curiously into the eyes that could not see? Hadn't she sat in the carriage for hours while her mother and her big sister were shopping, and watched the passers-by contribute to the contents of that tin cup? And hadn't John, the coachman, said that he didn't know as the old lady was blind at all, but that he shouldn't wonder if she made more money than he did and was

could not read. She made an eager appeal to John, and he responded with:

"'Pity a blind widow with six children.' That's what it says, Miss—but if you ask me my opinion about them six children——"

Susan didn't ask him for the opinion. Instead, she leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes very tight and wrinkled her nose into funny creases. She never could think hard when her eyes were open and her nose smooth, and this new problem demanded thought. In fact, it was a staggerer. But the blood of the first governor of Virginia was up, and his small descendant refused to be staggered.

If she must accept the responsibility of six children and widowhood in addition to blindness, then she must; and since a placard was necessary, she must have a placard.

That afternoon, the grocer's boy, who was one of Susan's cherished friends, was seized upon as he went whistling past the side door. He was dragged up to the playroom on the third floor, where, with Susan as prompter, he achieved a masterpiece on the bottom of an old cardboard box, but failed completely in getting any information about the game to which this stage property evidently belonged.

The next morning, when Jane led Susan forth to Dupont Circle, where, according to the aforementioned Jane's orders, she was to spend the morning "playing like a little lady," she carried the masterpiece in her largest picture-book. Also, she took with her an empty tomato can. A tin cup would have been less readily supplied by the cook, and then a tin cup would not have been large enough for the money, anyway.

Jane was disagreeable about the tomato can. She considered a wax doll more seemly and more suited to the social atmosphere of the Circle; but Susan was adamant. She preferred to play with a tomato can, and, in the end, she had her way.

The day was Wednesday, and the Fates were kind. Mrs. Randolph's beauty specialist came on Wednesdays, and mysterious rites always occupied the entire morning. Evelyn, the big sister, had a Wednesday morning bridge club. The servants were sure to be busy. Jane could not linger even for a moment's conversation with the nurses in the Circle, but left her small charge with repeated orders not to run out into the

street and be killed by automobiles or to attempt coming home before she was sent for, and then hurried off to her housework.

The small charge sat demurely upon a bench until the attention of Jane's friends had quite drifted away from her and the children who knew her were busy with many things in which she had politely but firmly refused to interest herself.

Then, swiftly, furtively, she slipped down from her bench, and five minutes later her sturdy little legs were twinkling down Q Street. She ran until she was quite out of breath, for, though she had no idea of invading the territory of the woman to whom she was understudy, she wanted to be far enough from home to be out of the danger zone. There was no telling what Jane might take it into her head to do. And she wanted, too, to be where many people would be passing. Even her infantile mind grasped the idea that aristocratic seclusion wasn't the thing for tomato-can business.

But, at last, when her legs were very tired and she felt very, very far from home, she sat down on the curbstone under a corner lamp-post and pinned to the front of her red coat a slightly damaged piece of white cardboard bearing the legend:

PITY A BLIND WIDOW WITH
SIX CHILDREN.

Susan was proud of that card. In her heart she was convinced that it was better than the original, whose sentiment it echoed.

Hardly was the placard in place and the tomato can firmly gripped in an unmitten hand, when a young man bound office-ward stopped, read, grinned, and dropped a penny into the can.

"You need help with those six children, ma'am," he said gravely; and Susan's twinkling little black eyes looked gratefully up at him out of a solemn face. This being a widow with six children was a serious matter, and she intended to take it seriously.

One by one, passers-by, chiefly men, stared, laughed, made facetious remarks, and asked foolish questions, to which the sad-eyed widow, looking more or less like a scared but defiant squirrel, made no answer beyond an eloquent rattle of the pennies in the tomato can. And, one by one, the jesters added pennies to the collection and went on their way laughing.

Later, more women were abroad, and

business was not so good. The older women showed a meddlesome propensity for asking embarrassing questions; but the widow was apparently deaf and dumb as well as blind, and no one of the questioners was serious-minded enough to assume any responsibility in the matter, so they too went on their way. But finally one of the women, meeting Policeman Kelly farther down-town, did tell him that there was a well-dressed little girl begging up on Q Street, and that she ought to be taken home to her mother. So Kelly strolled up to investigate.

Susan saw him coming, and, though her conscience was clear, her heart froze within her. As for Kelly, when his glance fell upon the widow he, like the other men, stopped and stared—but he did not laugh; and that was not because he represented the solemn majesty of the law, but because he had small children of his own at home.

"It's a foine day, mum," he said, in a genial, offhand way.

Susan's heart began to thaw at once. Here, apparently, was a sensible, intelligent creature, even though he was grown up.

"Doing well?" asked Kelly casually.

Susan looked into the tomato can, poked the contents with a fat forefinger, and held the can out for inspection.

The policeman looked at the pile of pennies with friendly interest. "First-rate," he commented. "Whatcher goin' to do with all that money?"

For a moment Susan hesitated, then, under the warming glow of a pair of friendly Irish eyes, she abandoned her policy of silence. "It's for Mary Ellen," she explained.

"Mary Ellen who, now?"

"Mary Ellen Rafferty."

"'Tis a good ould name," said Policeman Kelly approvingly.

"They can't pay the rent," volunteered Susan.



THE SLEAZEBAG WIDOW RATTLED THE PENNIES IN THE TOMATO CAN.

"There do be Raffertys that are that way—an' Kellys too," admitted the policeman handsomely.

"And the butcher won't trust them, an' there isn't any fire, an' Mary Ellen could do somethin' maybe, if she had some money."

"She could that," agreed the intelligent listener.

"An' the woman wiv a teacup gets lots of money; an' so I thought——"

"Just so," said Policeman Kelly. "'Twas a good idea ye had, and a kind one—but I'm thinkin' maybe your mother——"

Susan was disappointed in him. She hadn't expected an understanding person like this to drag her mother into the conversation; and when he was indelicate enough to do it, she lapsed into profound silence.

Kelly realized that he had blundered, and was casting about in his mind for a tactful method of reopening diplomatic relations, when he was interrupted by an elderly man whom he saluted with manifest respect.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the newcomer, looking down at the tiny figure on the curb.

Kelly's eyes twinkled, but his voice was grave. "Well, there's nothing what you might call wrong, your Honor," he said seriously, "but here's a poor widdy woman with six small kids of her own, is tryin' to raise money to pay Mary Ellen Rafferty's rent, and I was thinkin' to myself, 'What's to be done about this new charity organization?' says I."

"Well, really!" The old gentleman settled his glasses more firmly on his nose and bent over to get a better view of the Charity Organization.

He was very tall and very dignified, and his clothes were for some reason or other very impressive. Perhaps it was because he wore a gardenia in his buttonhole. But Susan noticed that the eyes behind the glasses were extraordinarily kind and that the voice which said, "Well, really!" was quite as friendly as Policeman Kelly's.

She had a feeling that this old gentleman, too, would understand about things.

"This Mary Ellen is a friend of yours?" he asked courteously.

"Yessir."

"And she's in trouble about her rent?"

Susan hesitated, but the sympathy of the

eyes and the voice was too much for her scruples, and once more she plunged headlong into explanation—fervent, incoherent explanation that came out upside down and hind side before and hopelessly entangled, but seemed to convey a perfectly clear and lucid idea to the listener.

"Shure 'tis a good thing your Honor has a legal mind," said Policeman Kelly; but the old gentleman ignored the remark and summed up the case concisely:

"Mr. Rafferty has gone away, and Mrs. Rafferty can't pay the rent, and she's had to give up her news-stand, and she hasn't any money to buy food or coal, and she has to go to the hospital, and there's nobody to take care of Mary Ellen?"

"Yes'm—yes'm!" In her excitement, Susan rose superior to genders.

"Well, now, I should say that all those pennies would go a long way toward straightening things out for Mary Ellen; and if there aren't quite enough I might put enough more with them to make up what is needed. Do you happen to know where Mary Ellen lives, my dear?"

Susan did know. Everything concerning Mary Ellen had always been too important to be forgotten.

"Suppose you and I just go around there and see what we can do about paying the rent and the butcher bill and sending in some things to eat—I shouldn't wonder if you know exactly what Mary Ellen likes best to eat."

"Chocolate 'clairs!" gasped Susan ecstatically. This was better than anything she had dreamed of. The old gentleman looked as if his pockets might be fairly bulging with pennies.

"That's right—chocolate éclairs, eh? Well, we will get some chocolate éclairs—and some beef and potatoes and cabbage on the side. Officer, will you be kind enough to call a cab for this lady and me?"

Kelly departed blithely in search of the cab, but not before he had solemnly shaken hands with the widow.

"Good luck to ye, mum," he said heartily, "an' my rispicks to the six kiddies. 'Tis they've got the good mother—an' not so blind as some. There's older folks with their eyesight as can't see need when it's put down in front of them, Judge."

"You're right, my man," agreed the old gentleman.

The cab came quickly, the old gentleman



THEY HAD A BEAUTIFUL TIME, AND SUSAN TOLD ABOUT BEING A BLIND WIDOW WITH SIX CHILDREN.

put the widow and her tomato can into it, and installed himself beside her, and they talked—oh, how those two congenial people talked *en route* for Mary Ellen's! At the end of the ride, the old gentleman knew all about Susan's family, including Clowny, the cat, and Jack, the furnace man's fox-terrier—and all about Mary Ellen's charms and perfections and all about Susan's own secretest longings and beliefs. He was the kind of an old gentleman a blind widow of six can confide in.

And Susan knew all about the old gentleman's little grandsons and the little granddaughter he wanted and didn't have, and the little daughter he would have had if she hadn't gone and grown up into the mother of the little boys.

It didn't really seem a minute from the time when they got into the cab until they were sitting on the one chair that Mrs. Rafferty's bedroom offered—Susan on the old gentleman's knee—and were explaining to Mrs. Rafferty, sick in bed, and to Mary Ellen, speechless with amazement, beside the bed, that the rent was going to be paid; and that the grocer and baker and butcher and milkman would soon be leaving

heaps of things at the door; and that Mary Ellen was going to stay with some nice Irish people the old gentleman knew, while her mother was in the hospital getting well.

They had a beautiful time—all of them. Mrs. Rafferty cried and scattered fervent blessings, and the old gentleman sympathized and advised and encouraged, and Susan told Mary Ellen about being a blind widow with six children, and Mary Ellen listened, half to the old gentleman and half to Susan, with open mouth and bulging eyes.

Only when the two visitors were departing did the gift of speech return to Susan's erstwhile garrulous guide, philosopher, and friend.

"Good-by, Mary Ellen!" Susan said happily.

Mary Ellen slid down from the bed, dashed across the room, hugged the breath out of the small widow lady, then held her off at arm's length and eyed her with rapturous approval.

"Well, for a swell kid, ain't she a wonder?" she demanded of the old gentleman; and he answered heartily:

"She is."

Going home wasn't as much fun as going

to Mary Ellen's. Susan had a suspicion, amounting to conviction, that she was late for luncheon and that Jane would already have searched the Circle for her in vain. Punishment loomed large before her, and though she was still willing to take it, if need be, she wished most fervently that she could dodge it.

Perhaps the old gentleman understood why she grew quieter and quieter, for his voice grew gentler and gentler, and the eyes that looked down at the small culprit had a tender little smile in them. When the cab stopped before Susan's home, the old gentleman lifted her out and walked up to the door, holding her hand. There was something very encouraging about the feel of that large, warm, competent hand, and she wished he didn't have to go away.

He didn't seem to have any idea of going. When he had rung the bell, he still stood by Susan's side; and when the cook opened the door, he stepped into the hall and handed her a card.

look so full of gratitude and love and confidence that he had to take off his spectacles and wipe them immediately, because of a mist that unexpectedly clouded them; and then she scampered off toward the play-room, just as Mrs. Carter came down the stairs looking surprised and puzzled but distinctly pleased.

Watching through the upper balusters a half-hour later, Susan saw her mother and the old gentleman come out from the drawing-room and walk down the hall in friendly fashion. And as she looked, suddenly the front door burst open and Jane erupted from out-of-doors, red-faced, excited, short of breath, brimming over with dire tidings.

"Oh, if you please, M-Miss Susan ain't anywheres at all, and I've been——"

"Thank you, Jane. That will do," interrupted Mrs. Carter's smooth tones. "Miss Susan is up-stairs. You may serve luncheon."

A moment later, she called Susan, and the culprit went draggingly down the stairs, bracing herself for woe to come by remembrance of Mrs. Rafferty's blessings and Mary Ellen's praise; but in the dining-room she found a mother with a very loving face, who gathered the small sinner tenderly into her arms and kissed her.

"Tell mother about your plans next time, dearie," she urged—but that was all.

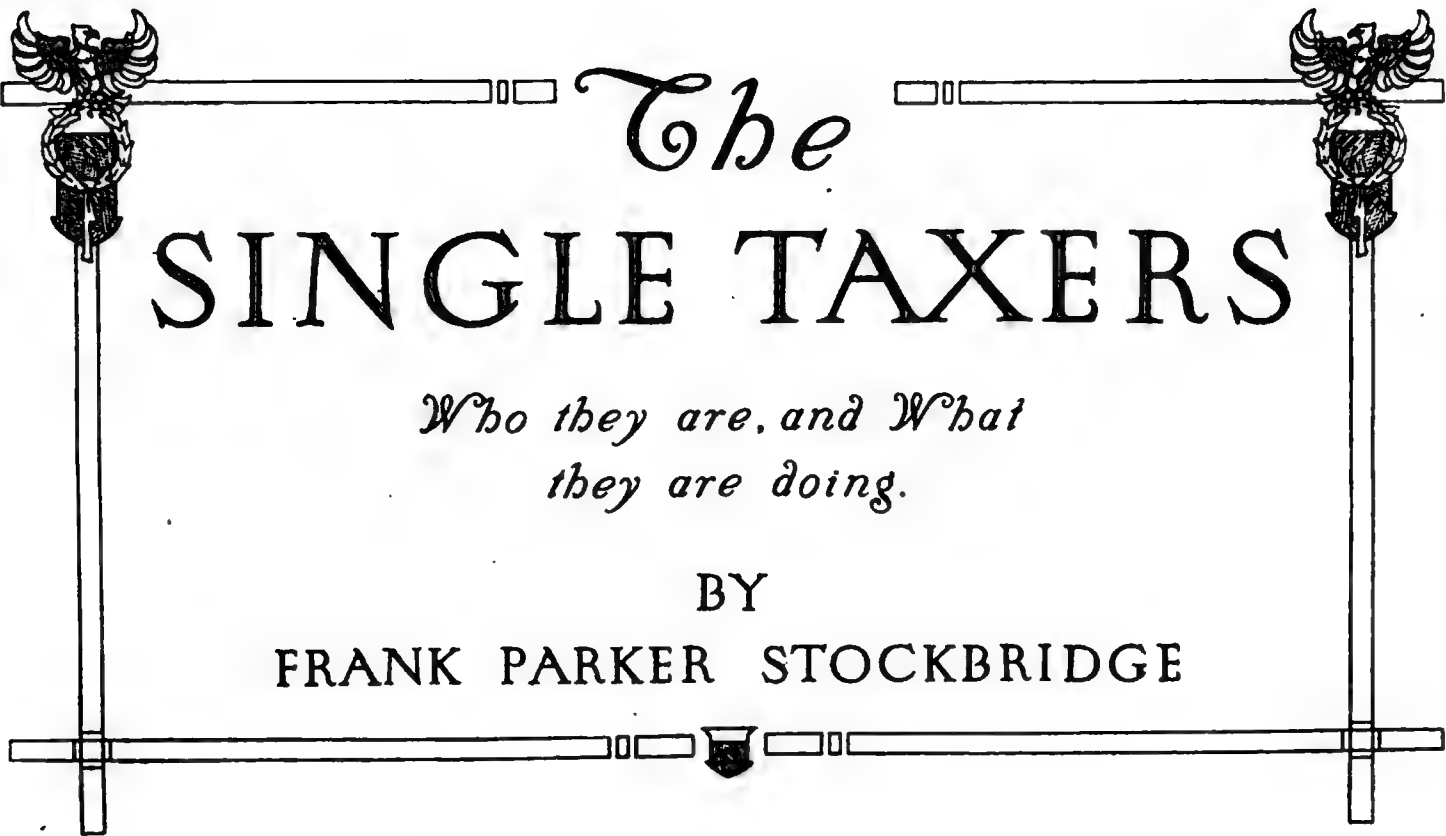


GATHERED THE SMALL SINNER TENDERLY INTO HER ARMS.

"Good-by, little woman," he said, dropping the small hand, as he reached the drawing-room door. "Run along, that's a dear. I want to have a talk with your mother—but I'm coming to see you soon, if she will allow it."

The small girl shot one look at him—a

Not even a word of reproof, and, remembering lesser offenses and their dire consequences, Susan marveled. She did not know that a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States had pleaded her cause with all the eloquence he could muster and had won his case.



The SINGLE TAXERS

*Who they are, and What
they are doing.*

BY
FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

Editor's Note.—Wherever you find a definite movement for advanced legislation, you will find Single Taxers conspicuous among the leaders. To be a Single Taxer does not prevent one from being a Republican or a Democrat; prominent men in the progressive groups of both parties are advocates of the Single Tax. Even when Single Taxers are not definitely urging their pet doctrine, they are found vigorously working for causes such as the Initiative and Referendum, which will make the acceptance of the Single Tax easier. And they have a program which, whether one agrees with it or not, is admittedly general in its application.

The Single Taxers, the Socialists, and the Insurgents are three well-defined groups who are protesting against economic things as they are—all certain to be important factors in the coming election, and therefore demanding the attention of our readers, who are entitled to knowledge of all the contending elements. This is the first of three articles in which the activities of these groups are to be described. Mr. Stockbridge is an ardent supporter of Single Tax theories, and he tells his story warmly through his vivid and intimate portrayal of the foremost Single Taxers. In later numbers of *EVERYBODY'S* the case for the opposition will likewise be presented.

SPEAKING of democracy—what do you know about the Single Tax?

Walk down Main Street to-morrow morning and ask the question of the first dozen men you meet. Half of them will laugh and advise you to discuss something that is up to date. Five of the other six will say they never heard of it. But the twelfth man—look out for him! He has “seen the cat,” and you’d better not try to tell him the Single Tax is a dead issue.

He’ll claim—this twelfth man—that the Single Tax is the prime mover behind the whole “progressive” movement. If he is addicted to metaphor, he may say it is the steam-engine that is turning the winch by which the American people are hauling the government back into their own hands; the

dynamo that is generating the current for the new light of democracy.

And he’ll offer you some strong evidence.

In the fifteen years since Henry George died, his Single Tax doctrine has crossed international boundaries and leaped across oceans, to take root in divers soils. In New Zealand nearly a hundred municipalities are raising their revenues solely by a tax on land values. The Australian Commonwealth, its states, and many municipal subdivisions have taken up the Single Tax and adopted it with more or less completeness. Johannesburg, South Africa, has just adopted it. Germany tried it first in its Chinese colony of Kiau-Chau, and found it worked so well that several municipalities in the German Empire are trying

it. In Denmark the farmers and the trade-unionists have united to demand it.

Over in England, David Lloyd-George has upset the whole scheme of things by trying to put a tax—any tax at all—on land values as such: an entering wedge for the Single Tax. Up in Canada, cities in British Columbia and Alberta have already adopted it; cities in Manitoba and New Brunswick are preparing to adopt it, and it was one of the issues on which the provincial election in Ontario turned last December. And just the other day, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the Chinese revolutionists, announced, as part of the program of the new government of the Middle Kingdom, the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum and the Single Tax!

All this is highly educational, you say, but what has it to do with the United States? "Where do *I* come in?" you ask.

You come in right here:

The Single Tax will be in actual operation somewhere in the United States within the next twelve months.

It will have been obtained, when obtained, by the direct vote of the people and not by the action of any legislature.

*And as soon as any one of the United States has demonstrated that the Single Tax works, all the rest will have to follow suit.**

Let's start the explanation with a definition—Henry George's own statement of what the Single Tax is, as he laid it down in "Progress and Poverty," thirty-three years ago:

"I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust; the second needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call their land. Let them continue to call it their land. Let them buy and sell and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell if we take the kernel. It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent. . . . We already take some rent in taxation. We have only to make some changes in our modes of taxation to take it all.

"What I, therefore, propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy is—to appropriate rent by taxation."

*There are, of course, those who dispute the contentions of the Single Taxers. In a later number Everybody's readers will have an opportunity to consider the subject from other sides. See the Editorial note on Page 507.

There is the gist of the whole of Henry George's philosophy, with his concrete proposal, which he states more concisely on the same page: "To abolish all taxation save that on land values."

Not on *land*, but on *land values*. You must keep the distinction in mind. That is the essence of the Single Tax—no taxes on improvements of any kind. The plowed field to be assessed at no higher rate than the untilled pasture adjoining; the vacant city lot to pay the same tax as the skyscraper next door, site, building, and all.

For land values, as you must clearly see, are not created by anything except the occupation of the land by the population.

Not long ago the New York papers gave an account of the sale of 1,154 square feet of land at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, New York, for \$1,000,000—at the record-breaking rate of \$866.55 a square foot. Robert Smith, who sold it, paid \$375,000 for it in 1901, sold it in 1903, and bought it back again for half a million in 1907. He got it originally from Alfred Duane Pell, whose father had bought it thirty years earlier for \$30,000, and the elder Pell got it from some one else, who had bought it still cheaper of some one else, whose title ran back to the Dutch settlers who bought the whole of Manhattan Island for \$24 from some foolish Indians who had never heard of the unearned increment and so didn't know enough to stay in one place and get rich by doing nothing.

WHO MAKES LAND VALUABLE?

For none of these people who took profits ranging all the way from a few dollars up to half a million or more, by selling this little shaving of the surface of the earth, ever did anything to add a cent's worth to the value of that particular plot. Its value was created by the people of New York City and its tributary territory, and every one who ever bought anything that came from New York or sold anything that went to New York helped increase that value.

And Henry George's notion was that society is entitled to take for community purposes as much as it needs of the values it has itself created.

It is not necessary to argue with you as to whether the Single Tax will really bring about the ideal conditions that Mr. George believed it would. You'll have a chance in



W. S. U'REN, A LEADER OF PROGRESSIVES IN OREGON. AS A RESULT OF HIS YEARS OF LABOR, NEXT NOVEMBER OREGON WILL VOTE, BY COUNTIES, ON THE SINGLE TAX.

a year or two to see for yourself whether it works that way or not. Next November the people of the whole state of Missouri are going to vote on the question of substituting the Single Tax for all existing forms of taxation—and a good many people in Missouri think it will be carried.

On the same day the people of Oregon are going to vote, by counties, on the question of putting the Single Tax into operation in each particular county. Even before then it may be in operation in Seattle and Everett, Washington: And it is possible that the Single Tax may, during 1912, become an issue in some other states, for there are eleven of our sovereign commonwealths that already have the Initiative and Referendum—and four or five more that will have it by this time next year.

You see, you can't get the Single Tax or anything approaching it until you get a responsible government—"responsible," I said, not "representative." They *have* responsible government in England, likewise in Germany and Denmark, in New Zealand

and Australia and South Africa and the Canadian provinces.

The only reason—or, at least, the biggest reason—why we haven't had the Single Tax tried out in the United States before this is that we've never had responsible government; we've just made a beginning now by starting to put the screws on our legislatures through the Initiative and Referendum. That was the first discovery the disciples of Henry George made when they tried to get the Single Tax adopted, and they were among the very first to make that discovery.

They were earnest, ardent men, filled with the democratic instinct, and eager warriors for the common good—those early followers of the great printer-philosopher. They went about getting the Single Tax in the way Americans generally go about getting things—by organizing and appealing to their legislatures. They organized Single Tax Leagues and Anti-Poverty Societies—remember those Anti-Poverty Societies of the eighties and ^{original} nineties?—and they

presented petitions and memorials to their legislatures and got bills introduced—and nothing happened. *The question never was carried in a single legislative body, so far as I have been able to discover from the records available.*

And to-day, even in the states where the people hold the club of the Initiative and Referendum over their lawmakers' collective head, it is equally impossible to get serious consideration of the Single Tax from a legislature. Recently, at a meeting of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association in New York, it was decided to ask the legislature at Albany again for a law to reduce the tax on buildings to half the rate on land—the same bill which the legislature rejected last spring "*because it would be an entering wedge for the Single Tax*" And there you are. We have "representative" government, not "responsible" government.

Representative of what? Of special interests that decidedly and distinctly don't want the Single Tax. Do you suppose the Union Pacific Railroad would have liked to pay taxes on the value of its unimproved lands—its alternate square mile on each side of its tracks half way across the continent? Can you imagine the Astor estate, with its huge chunks of land that the people of New York City are adding value to every day merely by being New Yorkers—can you imagine the Astors giving up any of the unearned increment on their property? Do town-site speculators and suburban-land companies and timber-land corporations want to pay their share of taxes while they are waiting for people enough to settle around their lands to increase the value of their holdings?

WHY SOME PEOPLE DON'T WANT THE SINGLE TAX

Of course these prosperous and prominent citizens who are collecting the values created by society don't want the Single Tax—any fool of a state senator or member of the lower house can see that. And wouldn't it be foolish, now, for any member of a legislature to stand for anything the "best people" didn't want? Why, how on earth would he ever get a renomination? Do you suppose the organization is going to tolerate any one in politics who is objected to by the people who put up the campaign funds?

That is perfectly good logic, from the legislative viewpoint—or was, until we began to get Direct Primaries and Corrupt Practises Acts and the Initiative and Referendum and Recall and such-like "radical fads," as our stand-pat friends call them.

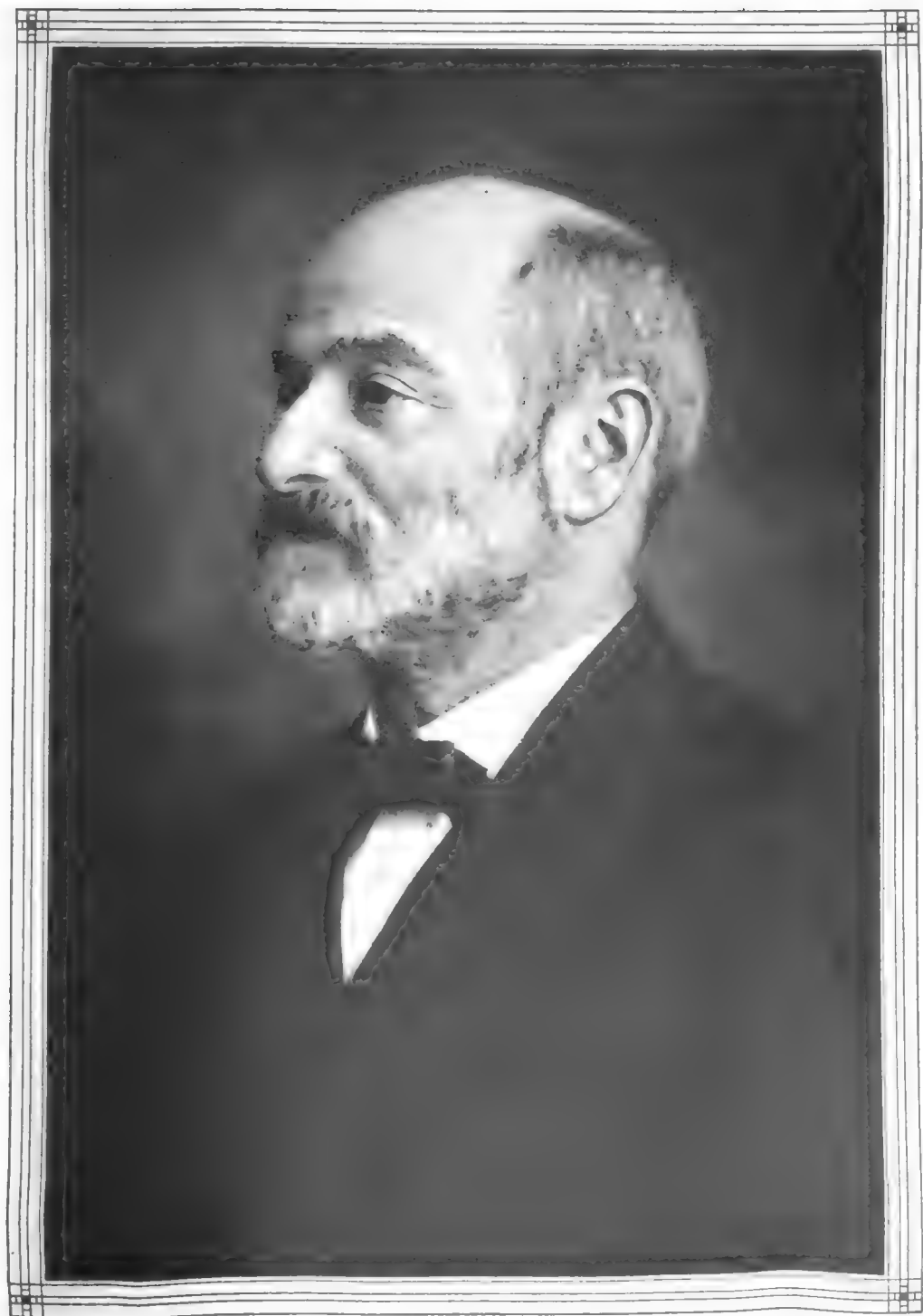
It's good logic yet, where they haven't got these things—in Illinois, for instance, where they have the "advisory referendum," for the explicit purpose of letting the legislature know exactly what the people want, and where the people of the whole state voted in favor of the Single Tax and—the legislature didn't even notice it.

It was perfectly good Congressional logic in 1892 when the late Tom L. Johnson, as chairman of a sub-committee to investigate the taxing system of the District of Columbia, made a report that, if adopted, would have caused some of the largest land-owners in Washington to pay their share of taxes—a report that got exactly as far as the office of the committee of the United States House of Representatives on the District of Columbia. It's there yet.

One of the first men to see the possibilities in the Initiative and Referendum as a means of getting the Single Tax was W. S. U'Ren, of Oregon.

There had been advocates of the Initiative and Referendum in America before U'Ren, just as there were Single Taxers before Henry George—the Physiocrats of eighteenth-century France, for instance, who might have put it into operation if the people hadn't become impatient and started the French Revolution. The Populist party had an Initiative and Referendum plank in its national platform in 1892, but the Single Tax was never a part of the Populist program, although many of the leaders of that party, including Jerry Simpson, were Single Taxers. And U'Ren of Oregon was a Single Taxer long before he ever heard of the Initiative and Referendum.

U'Ren's story has been often told. Born in Wisconsin, the son of a Cornish blacksmith, he became farmer, blacksmith, lawyer, in Wyoming, Colorado, and California—with only one full year of schooling to his credit. In 1882, as he was crossing San Francisco Bay on the Oakland ferry, some one handed him a copy of one of Henry George's books. He read it, "saw the cat," and took with him to Oregon, whither he went in search of a friendly climate in



JOSEPH FELS, "THE ANGEL OF THE SINGLE TAX." HE HAS HELPED TO FINANCE CAMPAIGNS
IN GERMANY, DENMARK, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, AND GREAT BRITAIN,
AS WELL AS IN THE UNITED STATES.

which to renew his law practise, a fervent zeal for the Single Tax and the determination to do what he could to put it into operation.

U'Ren found many believers in the Henry George doctrine in Oregon, and, like Single-Taxers elsewhere, they were organizing Anti-Poverty Societies and Single Tax Leagues. Mr. George had never advocated such organizations—he had rather feared that their tendency would be to exalt the organization as such over the principle which it stood for. And it did not take young U'Ren long to realize that they would never get the Single Tax this way.

Before long he had become, by mutual consent, the leader of the little group of progressive thinkers who wanted conditions improved. He began to take an active part in Oregon politics, but said nothing about the Single Tax. You could have gone from one end of Oregon to the other and not heard the Single Tax mentioned. Yet all the time a great and powerful organization of citizens who were resolved to regain control of their own government was being built up under U'Ren's leadership.

THE "I. & R." AS A WEAPON

Some one had told U'Ren and his immediate group of followers about the Initiative and Referendum, along in the early nineties. U'Ren perceived instantly that this weapon in the hands of the people would enable them to get the Single Tax whenever they wanted it; and from that moment he devoted his energies to the "I. & R." Not for an instant, however, did he lose sight of his ultimate object.

Under U'Ren's leadership, the people of Oregon got the Initiative and Referendum in 1902. By this time U'Ren had become without doubt the most skilful politician in Oregon. His Single Tax friends were all for putting the Single Tax before the people for an immediate vote, under the provisions of the Initiative and Referendum amendment to the state constitution. U'Ren, far-seeing, opposed this. It was necessary, first, to establish confidence in the new machinery of government and in his own leadership, and then to educate the people of the state up to the point where they could "see the cat" for themselves.

This was particularly necessary in Oregon, where there is but one large city. For,

odd as it may seem, the average farmer does not take kindly to the Single Tax idea at first glance. This is partly because taxes of any kind are the farmer's pet aversion, but principally because the idea of a tax on land values impresses him as designed to bear more heavily on him than on his city neighbor. He confuses the terms "land" and "land value," you see, and argues that because his property is principally in land he must of necessity pay more taxes than the man who owns only a city lot.

He doesn't realize, until after long argument and explanation, that his hundred acres in Deaf Smith County or South Jersey are not worth one per cent. of the thousand square feet at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, and that his values are not likely to increase by as large a percentage in twenty years as the city tract will in one.

So U'Ren and his People's Power League—a new group for every election, but with the same old nucleus of Single Taxers all the time—began to agitate for reforms that had a more instant appeal to the popular fancy. And they got them. They got the Recall, and Direct Primaries, and what amounts to the Direct Election of Senators, and the Presidential Preference, and a Corrupt Practises Act, and a score of locally important reforms. And with each succeeding success the people of Oregon, observing that the mountains still stood firm, came gradually to the conclusion that U'Ren wasn't the dangerous demagogue he had been pictured, but a pretty safe sort of a leader, after all.

The time was ripe, at last, to spring the Single Tax proposal. But U'Ren was reluctant to start it until he had the means at hand for a campaign of education.

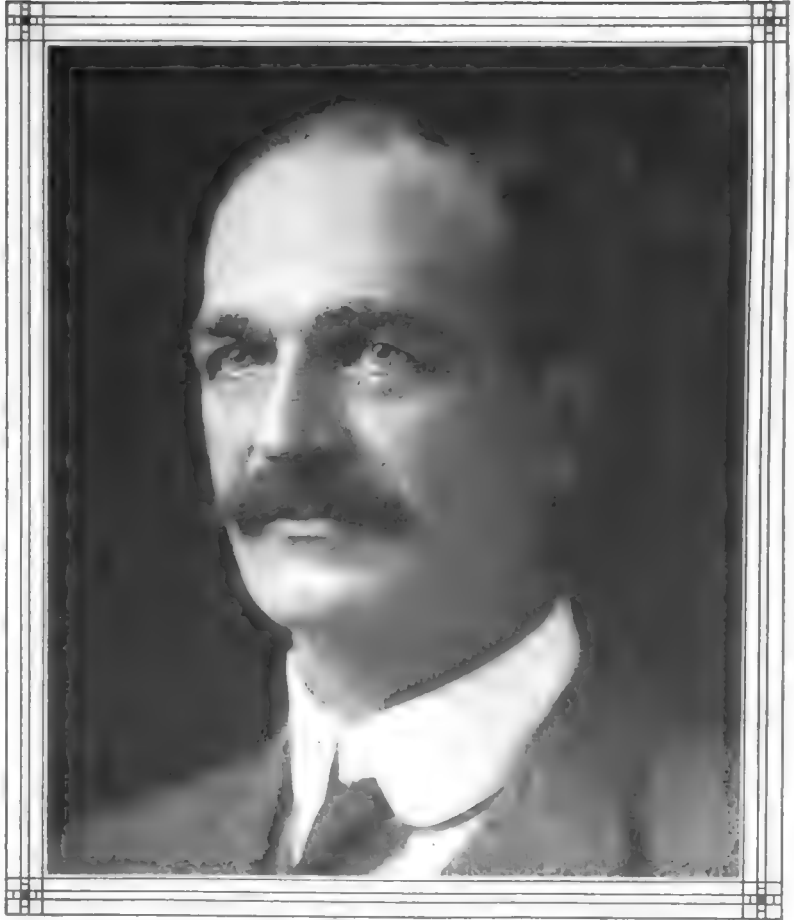
A poor man himself, he felt that he had imposed on the good nature of his law partner long enough, and his friends had contributed to the expenses of the various reform campaigns until he hesitated to ask them for any more. If Oregon was to get the Single Tax, the movement must find an "angel." And just as the situation reached this crisis, the "angel" appeared—as angels have the habit of doing.

A little, square-shouldered, bald-headed, bearded Jew—that is a thumbnail sketch of the Angel of the Single Tax, Joseph Fels. That is all one sees of him at first glance. When one knows him pretty well, one discovers that he has a heart bigger than his

five-foot body. He likes to talk about the evils of promiscuous charity; but go to him with any kind of a hard-luck story, and see how easily he gives up, grumbling as he does so, by way of squaring his act with his professed principles. And Mrs. Fels, who isn't as big as he is, aids and abets him in these pernicious practises—just as she backs him up in his project for abolishing poverty and crime through the Single Tax.

Born in Halifax, Virginia, December 16, 1853, and reared in a little North Carolina town—Yanceyville—that has disappeared even from the Postal Guide, Joseph Fels learned his father's trade of soapmaking, was a soap "drummer" at seventeen, and partner in a soap factory at twenty-one. Presently he invented a new kind of laundry soap and began to make money rapidly. A few years ago, in order to introduce his wares into the foreign market, he opened an office in London. Such poverty as he had observed in his home city of Philadelphia had not impressed him greatly, but in London he learned what poverty really meant. He became actively interested in charities, and financed a plan to get the people out of the London slums and back to the land. He bought a big farm and so came in personal touch with the land question.

"That was what made me a Single Taxer," he told me, when I asked him how he became interested in the Henry George philosophy. "I saw that my plan would



A. B. DUPONT, OF CLEVELAND, TOM L. JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR AS TREASURER OF THE FELS FUND.

not work and that the Single Tax would work—that it would give the people access to the land by making it impossible for any one to hold more land than he could use."

"How much money have you spent to promote the Single Tax?" I asked him.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied, and the reply was characteristic of the man. "If you write anything about me, say that I put in twelve hours a day working for the Single Tax."

Some people have estimated Mr. Fels's contributions to the Single Tax cause at a million dollars. There is good ground for believing that the sum is at least half of that. For as soon as he "saw the cat" and considered the fortune which was rapidly piling up in his own hands, he opened his purse to its limit. He got in touch with the British Single Taxers and financed their



campaign, which resulted in the adoption by the Liberal Party of the revaluation of the land and a tax of a halfpenny in the pound on land values as the main plank in its program—the program which won fame and power for David Lloyd-George.

In Germany, Denmark, New Zealand, and Australia, the Single Taxers were actively working and needed financial support. Fels gave to them and is still giving. And, most of all, he wanted to get the Single Tax established as a working proposition in his native land.

Out of this desire grew the Joseph Fels Fund Commission of America, established in 1909 with the avowed purpose of trying to put the Single Tax on a working basis somewhere in the United States within five years. The leading Single Taxers of the country were called into conference. Daniel Kiefer, of Cincinnati, was made chairman—it was Kiefer, Fels says, who showed him how to spend his money wisely.

Kiefer, although a member of a Congregational Church, is of Jewish descent. He was in the wholesale clothing business when he first

DANIEL KIEFER, OF CINCINNATI, WHO IS CALLED THE "MENDICANT-GENERAL" OF THE SINGLE TAX.

read "Progress and Poverty" and became a Single Taxer. The Henry George philosophy took possession of him. He talked Single Tax in season and out of season to his customers, his partners, and his business acquaintances.

Finally his partners told him he would have to quit talking such nonsense or sell out to them—he was "hurting business," they said. He sold out, and continued to talk Single Tax. There is no more ardent and whole-souled devotee of the Henry George philosophy living than Dan Kiefer, and no harder worker. As a raiser of funds for causes in which he is interested, he has a national reputation. His friends refer to him jokingly as the "mendicant-general" of the Single Tax. As chairman of the commission, he was told to go ahead and raise all the money he could.

"I'll give \$25,000 a year myself," said Fels, "and more than that, I'll match every dollar you raise."

For treasurer of the Fels Fund, Tom L. Johnson was chosen—the street-railway magnate who had become a Single Tax convert by reading a book passed to him in a railway train, and whose whole life thereafter was devoted to the effort to bring about democracy and the Single Tax. He was already suffering from the illness of which he died last year, but he accepted the post and gave wise counsel and encouragement as long as there was breath in his body. His successor as treasurer is A. B. duPont, of Cleveland, son of Tom Johnson's first employer and a lifelong Single Taxer.

Four other men who had proved their devotion to the Single Tax cause were associated with Kiefer and Johnson on the Fels Fund Commission. One of these, Jackson H. Ralston, a Washington lawyer, with an international reputation, had been successful in getting the Single Tax tried out experimentally by his home village of Hyattsville, Maryland, as far back as 1892. Another, Lincoln Steffens, was a soldier of the Common Good whose pen had aroused a continent to its shame. Frederic C. Howe was a Cleveland lawyer who had won recognition as an authority on municipal government, especially municipal ownership. George A. Briggs, of Elkhart, Indiana, was a manufacturer of electrical instruments who had lent valuable aid to the Single Tax cause on many occasions.

All four of these men are still members of the commission, and in November, 1911, a fifth was added, in the person of C. H. Ingersoll, of New Jersey, a millionaire manufacturer of watches.

Thus organized, the commission considered the outlook carefully and decided upon Oregon as the state where results probably could be obtained earliest. It was arranged to finance U'Ren's campaign, and to put him personally on the pay-roll so that he could devote all of his time to the work.

VANCOUVER'S EXPERIMENT

Early in 1909 he began the agitation for the submission, by initiative petition, to the people of Oregon, of a constitutional amendment giving each county complete local option in taxation.

Conditions proved especially favorable to the Single Tax propaganda.

Vancouver, British Columbia, had, under its provincial laws, established self-government in taxation matters—no trouble about such things under a responsible government. As one of the most important posts on the "All Red" world highway, travelers from Australia and New Zealand were constantly passing through Vancouver, and its people were kept informed as to the workings of the Single Tax in the antipodes. What they heard pleased them, and they concluded to try it themselves.

First they took off half of the tax on improvements, and on January, 1, 1910, under the leadership of Mayor L. D. Taylor—"Single Tax Taylor," as they call him—the entire improvement tax came off.

As compared with a little over \$7,000,000 in 1909, the new building done in Vancouver in 1910 was valued at more than \$13,000,000. Rents came down, and wages went up, and the influence was felt all down the Pacific Coast, particularly in the Northwest. Instead of workers in the building trades bringing their traveling cards from Vancouver to Portland, in search of work, the secretaries of local unions in Portland were kept busy making out cards for their members who were going to Vancouver, and so the workingmen got a practical grasp on some of the results of the Single Tax. Business men, constantly in communication with the Canadian city, began to wonder whether it wouldn't be a good thing for Portland.

And U'Ren, in the eighteen months be-

tween the organization of the Fels Fund Commission and the Oregon election of 1910, spent \$16,775 of the commission's money in educating the rest of the people of the state up to the optional Single Tax. At the election of 1910 the amendment was adopted by referendum, by an affirmative vote of 44,171 to 42,127 opposed—a narrow margin, but enough.

The closeness of the vote was proof of U'Ren's political sagacity in not submitting the main question to a state-wide referendum. Preparations were immediately begun, however, for its submission in every one of the thirty-one counties at the general election of 1912, and, with still larger contributions from the Fels Fund to work with, a carefully planned campaign of education is now in full swing. It is not expected that every county will adopt the Single Tax. U'Ren says he is not sure of more than six. But those six will include Multnomah County, which contains the city of Portland, and enough of the rural counties to furnish an object-lesson for communities of every character. Even the opponents of the Single Tax in Oregon admit so much.

One of the counties in which U'Ren feels reasonably sure of victory is his home county, Clackamas, adjoining Multnomah County on the south. It is a rural county, with much forest land still uncultivated, and several small towns, the largest being Oregon City, on the

Willamette River. For the education of the people of Clackamas County—and of the rest of the state as well—a remarkable object-lesson has been prepared.

The entire tax-roll of the county has been translated into terms of the Single Tax, under the direction of Dr. W. G. Eggleston, a brilliant writer who is managing the Single Tax publicity campaign for the Fels Commission. Tables have been prepared showing every piece of property in the county, what it now pays in taxes, and what it will pay under the Single Tax when the same amount of county revenues is raised. These figures are certified to by the deputy tax-assessor of the county, and every land-owner can compare what he is paying now with what he would pay under the Single Tax.

Here is G. P. White, for instance: a



Photograph by Gibson Art Galleries, Chicago.

LOUIS F. POST, EDITOR OF *THE PUBLIC*, THE RECOGNIZED ORGAN OF THE SINGLE TAX.

farmer owning ninety-two acres of land in section 33 of Township 3, Range 1, West, Clackamas County. (Mr. White's address is R. F. D. 2, Aurora, Oregon.) Thirty acres of Mr. White's land are under cultivation, the rest is uncultivated. On the present tax-roll he is assessed on \$1,950 value on his tillable land, \$1,860 on his non-tillable land, and \$445 on the personal property and improvements on the land, which includes his farm implements, household furniture, live-stock, money in bank, and buildings. (It is noteworthy as illustrating the ineffectiveness of the personal property tax that there are entire counties in Oregon in which the assessors have found no individual who admits having a dollar in cash.)

Mr. White is paying \$63.83 a year, under the present method of taxation, on a total valuation of \$4,255. Every time he builds a new barn or pig-pen or corral, or puts an "L" on his house, or adds a horse or a mule or a flock of sheep or a cow to his live-stock—every time, that is, that he adds to the community's wealth anything the tax-assessor can find—he will have to pay more taxes. (Fortunate the city man, whose personal property is in bonds and shares of stock and other commodities that he can hide from the assessor.)

Under the Single Tax, on the other hand, Mr. White will not have to pay taxes, for one thing, on any of his personal property or buildings. Then he will not have to pay a penalty for having cleared and plowed some of his land—it will all be assessed on the basis of non-tillable land. So he will pay next year, if the Single Tax is adopted in Clackamas County this year, on a valuation of only \$2,760. At the rate of $23\frac{1}{4}$ mills in the dollar, which will be the Clackamas County Single Tax rate on land values as against the present rate of 15 mills on all property, Mr. White's taxes will be \$64.17—and until population presses in on him and creates more value in the land he owns, that will be all he will have to pay, no matter how much he builds or how large his flocks and herds grow.

Mr. White's neighbor, C. D. F. Wilson, who is now paying \$69.60 on a total valuation of \$4,640, has personal property and improvements valued at \$1,370, so his net tax will be considerably reduced. Under the Single Tax, Mr. Wilson will pay \$56.96 in taxes on a land value of \$2,450.

In the whole of Clackamas County something more than \$6,000,000 of farm property—improvements, land clearings, buildings, live-stock, personalty, furniture, farm implements, and dogs—on which taxes are now being paid, will be exempt from taxation under the Single Tax. In the cities and towns, \$2,407,580 in value of buildings, merchandise, steamboats, household furniture, money, shares of stock, and similar property now taxed will be free from taxation under the Single Tax.

"Where are the revenues to come from, then?" you ask.

From the values society has created, rather than the values created by individual industry. }

Owners of vacant town lots who are "holding for a rise" will be called upon to give up a larger share of the socialized value of their property. In Oregon City, for example, there are 1,668 unimproved lots, which are now paying taxes on a valuation of only \$249,325, while the 806 improved lots in the city are valued, without improvements, at \$643,495, and the improvements at \$513,590. When the tax income from that \$513,590 is distributed over all the lots in the city, the owners of unimproved property will come a good deal nearer to paying their share of the taxes than they do now.

PLACING THE BURDEN WHERE IT BELONGS

Then there are the public service corporations—the Southern Pacific Railroad, the telegraph and telephone, electric light and power, sleeping-car and express companies. They will have to pay, not only on the value of the lands society permits them to occupy, but on the actual value of their franchises—values directly created by society. They are now paying \$44,907 a year into the treasury of Clackamas County. Under the Single Tax they will pay \$69,606.

More important than the public corporations, however, are the speculative landholders—lumber companies owning great tracts of forest; owners of land adjacent to growing communities, who are sitting by, waiting for the values to rise before they skim off the unearned increment. The Southern Pacific Railroad owns 89,370 acres of this class of lands in Clackamas County alone. It is now paying \$16,600 in taxes on these holdings. It will have to pay \$25,700 under the Single Tax, if it continues to hold

DR. WILLIAM PRESTON HILL, PRESIDENT
OF THE EQUITABLE TAXATION
LEAGUE OF MISSOURI.



Photograph by Fack Bros., New York.

HENRY GEORGE, JR., A MEMBER OF
CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK.

the land. The Weyerhaeuser Land Company—our old friend Weyerhaeuser of the Lumber Trust—is paying \$2,561 taxes on 19,853 acres, which will have to pay \$3,470 when the Single Tax goes into effect. All told, the land speculators in Clackamas County, who are now paying \$82,326 a year in taxes, will contribute at least \$127,036 under the new régime—or else they'll sell their lands to people who are willing to improve them.

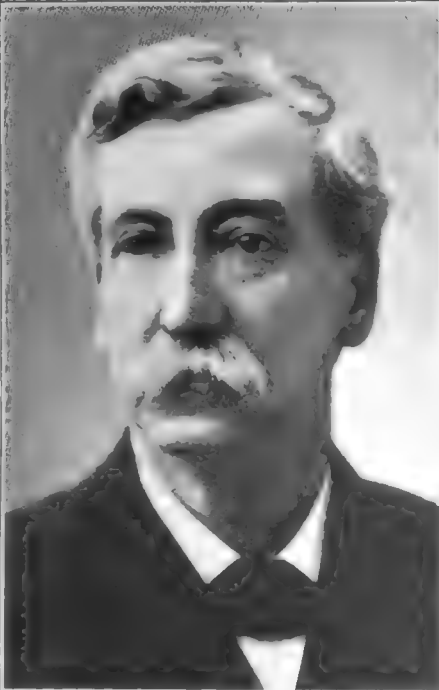
You begin to see how the Single Tax will work, don't you? And U'Ren thinks the farmers of Clackamas County and a good many other counties of Oregon will see it, too, before election day next November. Of course, this plan isn't the complete scheme of the Single Tax as laid down by Henry George. His doctrine, carried to its logical limit, would take from every landowner every year the entire increase in value of his land—the "economic rent."

That may come later in Oregon, for every school district and every road district

in the state have power to levy such taxes as they require; and as soon as the people discover that there is still a legitimate tax value left in the land after the ordinary county and state requirements have been met, it is altogether likely that the greatest good roads and good schools movement ever known may begin. To the thorough-going Single Taxer one of the beauties of the plan of taking all the unearned increment is that it will enable society to do so many things for the common good that it can not do under present conditions.

An interesting phase of the Single Tax movement in Oregon is that it has united the saloon-keepers and the ministers.

"The saloon-keepers are with us," U'Ren told me, "because they want to have the license tax taken off, and the ministers because they figure that where there is no financial incentive councils will be more careful about granting licenses and will issue fewer permits to sell liquor. The better class of saloon men also take this view,



Photograph by Parry, Boston.

DR. L. F. C. GARVIN, TWICE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND.

JOHN Z. WHITE, NATIONAL LECTURER FOR THE CAUSE.



while the prohibitionists think it will make it easier to get prohibition laws adopted if the country's pocket-book is not affected."

If the Joseph Fels Commission had done nothing else than to finance U'Ren's activities in Oregon, it would have accomplished a great deal. But there was still money and to spare. Other states had either Single Tax movements as such, or movements for direct legislation fostered in the interest of the Single Tax, and the commission gave aid to all of these.

In Rhode Island, Dr. L. F. C. Garvin, of Lonsdale, twice governor of the state, had been impressing the Single Tax doctrines on the people for thirty years. As a state senator he had succeeded in having a law passed separating land assessments from the assessments on buildings, and he had been urging a measure for local option in taxation. The commission sent money to help him in his work, and adopted for its educational campaign a scheme similar to U'Reh's in Clackamas County.

John Z. White, of Chicago, a veteran worker in the Single Tax movement, was sent to Rhode Island to analyze the tax rolls of the city of Woonsocket and demonstrate what the effect of the Single Tax would be. After nearly a year of arduous work he produced a pamphlet which contains the names of all the taxpayers who would benefit by the adoption of land-value taxation, and shows conclusively that the great majority of individuals would pay less than they do now.

So far, the movement in Rhode Island has not got beyond the educational stage, but as no constitutional amendment is required for the adoption of the Single Tax, its advocates are hopeful of getting some action through the pressure of public sentiment in the near future.

In Missouri, on the contrary, the Single Tax movement has reached the stage of being a live issue in current politics, for it is to be voted upon at a state-wide referendum at the general election of 1912. Here,

as in Oregon, the leaders of the Single Tax movement early saw the value of the Initiative and Referendum as a means of getting the Single Tax, and as far back as 1897 began their efforts to get the legislature to submit a constitutional amendment providing for direct legislation. Long before that there had been an Anti-Poverty Society and later a Single Tax League in Missouri, but they failed to get serious consideration from the state legislature.

SHOWING THE MISSOURIANS

It was not until Dr. William Preston Hill and S. L. Moser, of St. Louis, got behind the movement actively that any headway was made. At first they were handicapped by lack of funds with which to work. Then, in 1900, James Eads How—often referred to in the newspapers as the “millionaire tramp”—a grandson of James Eads, the famous engineer, inherited some money to which he thought he was not morally entitled. He announced that he would give the money to a “Public Fund and Welfare Association” and called on the people of St. Louis to meet and elect the members. Dr. Hill and Mr. Moser rounded up all the Single Tax advocates they could find and controlled the meeting.

Dr. Hill was elected president of the association, and he and his friends got control of the \$300,000. They agreed that the money could be put to no more important public service than the effort to establish the Single Tax in Missouri. With this fund as munitions of war, they renewed their assaults on the legislature—not for the Single Tax, but for the Initiative and Referendum.

On the last day of the session of 1903 the legislature agreed to submit the Initiative and Referendum to the people. It was voted on in November, 1904, and defeated by 53,000 in a total vote of nearly 700,000.

The Single Tax advocates were cast down but not disheartened. With what was left of the How fund, and some small contributions raised in the state, they renewed their campaign of education for the Initiative and Referendum. But not until 1907, when the Democratic Party again controlled the legislature, did the opportunity come for effective action. That legislature again submitted the Initiative and Referendum, and

in 1908 the voters of Missouri adopted it.

Warned by their earlier experience, Dr. Hill and his associates were in no hurry to ask the people of the state for the Single Tax. They wanted first to give the voters time to try out the new and unfamiliar weapon on some other question. But while the people were debating prohibition and a direct tax for the State University—both of which were defeated at the first referendum, in 1910—the Single Taxers were perfecting a powerful state-wide organization, raising funds and beginning the campaign of education on which they relied for results. Out of the Fels fund they were awarded about \$1,500; the remainder was raised locally.

The organization of Missouri Single Taxers, of which Dr. Hill is president, is known as the Equitable Taxation League. It numbers among its officers bank presidents, newspaper men, university professors, state and city officials, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, real-estate operators, railway men, clergymen, lawyers, judges, and representatives of organized labor. It has enlisted the cooperation of such organizations as the Grange and the Society of Equity, the State Teachers' Association, the principal labor organizations, and many of the influential business men's associations in St. Louis, Kansas City, Joplin, St. Joseph, Springfield, and other cities.

“NO GOOD NEGATIVE ARGUMENT TO THE SINGLE TAX”

Some time ago the State University asked the public to suggest subjects for the students to debate. Dr. Hill suggested the Single Tax.

“It is not a good subject, because there is no good negative argument,” replied the University authorities; and their attitude has had a great deal of weight.

In Missouri, as in Oregon, special efforts are being made to bring home to the farmers the fact that it is not *land* but *land values* that are to be taxed under the new system, and that the farmers own less than forty per cent., and probably less than twenty-five per cent., of the land values in the state. To make the experiment easier, the proposal of the Equitable Taxation League is not to take all taxes off personally and improvements at once, but to reduce these assessments gradually—twenty-five per cent. every two years—until the

Single Tax on land values becomes an actuality in 1920. A constitutional amendment to make this plan effective will be submitted, by initiative petition, to popular vote in November, 1912.

THE PROSPECTS IN WASHINGTON

I have gone thus into detail about Oregon, Rhode Island, and Missouri because they are the only states in which the Single Tax movement has actually become a political issue. Before it becomes effective in any of these commonwealths, however, there may be object-lessons in its application in the state of Washington. Washington has not adopted the Initiative and Referendum, but it has given its municipalities the right to adopt the commission form of government, under a charter plan that includes the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. The people of the city of Everett voted recently to abolish all municipal taxes except those on land values. In the face of this popular demand the City Commission omitted the Single Tax from the new charter, but agreed to submit it as a separate proposition when the new charter should be voted on.

Seattle, which is close enough to Vancouver for the influence of the Canadian city to be strongly felt, is also to vote on a Single Tax amendment to its charter on March 5th, to become effective July 12, 1912.

The disciples of Henry George and the Fels Fund Commission are not, however, confining their efforts to the states I have named. It is hardly beyond the fact to say that wherever the movement for the restoration of the government to the people has been accomplished, the objective of the Single Tax has been one of the inspiring forces behind the movement, if not the main one. The long fight in Ohio for the Initiative and Referendum, begun under the leadership of Tom L. Johnson and culminating last November in the election of a constitutional convention, a majority of the members of which are pledged to direct legislation, was inspired and guided from beginning to end by the Single Taxers, and several thousand dollars from the Fels Fund have aided in financing it. Herbert S. Bigelow, President of the Constitutional Convention, is, since the death of Tom L. Johnson, the acknowledged leader of the Ohio Single Taxers, who are planning an active

Single Tax campaign if the Initiative and Referendum are adopted.

The successful agitation for the Initiative and Referendum in Arizona was begun, years ago, by a Single Taxer, Dr. Hill of St. Louis, who visits that territory annually; and when Arizona Single Taxers asked the Fels Fund Commission for help, the commission sent John Z. White there to give what aid he could. Mr. White also took part, at the expense of the Fels Fund, in the Initiative and Referendum movement in New Mexico, which failed.

In Colorado, the movement for direct legislation was instigated by Single Tax advocates, prominent among them being James W. Bucklin of Grand Junction, originator of the "Grand Junction Plan" of commission government, the model which many cities have since followed.

As a member of the Colorado State Senate, Mr. Bucklin was appointed chairman of a commission to investigate and report on better methods of taxation. He visited Australia and New Zealand at his own expense, and in 1901 made a report to the legislature which is perhaps the most complete and accurate statement of the practical effect of the Single Tax in those colonies that has been prepared anywhere.

Nothing came of this work, however, except stimulation of interest in the Single Tax, and the disciples of Henry George began to see that they could expect nothing from a legislature controlled, as the Colorado legislature has usually been, by the special interests. They, too, turned their attention to the Initiative and Referendum as a way out. After an eight years' campaign, led by Senator Bucklin, John B. McGowan, John H. Gabriel, J. R. Harriman, and other ardent Single Taxers, they succeeded in getting direct legislation into the state constitution, although with cumbersome and expensive features inserted by the bosses and the boss-controlled newspapers, that make its operation difficult.

OTHER STATES GETTING IN LINE

In the latter part of the fight the Fels Fund Commission rendered aid by contributing the services of Mr. White and a few hundred dollars in money. The Initiative and Referendum amendment was carried in November, 1910, by a sixty-thousand majority. Plans for submitting the

Single Tax to popular vote are now under way.

In Arkansas, money aid was given by the Fels Fund to the campaign for the Initiative and Referendum, which was successful in 1910. The Commission also sent speakers into Minnesota to aid in the Initiative and Referendum campaign there. In California, the latest state to adopt the Initiative and Referendum, there was a strong nucleus of Single Tax sentiment back of the inception of the movement. In California, too, many Socialists, notably J. Stitt Wilson, mayor of Berkeley, have declared for the Single Tax, although the Socialist Party as a whole is still violently opposed to any program of reform but its own. At a convention of representatives of California municipalities recently held in Santa Barbara, a resolution was unanimously adopted to begin the Single Tax fight at once, under the newly acquired initiative power of popular rule.

In Idaho, under the leadership of the Rev. H. L. Pickett, of Boise, the Single Taxers are organizing to take advantage of the Initiative and Referendum. In Wisconsin, where the Initiative and Referendum are to be voted on this year, many of the active men behind the movement are giving their aid because it will lead to the Single Tax.

The effectiveness of the Fels Commission's help in all this work is emphasized by its financial statement dated November 30, 1911, showing the disbursement in the thirty months of its existence of \$90,301.28, with a cash balance on hand of \$10,297.15—and \$65,000 of this \$100,598.43 was contributed by Joseph Fels personally.

Besides the Fels Fund, Chairman Kiefer also manages the Public Sustention fund, for keeping alive and circulating the weekly newspaper, *The Public*, edited by Louis F. Post, a pioneer Single Taxer and friend of Henry George. Post has been self-sacrificingly laboring for the Single Tax cause for a quarter of a century or more.

There is space for only the briefest reference to the other instrumentalities that are aiding in the Single Tax cause—the Henry George Lecture Bureau, which maintains several speakers in the national field; the Single Tax clubs of New York and Chicago, which devote themselves to the circulation of Henry George's books; the experimental

Single Tax colonies at Fairhope, Alabama; Arden, Delaware; and Free Acres, New Jersey; the platform and legislative work of Henry George, Jr., now a member of Congress from New York and inheritor of much of his father's power of convincing argument; the million copies of Henry George's "Protection and Free Trade" that are to be circulated under Congressional franks in the pending Presidential campaign.

I wish I could add to these bald and somewhat statistical facts something that would convey to you the enthusiasm, the devoted, unselfish hopefulness, the note of cheer and the atmosphere of self-sacrifice that dominated the three hundred men and women who attended the conference called by the Fels Fund Commission in Chicago last November. I wish I could put on paper something of the thrill of prophecy in W. S. U'Ren's voice as he said:

"When Oregon says to the rest of the United States, 'You can bring your money and your stock and your goods to Oregon and we won't tax you for it,' then all the other states will have to follow, and they will do it faster than they are coming to the Initiative and Referendum."

I wish every one of you could have heard Louis Post's declaration, "The Single Tax stands for democracy," as only Post himself could have said it; or shared with the rest of us Herbert Quick's epigrammatic defiance of those who would block the wheels of progress: "I stand for the right of each generation to make its own mistakes." And most of all, I wish I could convey some appreciation of the tenderness, the reverence, the devotion in which the name and memory of Henry George are held by these his disciples. For then you would know that there is something enduring, something spiritual, something far removed from the sordid and material, that inspires these soldiers of the Common Good.

It is the spirit of unselfishness that pervades and leavens the whole great forward movement of democracy as we are seeing it in America to-day, that underlies and dominates the great upheaval which is expressing itself in the demand for popular government and which finds so much of its inspiration in the teachings of Henry George—

"Who, being dead, yet speaketh."



PERCY BROUGHT BRUTUS HOME IN A TAXI.

Percy the Lion Tamer

by CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR

Lion-taming requires a quality of courage, physical as well as moral, that is found in few men and almost no women. As a rule, men who follow this calling are devoid of imagination, and are of physically great proportions.

—Encyclopedia.

I WAS hurrying through Twenty-seventh Street—my tailor has his place of business in Twenty-eighth—when I encountered Jed Hawkins. I suspect him of having been inflicted shortly after birth with the name Jedediah, though I can ob-

tain no proof. Once, while partially irresponsible, he confessed to me that his middle name was Flower, but I have never been able to bring myself to believe this.

We met entirely without premeditation or warning of any kind. He emerged from a hotel very suddenly. We picked up our hats, turned to hurl specific epithets at each other, and stopped. He pointed his finger at me accusingly.

"I have not seen you in five years," he said severely. "Then you were selling Dr.

Adelapier's Medicated Grease Remover. The town was New Dorp. In addition to removing the grease it incidentally removed the cloth. I recall that there was some invidious comment upon this circumstance. If memory serves, you were some quarter of a mile ahead of the posse of particularly indignant citizens."

"Correct," I replied calmly. "And you were then acting as advance representative for Henderson's Circassian Bell Ringers and Spiritistic Marvels. You passed me in a cloud of dust as I was leaving town. Are you still in advance?"

"Greatly," he grinned, "and keeping there. I have some influence with Messrs. Rand-McNally, and New Dorp is no longer upon the map. Old friend, the sight of you does warm the cockles of my heart, and I'm minded to do you a good turn. I believe I will allow you to help me—wait just one moment before you say anything you will be sorry for." He took me by the shoulders, swung me about, and pointed to the southeast, where the golden Diana poised herself on one fair metal toe over Madison Square.

"Beneath that scantily clad huntress is the biggest and most stupendous aggregation of faunal and acrobatic marvels the world has ever——"

"Don't waste it on me," I begged him. "I know that Forsells & Dink Brothers' Circus is there. Come to the point. What's your trouble?"

He sighed heavily. "His name is Percy," he replied. "He is a lion tamer, and he is afraid to go home at night."

I took him firmly by the arm and led him around the corner into the open square. If he became violent I wished the children to enjoy the spectacle. Having seated him on a bench, I stood before him.

"There is a time and place for everything but Dr. Cook and a lion tamer named Percy," I warned him.

Hawkins is remarkably like the average man; that is to say, he lies occasionally when the truth would serve as well; has a hazy notion of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall; knows all about Schedule "K" and its influence on butterine; owns to an admiration for the imaginative powers of doctors, and jeers openly at the possibility of Germany's ever going to war with anything but one of the Balkan States. His features now betokened acute weariness.

"Apparently it is my fate in life to be misunderstood," he moaned. From his waistcoat pocket he took a newspaper clipping and handed it to me. I took it with marked hesitation.

"It is understood this commits me to nothing," I said cautiously, and he nodded sadly. I read:

The most famous animal king in the entire world has been engaged at enormous expense to appear with Forsells & Dink Brothers' Mammoth Show. A man of strong and dominant personality in whom the quality of fear is wholly absent——

I looked at him sharply, and he smiled tolerantly, even patiently.

"His name is positively Percy," he said in an even monotone. "He is emphatically a lion tamer, and he is most assuredly afraid to go home at night, or at any other time, for that matter. Having firmly established these main points, I will further reveal to you that he is married. I was on my way to Professor Baldini's hotel when you——"

"Wait!" I begged him. "This Italian gentleman—where does he come in? Why does the spaghetti-tosser——"

Hawkins became even more patient and precise, if such a thing were possible. He was gentleness itself, and he raised his hand.

"Baldini is the *nom du arena* of Percy. A 'wop' name strikes the mental processes of the fathead proletariat with all the gentle significance of a hurtling brick, whereas the ordinary Saxon patronymic wouldn't arouse a peep of interest. As I was about to say, I am on my way to Signor Baldini's hotel to escort him to the matinée. If I don't, there is no lion act. If there is no lion act, one vast scream will go up from the boobs who paid admissions."

"But why escort him?"

"Because the blatant pinhead is afraid. I am supposed to protect him."

"Ah, yes. But what is this 'strong and dominant personality in whom the quality of fear is wholly absent' alarmed about?" I inquired, quoting freely from the clipping.

Hawkins almost lost his temper. "Gracious Gramercy Square!" he sobbed. "Didn't I just tell you he was married? Isn't that enough? If any man knows what this poor soul has suffered at the hands——"

I stopped him, on the ground that a man who had married a snake-charmer and had been deserted by her because she could not

stand his bringing pink armadillos into the family circle, was in no position to furnish competent testimony with regard to matrimony.

"Percy—I beg your pardon, Signor Baldini—is unfortunate," he went on more calmly. "His wife lives here in New York. Last year she caught him at the Fourth Avenue entrance. I ask you: what good is a lion tamer with two black eyes? If she had only scratched him——"

The great clock in Mr. Hegeman's massive tower boomed out the quarter-hour.

"Can you imagine the result if the public gets on? The daredevil lion king beaten up by his wife! Why, it would ruin the show! Those dainty young men down on Park Row who operate the funny columns wouldn't nestle close up to a yarn like that, would they?"

"It would be a neat exhibition in pure black and white," I grinned.

"And blue, when it reached me," he commented sadly. "Well, if I don't go for him there'll be no show in the big cage. Come with me. I need you to help me entertain him as we stroll along, and incidentally to keep an eye out for her."

"Tell me something more about him," I begged as we walked down the path in the direction of the avenue. "His real name, now. Is it Reagan or Hackenschmidt, Hohenzollern or Beresford, Rafael or DeQuincey——"

"Nix! Come out of the Blue Book! It's Buffum. Percy Algeron Buffum. His ancestral halls are in the stock-yards district of Kansas City. He weighs in at about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, buys symmetricals by the dozen——"

"Fudge!" I exclaimed with a sudden lack of interest

"Does he wear a frilly lace fichu——"

"You lose. At twenty-one he took aboard a sufficient cargo of damp things and chased his fond parents two miles with a pick-handle. He fell down a well and trod water until he was sober, when they pulled him out. Last year in Chicago, Brutus, the Nubian lion, escaped, and the North Side population started for their summer homes along the verdant banks of the drainage canal. Brutus is a bad lion. He killed three keepers merely because they used scented soap. Professional jealousy, presumably. Anyway, the police, being a little nervous about lions, sent for the Second Regiment and took an individual vacation. Percy went after Brutus alone. Two hours later an indignant citizen telephoned that a brutal man was torturing some poor animal up an alley back of Indiana Street, and he wanted it stopped. Percy brought Brutus home in a taxi. I have seldom seen a lion more anxious to reach a cage. He was crying."

We walked some rods in silence; then I took Hawkins by the sleeve and shook him gently.

"You have touched me—at various times," I said. "Those amounts will be canceled when you show me Percy."

He glanced quickly at my face. "I wouldn't chance it if you hadn't a shave," he replied.

"Why?" I demanded. "What is the connection between Percy and the absence of lambrequins on my features?"

"At times there is a special virtue in a set of well-laundered lineaments. Percy's wife was formerly the Bearded Lady."

We turned into Madison Avenue, a street that at its lower end has always reminded me of a chorus girl in her eighth



LAST YEAR SHE CAUGHT HIM AT THE
FOURTH AVENUE ENTRANCE.



season of one-night stands. As we stepped from the curb I became conscious of a ragged tumult of sound. It

scratched the atmosphere like a saw-edged collar, and we stopped. The noise grew, and suddenly around the corner swept the cause of the disturbance. It ricocheted against a brown-stone area railing, recovered itself, and hurtled madly in our direction. It was a slight man, pale and terror-stricken. Hawkins gasped.

"It's Percy!" he cried. "Quick! Grab him as he goes by!"

He dashed for the middle of the street, and behind the small man I saw a large, purple-clad female with face wrapped in a veil; a dozen or so small boys of varying and assorted sizes; two heavy policemen whose jowls shook



as they lumbered along; four variegated dogs, and a motorman off duty. I would wish Professor Münsterberg to observe this last detail. Even in the hurry and distraction I found time to note the black ribbon that concealed the number on his cap.

"Great grief!" I heard Hawkins mutter. "It's Mrs. Nemesis herself!"

In other days I had helped to make the visit of an ax-bearing district attorney of no avail. Even now I recalled the get-away.

"Here! This way!" I cried, and pulled Percy into an area entrance, through a grilled door, down a dingy hallway, into a back yard always full of drying clothes that are never dry, through a gap in a board fence, across another back yard, into a kitchen, another hall, an areaway, and out upon a side street.

There is always a taxicab waiting there. Sometimes an escaping florist takes it; occasionally a physician finds it convenient; not infrequently a city official searching for a wayward son, and now and then—believe me, the vehicle is nearly always there. It starts as soon as the door slams, and sometimes before, according to the need of the moment. Personally I have always believed the driver keeps his engine running continually. However, he always stops about ten or fifteen blocks off to inquire where you wish to go, and he has two license numbers. It is quite a handy little cab.

We pushed Percy into a corner of it, and breathed heavily as it dashed away. In my hand I found I still held the clipping. I read the second paragraph:

Possessed of boundless intrepidity, as becomes a king, Signor Baldini has never in his life failed to rise to the needs of great emergencies. As an eminent investigator has said: "His orientation is perfect. He readily and instantly adjusts himself to any situation."

The three of us rose gracefully and unitedly into the air as the taxi crossed the car

tracks, and subsided with great precision as it reached the asphalt again. Hawkins took my watch from my pocket, looked at it, and replaced it absently in his own waistcoat. I took it back as absently.

He rapped upon the glass front of the vehicle, and the burglar who piloted the cab looked about.

"Drive up to Thirty-fourth Street and return slowly to the back door of the Garden," he ordered, and from the expression of that driver's face I knew at once he had lost all respect for us. Up to that moment he had believed us to be kidnappers, at the very least. It became evident he considered he had been imposed upon.

The cab attempted to escape from beneath us, but we foiled it neatly with the backs of our heads. Hawkins looked at Percy, and lifted the lion-tamer's chin in his hand.

"Suffering Senegambians!" he exclaimed petulantly. "This steel-nerved joke has fainted! Can you beat it?"

"Ah, yes," I agreed sagely. "He instantly adjusts himself to any situation.' It's wonderful. How do you suppose he does it?"

Hawkins merely glared at me, and ignored the pleasantry. "Can't you do something?" he asked. "Anything?"

I considered the matter. Fainting lion-tamers are strictly outside my bailiwick of experience. I felt they demanded a much stronger brand of resuscitation than I had at hand. Something with a more emphatic bite in it. To be frank, I was doubtful of the needs of the moment.

"Slap his hands if you can't do any better," ordered Hawkins.

"I've heard that feathers burned beneath the nose——"

"Piffle!"

"Or a cold key slipped down the back——"

"Will you slap his hands or not?"

"I don't like to. He might consider it a gross liberty to find a perfect stranger slapping him upon the wrist," I protested.

"You're just about as helpful as a cripple at a foot-race!" he snapped. "Look out of the window and see if there is a large purple person in the offing when we get to Twenty-eighth Street."

I looked, but saw nothing more alarming than a traffic policeman bullying a timid truck driver. I drew in my head.

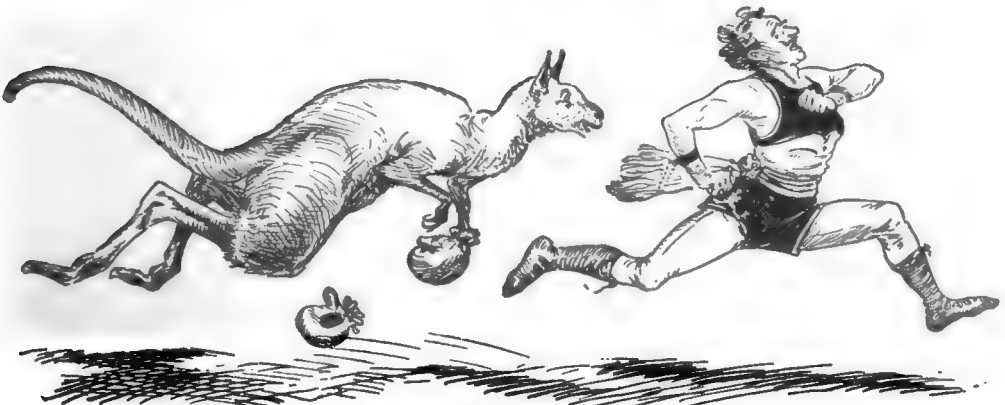
"Nothing doing!" I reported.

"His turn is due in fifteen minutes," said Hawkins with a worried look. "As soon as the cab pulls up at the door we'll rush him inside."

"Look here!" I complained. "Before we go any farther with this abduction, I want to know who and what was pursuing this Percy boy."

"Oh, cuttlefish!" he snorted disgustedly. "What would naturally make a lion tamer run? A muskrat? No, you—Heaven help me, I can't think of anything to call you! It was his wife. She wanted to borrow a match. He was going to get one, and she wanted to be there when he got it! Here we are, now! Grab him on that side!"

We slammed open the door of the cab, and rushed the still somnolent hero in through the back door of the building, where we dropped him supinely upon a bench. The door-tender came over and looked at him.



"Is our little playmate soused?" he inquired gently.

Hawkins shook his head sadly. "This is a faint. A real dyed-in-the-wool seminary faint. And he is due to thrill the multitude with his feats of death-defying daring in just about eleven minutes. Wow!"

The doorman gathered interestedly into the more immediate foreground. "I've saw these artistic bits o' bric-à-brac pull such things before. It's only temper'ment, mates. I've brought 'em around scores of times. Stand one side just a second."

He reached beneath the bench and brought forth a short, flat stake. Swinging this well over the right shoulder *à la* Travis, he drove for the soles of Percy's feet. There was a sharp crack, a yell, a leap into the air, and Percy planted his six and seven-eighths fist upon the doorman's nose.

"Yip! Hoo! Yah!" he cried, and Hawkins threw his arms around him.

"Cut it out!" he yelled into the infuriated lion tamer's ears. "You've got eight minutes to get into your tights and right mind! Beat it, now!"

The wild look died out of Percy's face, and he glanced fearfully about. "Where is she?" he whispered.

"Pinched, if my hope comes out. Lost, if you're lucky. And still hunting, if I'm a good guesser," answered Hawkins. "Get a move on!"

Signor Baldini heaved a sigh of relief, shook himself together, and went away. He paused beneath the upraised trunk of Chief, and as he shoved that innocent pachyderm aside I saw tears start into the poor beast's eyes at the indignity. He kicked a passing grizzly bear upon the shin and grinned sardonically at its cry of pain. I watched him as he hurried off, and I did not feel sympathetic.

"Why don't you have a nurse for your little lion tamer?" I asked Hawkins ironically.

"Like to see his act?" inquired my friend casually.

"I wouldn't give a nickel to see T. Roosevelt play Daniel," I replied. "Percy as a performer interests me not at all, but as a psychological freak I'm keen to keep an eye on him. Men afraid of their wives are many, but a lion tamer who runs like a scared jack-rabbit when a woman in a purple dress and a public street pursues him, interests—and disgusts me. You'd better

watch him. Some girl baby will look crossly at him some day and he'll burst into tears."

Hawkins sighed wearily. "I don't know that I blame you altogether. He's caused me a lot of trouble. However, I have the consolation of knowing he's safe so long as he's in the cage."

A gaudy half-sheet poster upon the wall caught my eye, and I read:

The success obtained by Signor Baldini is believed by eminent trained scientific investigators to be due wholly to the hypnotic effect of his eye. No human being nor wild beast has yet been found to withstand the Signor's burning gaze.

We walked slowly toward the smaller animal cages, and I was examining a frisky peccary when there arose a cry. We hurried toward the door and found the guardian of that portal struggling dazedly to his feet. He was holding his stomach in both hands.

"A big guy with a full beard an' a hobble skoit kicked me!" he gasped.

"A skirt!" cried Hawkins, turning pale.

From the direction of the arena arose a wild shriek, three shots, and a chorus of fearsome roars. I hurried after my friend.

The great arena of the Garden in circus days is laid out very simply. There is first the hippodrome track, running about the outside, and close to the tier of boxes. Then in the center come the three rings, spaced equally apart, and between these again are the concert platform and the minor animal-act stage. The lion, bear, and leopard acts are usually performed in a specially-erected steel cage in the center ring.

When we reached the arena, this big cage was occupied by Percy and seven ferocious

monarchs of the forest (see small handbills). The said monarchs were gathered in a corner in a shrinking, moaning heap of animality, and seemed beset with terror. A large figure in a purple dress had entered the cage by lifting the snap hasp on the outside, and had banged it shut behind her. The door could be opened again only from the outside. She had commandeered a sharp-pointed iron rod from a nervous attendant, and was now prodding Percy with this as he stood with his back against the steel door. The attendant was running about outside the cage uttering sharp cries of distress.

"Hey!" yelled a fat man in an arena box. "Why don't ye wither 'er with a glance?"

Despite his manifest faults, I must give Hawkins credit for being equal to an emergency. He dashed forward, pushed away the hysterical attendant, and jerked open the door against which Percy was pressed. The logical result of this action was to let Percy fall out of the cage upon the ground. The purple vision lost her footing, as she was making a lunge at the instant that the lion tamer disappeared, and fell upon her face. The seven lions, seeing the way clear, leaped over her and fled in a tangled yellow heap. I had arrived at the place in time to receive the lions. I received them unwillingly, but successfully. They used me for a leaping-tick. One elderly lion, who had not recently visited the manicure, stepped upon my face.

I struggled to my feet, hurt to the core, and was instantly brushed aside by Percy, the fairy of his choice, two lions, and Hawkins, in rapid succession. I confidently expected the elephants, a shifting cage, and the autobolide to follow, but was disappointed.

It was fortunate that the audience regarded the affair as a part of the regular show; I see that now. The consequences otherwise might have been serious—to the audience.

Signor Baldini swung into the hippodrome track and ran for his life, with the other features of his rout close behind. The sight must have possessed an element of humor, for a gale of laughter shook the house. I regret exceedingly to say that the employees of the show lost their heads completely, for they closed the gates leading to the cages, stables, and dressing-rooms, and

basely shut Percy and the rest of us in to fight it out among ourselves.

It is difficult for me to describe the scene that followed, for I saw it kinematographically and kaleidoscopically, owing to its various features and rapid movement. Nearly every one knows the extreme difficulty attendant upon watching three rings in the circus, and this was even more so, for nothing remained long enough in one place. There was ample local color, and not a little atmosphere, and there were remarks from the audience. The fat man in the box was quite close to me, and I now observed for the first time that he was accompanied by a long, thin lady bearing two quarts of rhinestones and an acidulous expression.

"How clever these novelties are!" she remarked, sniffing. "So accurate and natural!"

"Um-um!" affirmed the fat man. "Rehearsed for weeks, no doubt. See how earnestly the large clown in the purple dress runs!"

Mrs. Baldini was passing at that instant and she heard it. She interrupted her action long enough to gather in a discarded Horse Show program from the tanbark in front of her. It struck the fat gentleman at about the fourth waistcoat button with a soft but emphatic "plunk."

"Clown, eh!" she cried, and passed rapidly on.

The effort had loosened her bonnet and veil, and these flew off behind as she fled in pursuit of the frightened animal king. Her long black hair came down and mingled affectionately with the soft and silky beard that swept so Comstockwise from either side of her determined chin.

Percy was running well. On his second lap I judged he was doing a little better than twelve seconds flat, and this is remarkably good time for a soft track. He was going naturally, with sincerity, precision, and great fear. The light of his life was some forty feet behind. She had pulled her narrow skirts up to her knees to secure greater freedom of pedal action, and, though she was not actually gaining, she was holding her own. Two of the younger and more inexperienced lions occupied the space between. They loped affrightedly, but made no attempt to pass their leader, though they seemed interested and desirous of lending encouragement to Percy.

Immediately behind the lady with the facial alfalfa came Bingo, the Educated Horse. He had joined during the progress of the first lap, and at the upper end of the course. He trotted diligently with head and tail erect. In horses this indicates pride and joy. On the concert platform, Dr. Cook, the dancing Polar bear, stood manfully beside his hand-organ and calmly and even earnestly turned the handle, grinding out its one tune; something quite new, I believe—"Annie Rooney" or "After the Ball." I am not quite sure of this, for I have not kept up my music.

Hawkins has told me since that he could catch but an intermittent glimpse of the proceedings. I can understand this, for the space beneath the concert platform is necessarily somewhat restricted.

Something white fluttered before my face, and I caught at it. The object was a program that had fallen from the balcony. Before my eyes danced words. Even in the heat of my excitement I read them:

In an interview quite recently, Signor Baldini expressed the belief that most fatalities occur because the victim is inclined to turn his back upon the danger. "Face your enemy, be it beast or human, proudly and unafraid, and you are safe," he says.

During the progress of the fourth lap Percy's wife must have conceived the brilliant idea of cutting across the arena and heading off her quarry. She apparently gathered in this thought about the time that I stepped forward impulsively to call Percy's attention to the paragraph I had just read. Our orbits conjoined, intersected, or coincided, or whatever they call it, at some point.

I could not have been unconscious more than a few moments. When I awoke, there was a roaring in my ears. I turned my head slowly and found Percy's oldest lion sitting beside me. The faithful beast was calling for assistance, I think, and when he saw me move he smiled and licked my forehead.

I dislike familiarity from lions, and I pushed him away petulantly. It must have hurt his feelings, for he arose quickly, hurried to the cage, entered it, and pulled the door shut after him. Then he sat dejectedly in a corner. It may have occurred to him that Madame Baldini was due to return at any moment.

There was a heavy crash, followed by delighted laughter from the multitude. For one terrific instant I feared Percy's wife had caught him. Then there was a trumpeting, and through the wreck of a broken gate swung a large and peevish elephant.

"Gate! Gate!" I heard Hawkins cry aloud, and I started at the sight of his head thrust out from between the cross-barred supports of the concert platform. For the moment I feared his mind had given way and that he believed himself at the Horse Show. Now I am convinced that he merely tried to let Percy know that a way of escape lay open.

"How fascinating!" cried the long, thin lady with the hand-cut ice. "How well they do it!"

The elephant lumbered past, his howdah swaying terrifically. Elephants are not architecturally laid out for successful rapid transit. A terrified young lion that had been brutally kicked out of the way by Mrs. Percy, sprang into the madly bobbing howdah and concealed himself. Then hysteria took possession of that circus. Delirium swung its red banner aloft and shrieked aloud its clarion call. Picture to yourself the delighted faces of ten thousand spectators, ranged about the arena, and within that limited area, where amusement usually held sway, a little tragedy being enacted. Around and around the barked arena was speeding a strong man in fear of his life, pursued by a determined woman intent upon the avenging of her wrongs.

Two brilliantly spangled figures swung past me and joined in the pursuit of Percy. They were the Brutal Brothers, refined comedy acrobats. Ordinarily they told little jokes of the who-was-that-lady-I-seen-you-with?-that-wasn't-no-lady-that-was-my-wife variety, and stuck hatchets in each other's heads. Now they gibbered and ran.

"Yip! Yip!! Yip!!!" they howled, and were almost instantly joined by the boxing kangaroo. Curiously, it seems to be a fact that flight invites pursuit for no apparent reason. One is the psychological result of the other.

In the air above, the Viennese Troubadours, a family of European gymnasts from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, who tinkled zithers and did giant swings from one trapeze to another, dangled and shrieked like Barbary apes. I have never seen a Barbary ape, nor heard one shriek, but they must sound like



COMING UP THE SIDE LADDER I SAW A FIGURE
IN A PURPLE GOWN.

that acrobatic family of almost relatives. I can not say who started the automatic calliope to playing: "It is love that makes the world go round," but the effect was superb, and it lent a weird piquancy to the scene.

The eighth lap, accomplished amid the frantic cheers of the audience, saw a change in the order of the procession. Percy was still leading, but the kangaroo had leaped into second place. One of the young lions was third, and was followed closely by Mlle. Dashaway's Angora goats, pulling a small blue wagon. Then came Mrs. Baldini, one elderly lion with sore feet, the Brutal Brothers, the elephant, an unidentified man in a frock coat, a Skye terrier, and an unkempt person carrying a large hook.

You may have read the description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur" when one driver took a wheel off another, and of how the other contestants dashed into the wreck. If so, you will appreciate what occurred when Percy for the first time saw the shattered gate. Turning swiftly, he dashed through and disappeared. The kangaroo could not reverse his polarity so quickly,

and tripped. The rest of the procession joined him. I shall not attempt to explain to you how the Brutal Brothers, the elephant, the terrified lions, the odoriferous goats, the kangaroo, canvasman, terrier, and purple joy of Percy's life were extricated from themselves. It is enough that the trainers and razorbacks did it.

I looked upon the scene sadly. I saw Hawkins retiring through the gate and beckoning me to follow, but I shook my head. Circus life, and particularly that part of it which has to do with lion tamers, was too varied and radical for my peaceful nature. Sylvan dells and lowing kine were what I craved just then; babbling brooks and the gentle sighing of the soft southern breeze through the rustling leaves were what I needed. I climbed painfully over the barrier into a vacant box and went away as quickly as I could.

Outside the building a boy thrust a dodger into my nerveless hand before I could protect myself. In a daze I read:

LIKE THAT OF OTHER CIRCUS PEOPLE,
THE HOME LIFE OF SIGNOR BALDINI IS
IDEAL. IN CONTRADICTION TO HIS
FEATS OF MASTERLY CONTROL WHILE
IN THE ARENA, HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD
THE GENTLE BEAUTY WHO CALLS
HIM HUSBAND IS CHIVALRY ITSELF.

Casting the dodger from me, I fled.

Nearly a year later I went out in a navy launch to visit the admiral aboard the *West Virginia*. There were one hundred vessels of the fleet anchored in the mighty Hudson. I was with Captain Hogan, and so we took the starboard ladder. On deck I walked about, for the admiral was shaving. On the port side I saw a launch full of visitors approaching, and leaned over the rail to watch them climb out on the landing stage.

"H-m-m-m!" observed some one near me, and I turned to see a marine at my elbow. There was something vaguely familiar about the face. I looked again, and started violently. Then I touched him upon the breast.

"You are Percy, the Lion Tamer—" I began, when I saw a look of frozen horror

grow upon his face. I whirled about to see what fearful thing approached. Coming up the side ladder I saw a large figure in a purple gown. There was a sound of hurried footsteps upon the deck, and when I faced about, Percy had gone. Then and there I determined to keep his secret. I walked away to where Captain Hogan—he was a captain of marines—was standing, when there was a splash forward and a cry.

"Man overboard!" some one yelled, and there was a rush of feet, other splashes, and some slight commotion. Necks were craned overside, men climbed upon the bulwarks and hung from open sponsons. I waited.

Ten minutes passed, and an orderly approached the executive officer, saluted, and said: "Sir, I have to report that Private Percival has fell overboard."

"Rescued?"

"Sunk, sir."

"Make it so!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Captain Hogan turned to me. "A fine character, Percival was," he commented. "I don't believe I ever knew a more remarkable man. He had many interesting qualities. Quite a dominant personality, and he would have gone far in the service. Why, he used to control the men by the sheer power of the eye. By the way, I must show you this. I clipped it from a magazine. It was in connection with a lion-tamer chap—Ballerini, or some such name; but it seemed to describe my man."

He handed me a bit of a printed page, and I read:

The power or capacity to control wild beasts invariably goes with a similar control of human beings. For instance, lion tamers always dominate their wives, who are generally timid and shrinking women.

As I handed it back to him, a shadow fell across the deck between us, and I looked up. There stood a large woman in a purple dress. She addressed Hogan.

"I'm lookin' for a shrimp by th' name of Percival. I'm his deserted wife. I've traced him here, an' I'm goin' to take him home with me."

Hogan looked at me, and motioned with his lips. I understood him. He wished me to break the news to her. I realized that I was in the presence of strong men, and upon a battleship. Assistance was within immediate call. I felt courageous.

"Madam," I said with due solemnity, "your husband is no longer with us. He has gone to tame the sea-lions. He left no permanent address."

She stared at me. "Dead?"

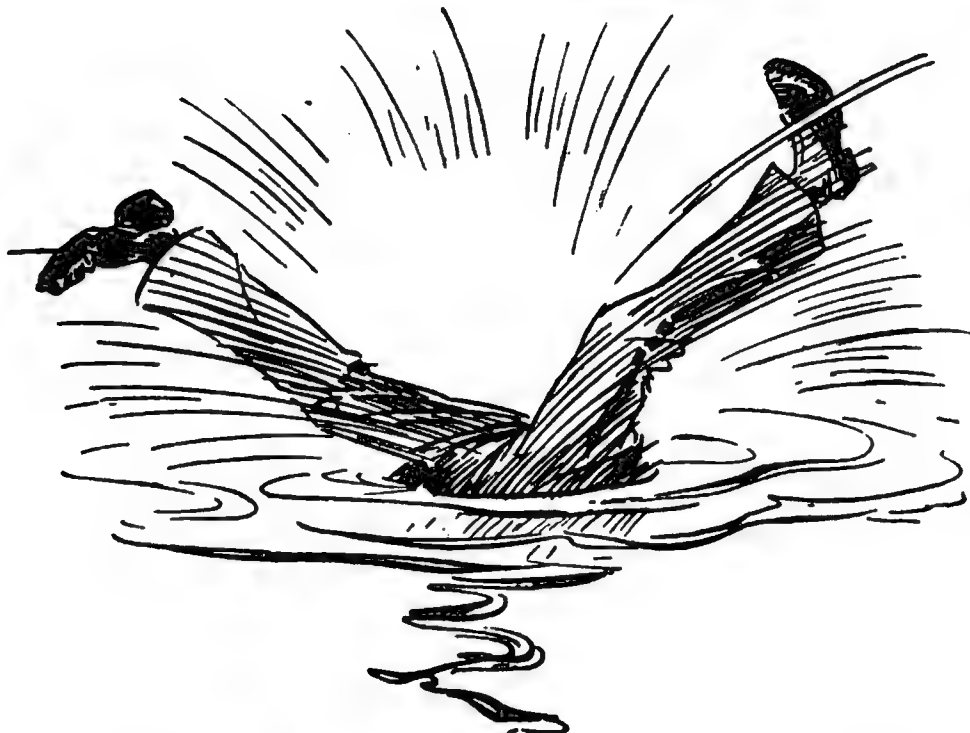
"Entirely," I replied, bowing.

Fifteen minutes later Captain Hogan was examining the Jersey shore with his binoculars.

"By James! That's funny!" he exclaimed. "There's a fellow climbing out of the water on to that pier-head. It almost looks as if he had on a uniform."

I took the glasses from my friend and focused them on a spot midway between Weehawken and Fort Lee. A man in uniform, dripping with water, stood upon the pier. He waved his hand and disappeared—in the direction of a string of freight-cars.

It was Percy!



A TRUST FORMULA

by

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DECADE by decade, since the factory came to this nation, in every important line of industry the average plant has steadily increased its capital, its number of workmen, and its annual output of goods. The fulness of this economic growth will be reached when the productive unit in each industry has grown to perfect, cost-cheapening size, and not until then.

What is the perfect, cost-cheapening size? No one can yet know. So far, speculative promotions and predatory modes of competition have fogged the experiment.

The first necessity is that conditions be made right for careful experiment to learn this size in each industry. Law and administration, rightly to condition this experiment, must be national in scope, for the producing units are coming to be nation-wide, even world-wide, industrial combinations.

What conditions shall be set by the nation? It is easy to state the fit conditions, however hard it may be to get and to keep them. One phrase states them: A fair and open field for industrial competition.

That the field be fair, cunning promotions, local price-cutting, personal and local rebates, factors' agreements, and the like, must cease. Perhaps this is trite. There is more.

That the field be open, anti-pooling clauses for railways, anti-monopoly clauses for industrials, must go too. In the fair field, *no competitor's growth must be checked even though complete monopoly come*. This is the condition not so trite.

In the national field, kept, thus, both fair and open, full monopoly may not win out in many lines of industry. It may not win out in any line. If full monopoly does win out, that will be proof that it is the sought-for, perfect, cost-cheapening unit. Whenever, and in whatever industry, this be proved, the public mind, then and there, will see that competition is dead, and should be buried to the music of suitable praise of its past service to man.

To fight monopoly then, to try to quicken dead competition then, would be unwise. Should wise Democracy join the weavers who vainly strove against the new loom, the stage-drivers who threw themselves before the locomotive? Has not man learned that honest cost-cheapeners come to stay?

But monopoly! . . . Naught but the industrial unit then proved the most fit.

Ah, but the monopolist! . . . Yes—a human being or a small group. Is not all society greater? What has great, maturing Democracy to fear from such?

The formula goes easily, clearly: Let the honest, cost-cheapening monopoly stay. It will be gigantic—nation-wide in its power and its service. Its public character will be beyond dispute. Control by the nation therefore will be as natural as it will be necessary. Shall this be effective Federal control or outright government ownership? Evolution admits no doubt here. Effective control has first place.

Such social control must extend to workmen in these quasi-public businesses the living chances now offered in full public enterprises—reasonable hours, living wages, safe and healthful factory conditions, accident compensations, and service pensions. It must protect buyers of the monopoly's stocks and bonds against gambling issues. It must safeguard buyers of the monopoly's goods against the natural bent of monopoly to set those prices which will yield it greatest pure profit.

Such price control must be at once friendly to the business and just to the public. Friendly—in that it allows such gain as will spur the captains to their best; just to all—in that it sets fair maximum margin above actual cost.

The formula is written: Democracy shall keep a fair, open, industrial field everywhere. No more than this is needed unless, through fair contest, monopoly shall come. If, and when it comes, the fact will be accepted. Master Democracy, knowing neither costly distrust nor foolish fear, will then write and enforce that law which shall make huge monopoly its giant servant.

The PLAYERS



THERE is a tide in the affairs of the theatre; and it often happens that several plays which are similar in mood and setting are drifted simultaneously to the stage. Throughout the current season, for example, we have heard the East a-calling.

The invasion of our theatre from the Orient was led by Mr. Edgar Selwyn's melodrama called "The Arab"—a quite ordinary bit of story-telling, pleasantly suggestive of the regions east of Suez in its scenery and costumes, but not particularly Oriental in psychology. This was followed by "The Garden of Allah," in which a totally undramatic text was unfolded to the languorous accompaniment of many rich and lovely sets of scenery.

Then came "Kismet," a buoyant and boyish tale, rollicking headlong through a variegated series of sumptuous and gorgeous scenes. Latterly we have seen "The Bird of Paradise," with its lyrical allurements to lazy islands far away. And, finally, Mr. Winthrop Ames has imported the pantomime of "Sumurun"—a rhapsody of decorative narrative, a terrible and lovely dream of the fabulous and eye-enchancing East.

Reasons for this reversion to the Orient are not difficult to find. For many years our theatre has been given up to realistic representations of contemporary life in America and Europe. Our plays have dealt,

for the most part, with those moral problems which arise when the modern individual finds himself in conflict with the society that surrounds him. Our themes have cast emphasis on character instead of action. Our drama has become introspective and minutely psychological. Our stage has held the mirror up to the colorless and unalluring life of every day.

It was time for us to have a change. It was time for Romance to step among us once again and wave a magic wand. The Orient offered all those elements of entertainment which had been lacking in our realistic plays. It offered us an opportunity to escape into a remote and irresponsible world, instead of looking any longer at our own faces in the glass and worrying about the artificial problems imposed upon us by society. It offered us the zest of naked narrative in exchange for the minute analysis of character. And finally, it offered us a riot of color to delight our eyes, grown dull with gazing on the gray monotony of daily life.

"SUMURUN"

Of all these Oriental entertainments, "Sumurun" affords the most complete relief from the contemporary realistic drama. In theme, it is the most aloof from actuality; in mood, it is the most remote from problematical morality; in treatment, it is the most exclusively esthetic.

"Sumurûn" is a wordless play in nine pictures. The scenario was devised by Friedrich Freska; the musical accompaniment was composed by Victor Hollaender; the scenery and costumes were designed by Ernst Stern; the acting has been accomplished by the extraordinary company of the Deutsches Theater of Berlin; and the work of all these collaborators has been harmonized and projected by that masterly stage-director, Max Reinhardt.

Professor Reinhardt is the most prominent producer in the European theatre of to-day. He represents, in his purposes, a revolt against the aims of Ibsen and the many followers of the great Norwegian in Germany and France and England. Instead of believing with Ibsen that the drama should appeal through the intellect to the moral consciousness, Professor Reinhardt believes that it should appeal through the senses to the emotions. He would remove the drama, as Poe wanted to remove the poem, to the region of the utterly esthetic.

A play, according to his theory, should be neither intellectual nor ethical; it should be "simple, sensuous, impassioned." A play should have no purpose, except to be a play; and the art of the drama should exist solely for the sake of art. The drama should call forth a simple and unadulterated emotional response, by presenting to the mind a series of images conceived in the mood of beauty, or in the subtly correlated moods of the grotesque and terrible; but it should never teach the intellect a theory nor preach the moral sense a sermon. In other words, the drama should not offer a criticism or a judgment of life: it should represent, instead, a pure creation, removed in subject and in mood from actuality.

In pursuance of these purposes, Professor Reinhardt has taken what must be regarded as an ultimate step in showing us in "Sumurûn" a drama without words. The surest way to cut off from the drama any possibility of addressing itself to the intellect or appealing to the moral consciousness, is to divest it of the literary element. The eye that looks upon a drift of moving pictures, the ear that listens to a current of commentative music, must observe without analysis and enjoy without sophistication. Since the medium of appeal is purely sensuous, the response to the appeal must be entirely emotional. Here, if ever, art must be

enjoyed for the sake of art; because it can not be enjoyed for any other reason.

And "Sumurûn" is triumphantly enjoyable. First and best of all, it is animated from the outset to the end by that most buoyant of all artistic joys—the joy of story-telling, the elemental eagerness of narrative. It tells two distinct but intricately intertangled stories, each of which is reminiscent of the "Arabian Nights." In one, the young cloth-merchant Nur-al-Din is struck dreaming by the beauty of Sumurûn, the favorite wife of the Old Sheik; he is smuggled into the harem by the dancing-girls of Sumurûn, and wins the consummation of his love; and he is discovered by the Old Sheik and is nearly worsted in mortal combat, when a providential hunchback stabs the monarch from behind and leads Nur-al-Din and Sumurûn over a flowery path to that imaginary region where there is naught but dreaming.

This hunchback is the central figure of the other story. He conducts a little theatre, and his chief performer is the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment. The Hunchback loves her passionately, but she has eyes for every man save him. She flirts with the Young Sheik; and to defend her from this youth's advances, the Hunchback accepts the bitter alternative of selling her to the Old Sheik, his father.

Then the Hunchback takes poison and sinks into a coma. His senseless body is grimly and grotesquely buffeted about by several of the other characters, who believe him to be dead. But the poison has merely stuck in his throat; and ultimately he sneezes himself alive again. Then, actuated by a passion for revenge, he brings about a struggle between the Young Sheik and his father for the possession of the Beautiful Slave—a struggle in which the Old Sheik cuts the throat of his son.

This is, of course, a savage narrative. But in a play devised to tell its story to the eye without the aid of dialogue, the passions of the characters must be intensified. The actors can not sit still and think; they can not subtly probe each other's souls. The motives for their actions must be obvious at once, and in order to be obvious must be emphatic. The spirituality of love can be suggested only through the exhibition of its sensuous allurements. Love must be, indeed, as terrible as hate, if it is to tell its story to the eye. The humor of the play

must be grotesque and violent; and the horrible must follow hard upon the heels of the beautiful and the bizarre. Revenge and lust must be the mainsprings of the plot, and the outcome must be hideous with murder. Thus "Sumurun" reverts in mood to those violent and eager tales that we all enjoyed in boyhood, and that the English drama as a whole enjoyed in the buoyant and boyish age of Marlowe.

The effect of the exhibition is to bear us back in mood to a childish state of mind, detached from the responsible and problematic world of daily living—a state of mind in which, with utter innocence, we enjoy what may be called the beauty of brutality. And this sense that "Sumurun" must be regarded as a preposterous and childish dream is emphasized by Professor Reinhardt's treatment of the scenery and costumes.

His pictorial effects are obtained by a method that is diametrically opposed to that which was employed in "Kismet." "Kismet" was made beautiful by the elaboration of details; but "Sumurun" has been made beautiful by the suppression of details. Professor Reinhardt's method is not to multiply effects, but to simplify them. His scenery is exceedingly simple. He uses bare, blank backgrounds of some single, unobtrusive color—backgrounds that stop the eye, instead of luring it onward by perspective lines; and by this means he flings full emphasis upon the costumes of his actors, which become the leading factors in his picture. These costumes are gorgeous in color, but very simple in design. They are interesting, not as dresses, but as dabs of color. The pictorial effect of the production is of one continuous and ever-fluctuating decoration—a sort of magic tapestry unrolled before the eye.

Much of the scenery is purposefully crude. There is a pink palace with wobbly little windows that looks as if a child had painted it playfully in a picture-book. The most effective scene of all is a mere procession of all the characters across the stage, with a dark, impossible palace in the background, drawn flat and blank, with no suggestion of perspective. All in all, the scenery and costumes display a careful lack of localization in either place or time. Some of the costumes suggest Turkey, others Persia or Arabia, others China or Japan; and there is no possible means of guessing at any definite

date for the story. The architecture belongs to no country and to no age. The fact is impressed upon the eye that the Orient of "Sumurun" is merely an Orient of dream; the setting has no anchorage in actuality.

Here, then, is an utter and absolute rest from realism. "For this relief much thanks." At last we may enjoy the purely beautiful, without forethought or underthought or afterthought. For, using the word "beautiful" in its broadest significance, to cover all the many-mooded triumphs that are possible to art, "Sumurun" is the most beautiful exhibition that has adorned our stage in many years.

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

The chief charm of "The Bird of Paradise," by Richard Walton Tully, is the exotic allurements of the setting. The action passes in Hawaii, in the revolutionary days of the early nineties, when an artificial and imported civilization had not as yet entirely triumphed over the simple and immemorial savagery of the islands. The scenery is picturesque; and many natives in their lovely costumes make music throughout the play upon their plaintive instruments and drowse the ear with chanting. In the first act there is a suggestion of sweet indolence and easeful bloom that tempts us to regret that the old order in those luxuriant and lazy islands had to change, yielding place to new.

The purpose of Mr. Tully's play is to exhibit the different effects produced upon contrasted characters by the vacillation between savagery and civilization. At the outset, a talented young doctor named Paul Wilson and a vigorous-minded girl named Diana Larned, arrive together from America to take up certain work among the natives. The two are friends, and there is between them an informal understanding that they shall ultimately marry each other. But Wilson falls under the spell of a lovely little native princess named Luana, marries her impulsively, and, under the lulling influence of native life, sinks gradually into a lassitude that steals away his ambition to be a man.

Meanwhile Diana Larned has become interested in a drunken beach-comber named Dean, who shows by an occasional remorseful remark that his present degradation is



Photograph by Witte, New York.

HANS FELIX AS *THE YOUNG SHEIK*, LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN AS *THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE OF FATAL ENCHANTMENT*, AND *THE HUNCHBACK'S NEGRO*, IN "SUMURÛN."



Photograph by White, New York
TULLY MARSHALL AND LILLIAN ALBERTSON
IN "THE TALKER."

the lowest step in a gradual decline from an originally sturdy character. Dean falls in love with Diana, and, aided by her influence, he struggles to remount the difficult ascent to self-respect.

It will be observed that Mr. Tully started out with a great theme—to exhibit, side by side, the disintegration of one character and the reintegration of another under the influence of the same environment—and his first act leads the audience to hope that he is going to write a great play. But unfortunately, instead of exhibiting in action the gradual fulfilment of his theme, Mr. Tully chose rather to assume that the theme fulfils itself off stage in the two years' lapse of time between his first act and his second. In his second act, Dean is already fully reformed and Wilson has already sunk from energy to indolence. The rest of the story is merely a slow and desultory commentary on the new conditions of these characters.

Yet, even as it stands, the piece is charming. The Princess Luana is played with magical enchantment by Miss Laurette Taylor; and this gifted artist's representation of Luana's gradual realization that she has wrecked the life of her lover is very appealing in its pathos. Ultimately Wilson casts her off; and, inspired with a lofty mood of religious self-sacrifice, she climbs the mount of Kilauea and casts herself into the roaring crater.

"THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM"

The intellectual and analytic acting of Mme. Simone is exhibited at its finest in Mr. Owen Johnson's adaptation of "The Return from Jerusalem," a play by the eminent dramatist, M. Maurice Donnay, that was produced in Paris during the immediate aftermath of the Dreyfus agitation. This is a very remarkable play. The dramatic struggle is effected not so much in action as in intellectual discussion. It is the practise of M. Donnay to search emotional motives with a firm and sturdy masculine intelligence. He is a critic and an analyst of character; and his method of authorship is precisely suited to Mme. Simone's method of acting.

In this play a young Jewish woman of genius exercises over a poetical and philosophic-minded man, who is a member of the aristocracy, a mental attraction that deepens into physical fascination, and leads

to forsake his wife and children in order to live his life with hers.

In the first act the triangulation of the hero and the wife is minutely analyzed; the second act, which is one long conversation between the lovers, is a sort of intellectual essay on the working-out of their relation. The heroine surrounds herself with many Jewish friends, with whose aid the hero finds himself ancestrally unpathetic; and in the third act the inevitable racial difference between the hero and members of the heroine's intimate circle comes up into a climax of intellectual anarchy. In the fourth act, it becomes evident to the lovers that they must part, because of the failure of mental sympathy between them.

It seems a little strange that so purely intellectual a play should find favor with an American audience; but Mme. Simone's great skill has made it interesting even to those theatre-goers who think they do not like to think. And she has been effectively assisted by Mr. Arnold Daly, whose performance of the hero reveals the best work that he has ever done upon our stage.

"THE TALKER"

In sharp contrast to the preceding plays, "The Talker," by Miss Marion Fairfax, reminds us of the life immediately about us. Harry Lenox and his wife are living in a suburban house, for which they are still making monthly payments on the installment plan. Lenox goes to town every morning, works hard all day, and returns home tired in the evening. That is all that he gets out of life.

Mrs. Lenox, having no children, has nothing to do all day. Therefore she pities herself, and takes to reading books on the advancement of woman. She also writes papers for her woman's club, about the freedom of the individual and the uplifting of the soul by the ideality of love. Like many people of no culture, she suffers from a sudden rush of ideas to the head; and these ideas she pours forth in a ceaseless stream of conversation. She establishes a platonic affection with an automobile dealer who takes her out in his sample car, and deems him a sympathetic soul because, unlike her husband, he listens to her.

But the automobile dealer makes love behind her back to the little sister of her



Photograph by White, New York

CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE."



CHAPINE, PRIMA DONNA WITH "THE ROSE OF PANAMA."

Photograph by Wills, New York.



Photograph by White, New York.

MADGE TITHERADGE, THE BUTTERFLY IN "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL."

husband, who is living in the house. This girl is very young, and her mind has been so fluttered by Mrs. Lenox's tall talk about the freedom of love that she elopes to Chicago with the man of the motor-car. It is only subsequently that the little girl discovers that the man is married.

This catastrophe explodes a bomb in the Lenox household and produces a prolonged estrangement between the husband and the wife. During the period of reconstruction, Mrs. Lenox has ample time to realize her folly; and after the little girl has drifted homeward, trailing broken wings, the wife, who is now a sadder and a wiser woman, is forgiven by her husband; and the couple labor together, in friendship, to make the sister's life worth living.

This play is not so dramatic as it ought to be, because far more of it is carried on in talk than in action. The dialogue is at times redundant; and the interest drifts along on a dead level instead of rising steadily as the plot advances. The treatment is less effective than the material. But the subject-matter is sound, and the author's attitude is at every point sincere. When a writer says so much as does Miss Fairfax, she may be pardoned if her craftsmanship falls short of technical perfection.

"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" was written by Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P.; and the building of the play gives ample evidence that both the authors are amateurs. After their play is over, they append an entire act to explain *ex post facto* how a certain anonymous letter has happened to bring about the preceding complications; and the first two acts serve merely to make the spectators eye-witnesses of those incidents which are to be examined in the trial scene of the third act.

In this trial scene—which makes the success of the play—a silly little woman who has been unfaithful to her husband in every possible manner except the ultimate commission of the one crime of which the law takes cognizance, stands up in the witness-box and opposes her husband's suit for divorce by pathetically pleading innocence, while the opposing lawyer strongly and ironically assails her testimony. The incident is made effective by the tears of Miss Madge Titheradge and the sardonic power of that

sterling actor, Mr. Sidney Valentine; but the scene is both sentimental and immoral, because it is designed to stimulate emotional sympathy where no sympathy is rightly due.

"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"

Mr. Eugene Walter's dramatization of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" seems, to one who has not read Mr. Fox's novel, an unnecessarily sentimental concoction. A young engineer from New York goes down to a wild district in the mountains of Virginia to undertake some mining work. He becomes interested in a simple-hearted child of nature named June Tolliver, who romps about the rocks with bare feet and streaming hair—so interested that he sends her to school for a couple of years, and imports shoes and stockings, and even party clothes, for her, from his sister in New York. June obviously loves him; but it has not occurred to him to ask the girl to marry him.

This logical solution of the situation has occurred, however, to the simple and untutored minds of the girl's family, and of another clan to which her family has always been opposed in deadly feud. Insults are exchanged, a guerrilla war breaks out, and two or three people are shot. After these casualties, the hero decides that, since his mining scheme has failed financially, he can hardly afford to return to New York; and he therefore makes up his mind to remain in the mountains and to marry June.

The story is embroidered with a great deal of sweet writing about fairies and whispering trees and the lyrical delight of getting close to nature. The play might be rather pleasing, in a childish, sentimental way, were it not that Miss Charlotte Walker insists on singing her way through it, from the outset to the end, accompanied by more than incidental music. She seems, in her reading of this part, to be incapable of natural and human speech. Her most prosaic lines are chanted and intoned; and the newly-installed pipe-organ at the New Amsterdam Theatre was employed to accompany her artless remarks in the depths of the primeval mountains. Thus performed, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" led the audience a long distance away from life. It is rather curious to consider that the piece was written by the author of those sturdy realistic studies, "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way."



Photograph by White, New York.

LAURETTE TAYLOR AS THE HAWAIIAN PRINCESS IN "THE BIRD OF PARADISE."



ARIADNE COULD SEE MUUVVER SITTING WITH HER HAIR ALL MUSSSED UP, LISTENING TO THE
NEW MAN, WHO TALKED AND TALKED AND TALKED.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXVI—TRIBUTE TO THE MINOTAUR

THE scene of Paul's departure had been no worse than many an outbreak in the ordinary married life of quick-tempered, over-tired people for whom an open quarrel brings relief like the clearing of the air after electric storm; but to Lydia it was such surface manifestation of nerves. The impulse which had made them both break out into cruel words came from some gathering bitterness the very existence of which was like the end of all things to

The following night was a black eternity for Lydia, turning wildly on her bed or rising to walk as wildly about the silent house. "I can't stand this! To hate and be hated! I can not bear it! I must do something. But what? But what?" Once she thought she had screamed out these ever-recurring words, so audibly like a cry of agony did they ring in her ears; but, forcing herself to an instant's immobility, she heard her own light, regular breathing continue undisturbed.

She sat down on her bed and told herself she would go out of her mind if she did not think of something different from the chaos of angry misery. She fell on her knees; she sent her soul out in a supreme appeal for help and, still kneeling, she felt intolerable tension within her loosen. She began to cry softly; the unnatural

strength which had sustained her gave way; she sank together in a heap, her head leaning against the bed, her arms thrown out across it. Here Anastasia found her the next morning, apparently asleep, although, upon being called, she seemed to come to herself from a deeper unconsciousness.

Whatever it had been, the hour or two of oblivion which lay back of her was like a wall between her soul and the worst phase of her suffering. There had come a cessation of what was to her the only unbearable pain—the bitter, blaming anger which had flared up in her, answering her husband's anger like the reflection of a torch in a mirror.

In that silent hour before dawn she had seen Paul suddenly as a victim of forces outside himself quite as much as she was—poor, tired Paul with his haggard face flushed with a wrath that was not his own, but the involuntary expression of suffering, the scream of a man caught in the cogs of a great machine!

She hung before her mental vision now the picture of Paul as she had seen him when she came down-stairs: Paul leaning on his hands, his face white and drawn under his thinning, graying hair.

The alleviation which came through this conception of her husband was tempered by the final disappearance of her old conviction that Paul was stronger, clearer-headed than she, and that if she could but make him once stop and understand the

forces in their life which she feared, he could conquer them as easily as he conquered obstacles in the way of their material success. She felt that he was not even as strong as she, since he could not get even her faint glimpse of their common enemy—this Minotaur of futile materialism which had devoured the young years of their marriage and was now threatening to destroy the possibility of a great, strongly-rooted affection which had lain so clearly before them. She felt staggered by the responsibility of having to be strong enough for two; and, as another day wore on, this new preoccupation became almost as absorbing an obsession as her anger of the night before.

Lydia had set herself the task of getting down and sorting the curtains in the house, preparatory to sending them to the cleaner's. Above the piles of dingy drapery her face shone, as 'Stashie had noted, with a strange, feverish brightness. Her knees shook under her, but she walked about quickly. Ariadne ran in and out of the house, chirping away to her mother of various wonderful discoveries in the world of outdoors. Lydia heard her as from a distance, although she gave relevant answers to the child's talk.

"It has come down," she was saying to herself, "to a life-and-death struggle. It isn't a question now of how much of the best in Paul, in me, in our life, we can save. It's whether we can save *any*! . . . How dirty lace curtains get! It must be the soft coal! . . . Yes, it is a life-and-death struggle. . . . I must see to Ariadne's underwear. It is too warm for these sunny days. . . *Oh! Oh!* Paul and I have quarreled! And what about? About such sickeningly trivial things. . . How badly 'Stashie dusts! There are rolls of dust under the piano. . . . But I thought people only quarreled—quarreled terribly—over great things—unfaithfulness, cruelty, differences in religion. But we neither of us have a religion. Oh, if I had now a religion! . . . Yes, Ariadne, but only to the edge of the driveway and back. How muddy the driveway is! Paul said it should be—*Paul!* How can he come back after such— Madeleine says married people always quarrel—how can they look into each other's eyes again? We must escape that sort of life. We must! We *must!*"

The thought of what she had hoped from her marriage, and of what she had, filled her with the most passionate self-reproach. It must be at least half her fault. She was re-

sponsible, she said over and over to herself, responsible, as much as for Ariadne's health. To have achieved this state of profound resolution gave her for a moment the sensation of having started upon the straight road to escape from her nightmare; and for the first time since the door had slammed behind Paul, she drew a long breath and was able to give more than a blind gaze to the world about her.

She noticed that, though it was after twelve o'clock, Ariadne had not been told to come in to lunch. When the little girl came running at her mother's call, her vivid face flushed with happy play, Lydia knew a throb of that exquisite, unreasoning parent's joy, lying too near the very springs of life for any sickness of the spirit to affect it. Like everything else, however, the touch of the child's tight-clinging arms about her neck brought her back to her preoccupation. Ariadne must not be allowed to grow up to such a regret as she felt, that she had never known her father. There were moments—she saw them clearly—when Paul realized with difficulty the fact of his daughter's existence; and he never realized it as a fact involving any need for a new attitude on his part.

"When is Daddy comin' back to us, *is* time?" asked Ariadne over her egg.

"Daddy's coming back to us as soon as his business is done," said Paul's wife. At the turn of her phrase she caught her breath and added with a quick vehemence: "No, no, before that! Long before that!"

"The front door-bell's ringin'," said 'Stashie, departing in that direction. She came back bringing Miss Burgess in her wake. Miss Burgess, apologizing for "coming right in that way," exclaimed effusively at the pretty picture made by mother and daughter. "She must be such company for you, Miss Lydia!" said Miss Burgess, deferential, sure of her own position and her hostess's, and determinedly pleased with the general state of things. Lydia repressed a sigh of impatience, but, noting the tired lines in the little woman's faded face, told Anastasia to make a cup of tea for Miss Burgess and cook her an egg.

"Oh, delighted, I'm sure! Quite an honor to have the same lunch with little Miss Holister."

Ariadne did not smile at this remark, though from the speaker's accent it was intended as a pleasantry, and after a moment's search for another morsel of appro-

badinage, Miss Burgess gave up her attempt to entertain the strange little girl and began at once on the object of her visit. "Now, my dear," she turned to Lydia, "I want you to listen to all I have to say before I make one objection. It's an idea of my own. You'll let me get through without interruption?"

"Yes, oh, yes," murmured Lydia, lifting her head down from her high-chair and untying the napkin from about her thin little

the introduction of a new element in her surroundings had for a moment broken the thread of her exalted resolutions. She won't, with as sore a heart as though it had been a common lover's quarrel, how she and he could ever get over the first sight of each other again.

Miss Burgess began in her best style, and she evidently considered so very good that she could not doubt Lydia's attention. It was all about a home for work-women, she explained, a new charity that had come from the East, had caught like anything among the Smart Set in Columbus, and was to be introduced in Endbury. The most exclusive young set in Columbus, the East End set (Miss Burgess had a genius for achieving oral captation) gave a parlor play for the first time there, in one of the old Broad Street houses, and they were willing to repeat it in Endbury.

A perfectly splendid crowd was sure to come, tickets could be Any Price, the hostess who lent her house to it would have the glory of the most *Unique* party. Mrs. Lowder would be overwhelmed with Delight to have the pick of the Society in the Capital at her house; but Miss Burgess had thought it such an opportunity for Lydia to come out of mourning with, that it was for charity.

"And it is for charity, my dear," Miss Burgess ran on. "You're the sweetest thing in the world, of course, but, like others of your fortunate class, it stands to reason you can't—a woman of entire leisure, with every wish supplied by a devoted husband—before you ask it—you can't in the line of things imagine how unlucky *poor* people are."

Through her companion's dimly-heard repetitions that, from her high heaven of indulgence, she stoop to lend a hand to less favored sisters, Lydia repeated to

herself, clinging to the phrase as though it were a magic formula: "If I can only wish hard enough to make things better, nothing can prevent me."

The telephone bell rang and Miss Burgess interrupted herself to say: "It's for me, I know. I told them at the office to call me up here." She got herself out of the room in her busy way, her voice soon coming in a faint murmur from the far end of the hall.

Lydia walked to the window to call Ariadne in to put on a thicker wrap, the thought and action automatic. She had buttoned the garment about the child's slender body before she responded again to the little living presence. Then she took her in a close embrace. With Ariadne's breath on her face, with her curls exhaling the fresh outdoor air, there came to pass for poor Lydia one of the strange, happy mysteries of the contradictory tangle that is human nature. She had felt it often with Paul after one of their long separations, how mere physical presence can sometimes bring a consolation to the distressed spirit. As she held her child to her heart, things seemed for a moment quite plain and possible.

Why, Paul was Ariadne's father! As soon as he was with her again, all would be well. It must be! Nothing could separate her from the father of her baby! They were one flesh now. There was still all their lifetime to grow to be one in spirit. She had only to try harder! They had simply started on a false track. They were so young! So many years lay before them! There was plenty of time to turn back and start all over again—there was plenty of time——

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" Miss Burgess came weakly into the room and sank into a chair.

Lydia sprang up, Ariadne still in her arms, and faced her for a long, silent instant, searching her face with passion. Then she set the little girl down gently. "Run out and play, dear," she said, and until the door had shut on the child she did not stir. Her hand at her throat, "Well?" she asked.

Miss Burgess began to cry into her handkerchief.

"It's Paul," said Lydia with certainty. She sat down.

The weeping woman nodded.

"He has left me," Lydia continued, in the same dry tone of affirmation. "I know. We had a quarrel, and he has left me."

Miss Burgess looked up wild with surprise, her sobs cut short, her face twisted. "Oh, no—no! No!" she cried, running across the room and putting her arms about Lydia. "No, it's not that! He—he—the man who telephoned said they were testing the dynamo and your husband insisted on——"

Lydia came to life like a swimmer emerging into the air after a long dive. "Oh, he's hurt! He's hurt!" she cried, bounding to her feet. "I must go to him! I must go to him!"

She tore herself away from the reporter and darted toward the door. The older woman ran after her, stumbling, sobbing, putting hands of imploring pity on her.

Although no word was spoken, Lydia suddenly screamed out as though she had been stabbed. "NO! Not that!" she cried.

"Yes, yes, my poor darling!" said the other.

Lydia turned slowly around. "Then it is too late. We never can do better," she said.

Miss Burgess tried helplessly to unburden her kind heart of its aching sympathy. "You spoke of a little disagreement, but, oh, my dear, don't let that be the last thought. Think of the years of perfect love and knowledge you had together."

"We never knew each other," said Lydia. Her voice did not tremble.

"Oh, don't! Don't!" pleaded Miss Burgess, alarmed. "You mustn't let it unhinge you so! Such a perfect marriage!"

"We were never married," said Lydia. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes.

"Oh, help! Some one!" called the poor reporter. "Somebody come quick!"

Lydia opened her eyes. She spoke still in a low, steady voice, but in it now was a shocking quality from which the other shrank back, terrified. "*I could have loved him!*" she said.

"Quick, 'Stashie, hurry, keep the baby out of the room. Your mistress has fainted!"

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PROMISE

DR. MELTON burst open the door of the house in the Black Rock woods and, running to the owner, caught hold of his bared brown arm. "Paul Hollister is dead!" he cried.

"I read the papers," said Rankin, looking down at him without stirring.

"The damn fool!" cried the doctor, his face working. "Just now! There's another child expected."

Rankin's inscrutable gravity did not waver at this speech. "You can hardly blame a man because the date of his death is inconvenient," he said reasonably. He drew up one of his deep chairs and pushed the doctor into it. "Sit down and get your breath. You look sick. How do you happen to be up so early? It's hardly daylight."

"Up? You don't suppose I've been to bed! Lydia——" his voice halted.

Rankin's quiet face stirred. "She feels it—terribly?"

"I can't make her out! I can't make her out!" the doctor flung out this confession of failure excitedly. "I don't know what's in her mind, but she's evidently dangerously near—women in her condition never have a very settled mental poise, anyhow, and this sudden shock—they *telephoned* it, and there was nobody there but that fool Flora——"

"Do you mean that Mrs. Hollister is out of her mind?" asked Rankin squarely.

"I don't know! I don't know, I tell you! She says strange things, strange things. When I got there yesterday afternoon, she was holding Ariadne—you knew, didn't you, that she called their little girl Ariadne?"

Rankin sat down, white to the lips. "No," he said, "I didn't know that. I never heard anything about—about their married life."

"Well, she was holding Ariadne as close as though she was expecting kidnappers. I came in and she looked up—God! Rankin, with what a face of fear! It wasn't grief. It was terror! She said: 'I must save the children. I mustn't let it get the children too.' I asked her what she meant and she went on in a whisper that fairly turned the blood backward in my veins: 'The Minotaur—he got Paul—I must hide the children from him.'"

"And that's all she would say. I managed to put Ariadne to bed, though Lydia screamed at the idea of having her out of her sight, and I gave Lydia a bromide and made her lie down. I think she knew me—oh, yes, I'm sure she did—why, she seemed like herself in every way but that

it all night long she has wakened at
ls with a shriek and would not be
l until she had felt of Ariadne. Noth-
aid has had the slightest effect. I'm
wits' end! If she doesn't get quieted
I finally gave her an opiate, enough
g her senseless for a time—I don't
what to do! I don't know what to
He dropped his head into his hands
t silent, shivering.

kin was looking at him, motionless,
werful hands gripping his knees. He
t seem to breathe at all. The doctor
; up.

s, I can too! I do blame him for
te of his death," he went back angrily
earlier remark. "Hollister killed him-
gratuitously as if he had taken a pis-
And he did it out of sheer, devilish
—ambition! He had worked himself
t insane, anyhow. I'd warned him
ie must take it easy, get all the rest
uld. His nerves were like fiddle-
s. And what did he do! Made a night
o Evanston to superintend a job en-
outside his work. The inspector gave
achines the regular test; but Paul
t satisfied: said they hadn't come up
at he'd guaranteed, to get the con-
took charge of the test himself; ran
peed up goodness knows how high.
ie inspector says he warned him, but
had got going and nothing could stop
speed-mad, efficiency-mad, whatever
all it. And at last the fly-wheel on the
couldn't stand it. It went through
doors and tore a hole in the roof. They
their ghastly phrase, there isn't enough
him for a funeral! The other men
widows and children, too, I suppose.
damn! damn! damn!" He stopped
in the middle of the floor, his teeth
ring, his hand at his mouth.

kin's face showed that he was making
it effort to speak. "Would I be al-
to see her?" he asked finally.

doctor spun round on him, amazed.
? Lydia? Why in the world—"
rhaps I could quiet her. I have been
o quiet several delirious sick people
others couldn't."

don't even know she's delirious—that's
uzzles me. She seems——"

ill you let me try?" asked Rankin

Lydia was still in a heavy stupor. The two
men sat down outside the door of her room
to wait. It was a long hour they passed
there. Rankin sat silent, holding Ariadne
on his knee, amusing her quietly with his
watch and the leather strap which held it.
He took the back off and let her see the little
wheel whirring back and forth. His eyes
never left the child's serious, rosy face. Once
or twice he laid his large, work-roughened
hand gently on her dark hair.

Dr. Melton fidgeted about, making ex-
cursions into the sick-room, and down-stairs
to look after his practise by telephone; and,
when he sat by the door, relieving his over-
burdened heart from time to time in some
sudden whispered exclamation. "Paul
hasn't left a penny, of course," one of these
ran, "and he hadn't finished paying for the
house. But she'll come naturally to live
with Julia and me." At these last words, in
spite of his painful preoccupation, a tender
look of anticipation lighted his face. Again
he said: "What crazy notion can it be
about the whatever-it-was getting Paul?"
Later: "Was there ever such a character-
istic death?"

Mrs. Sandworth came to the door.
"She's beginning to come to herself, I think.
She stirs and moves her hands about."

As she spoke there was a scream from the
bedroom. "My baby! My baby!"

Rankin sprang to his feet, holding Ari-
adne on one arm, and stepped quickly in-
side. "Here is your baby," he said in a
quiet voice. "I was holding her all the time
you slept. I will not let the Minotaur come
near her."

Lydia looked at him long with no sign of
recognition. The room was intensely silent.
A drop of blood showed on Dr. Melton's
lower lip where his teeth gripped it.

"Nobody else sees it," said Lydia, in a
hurried, frightened tone. "They won't be-
lieve me when I say it is there. They won't
take care of Ariadne. They can't——"

"I see it," Rankin broke in. He went on
steadily: "I will take care that it does not
hurt Ariadne."

"Do you promise?" asked Lydia sol-
emnly.

"I promise," said Rankin.

Lydia looked about her wonderingly with
blank eyes. "I think, then, I will lie down
and rest a little," she said, in a thin, weak
voice. "I feel very tired. I can't seem to
remember what makes me feel so tired."

en they reached the house in Bellevue,

She sank back on the pillows, and closed her eyes. Her face was like a sick child's in its appealing, patient look of suffering. She looked up at Rankin again. "You will not go far?" she asked.

"I shall be close at hand," he answered.

"You are very kind," murmured Lydia, closing her eyes again. "I am sorry to be so much trouble to you, but it is so important about Ariadne. I am sorry to be so—you are—very——"

Melton touched the other man's arm and motioned him toward the door.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AS ARIADNE SAW IT

ALL that day the tall, ruddy-haired man in working clothes sat in the hall within sight, though not within hearing, of the sick-room, playing with the rosy child, and exerting all his ingenuity to invent quiet games which they could play there "where Muvver tan see us"—Ariadne soon learned the reason for staying in one place so constantly. She was very happy that day. Never in her life had she had so enchanting a playfellow.

They had their lunch there at the end of the hall on the little sewing-table, with two dolls beside them, and the new man made Ariadne laugh by making believe feed the dolls out of her doll's tea-set.

It was a little queer, of course, to stay right there all the time and to have Muvver staring at them from the bedroom at the other end of the hall, and not be allowed to do more than tiptoe in once or twice and kiss her, without saying a word. But when Ariadne grew confused with trying to think this out, and the little eyes drooped heavily, the new man picked her up and tucked her away in his arms so comfortably that, though she meant to reach up and find out if his beard felt as red as it looked, she fell asleep before she could raise her hand.

When she woke up it was twilight, but she was still in his arms. She stirred sleepily, and he looked down and smiled at her. His face looked like an old friend's—as though she had always known it. He had a friendly smile. She was very, very happy. Uncle Marius came toward them, teetering on his toes the way he always did. "I think it's safe to leave now, Rankin," he said. "She has fallen into a natural sleep."

The new man stood up, still holding Ari-

adne. How tall he was! She kept going up and up, and when she peered over his shoulder she found herself looking down on Uncle Marius's white head.

"How about to-morrow?" asked the new man.

"We'll see. We'll see," said Dr. Melton, and then they all went down-stairs and had toast and boiled eggs for supper. Ariadne informed her companions, looking up from her egg with a yolk smile: "Daddy told Muvver the other day that 'Stashie had certainly learned to boil eggs something *finel*! And he laughed, but Muvver didn't. Was it a joke?"

"They are very good eggs, indeed, and well boiled," the new man answered. She loved the way he conversed with her.

"Ought we to give her some idea?" asked the doctor in a low voice.

"I would wait until she asks," said the other.

But Paul's child never asked. Once or twice she remarked that Daddy was away longer than usual "*vis* time," but he had never been a very steadily recurrent phenomenon in her life, and soon her little brain, filled with new impressions, had forgotten that he ever used to come back.

There were many new impressions! A great deal was happening nowadays. Every morning something different, every day new people coming and going. Aunt Marietta, Auntie Madeleine, Uncle George from Cleveland that she'd seen only once or twice before, and Great-aunt Hollister, whom! she knew very well, and feared.

After a time even the husbands began to appear—the husbands Ariadne had seen so rarely: Aunt Marietta's husband and Auntie Madeleine's fat, bald Mr. Lowder, who smelled of tobacco and soap, and took her up on his lap—as much as he had—and gave her a big, round dollar, and kissed her behind the ear, and smiled at her very kindly, and held her very close. He said he liked little girls and he wished Auntie Madeleine would get him one some day for a Christmas present. She informed him, filled with admiration at the extent of her knowledge, that he couldn't get a Christmas present some day, but only just on Christmas Day.

Mostly, however, they paid no attention to her—these many aunts and uncles who came and went. And, oddly enough, Uncle Marius always shut the door to Muvver's

when they came, and wouldn't let n, no matter how much they wanted to, n and see Muvver, who was, she gath- l, very sick. Ariadne didn't see really they came at all, since they couldn't see vver, and they certainly never so much ooked at 'Stashie—dear, darling 'Stashie, e of a comfort these queer days than : before; and they never, never spoke to new man, who came and went as though ody knew he was there. They would : right at him and never see him.

Everybody seemed to be very angry, and not at her. Indeed, she took the most digious care to avoid doing anything ghty lest she concentrate on herself this r widely diffused disapprobation; but no- y paid the least attention to her, nobody the new man and 'Stashie, and they en't the angry ones. The others stood ut in groups in corners, talking in voices t started in to be low and always got d before they stopped. Ariadne added eral new words to her vocabulary at this e from hearing them so constantly re- ted. When her dolls were bad now, she ok them and called them "Indecent! ecent!" and asked them with as close an- tation as she could manage of Great- it Hollister's tone: "What *do* you sup- e people are thinking? What do you ose people are thinking!" Or she ocked them into a corner and said, hocking! Shocking!"

And then there was a bigger change one r. She went to bed in her own little bed, l when she woke up she wasn't there at but in a big bed in a room at Aunt Ju- s, and Aunt Julia was smiling at her and gging her and saying she was so glad she l come to live with her and Uncle Marius a while. Ariadne found out that Uncle rius had brought her and Muvver the ht before in a carriage all the way from llevue. She regretted excessively that : had not been awake to enjoy the adven- e.

At Aunt Julia's things were quieter. All once, the other people, the other uncles d aunts, had disappeared. There was a g, long time when nothing special hap- ned. The new man continued to come e, and his visits were the only events in iadne's quiet days. Apparently he came see Ariadne, for he never went to see uvver at all as he used to in Bellevue. Uncle Marius remembered to shave him-

self nowadays. In fact, everything was more normal. Ariadne began to forget about the exciting time in Bellevue. Muvver wasn't in bed all the time now, but sat up in a chair for part of the day, and even, if one were ever so quiet, could listen to ac- counts of what happened in Ariadne's world.

It was only after she went away, some- times only when she lay awake in her strange big bed, that Ariadne remembered Muvver never said a word, but only smoothed her hair and kissed her.

Ariadne and the new man used to play out in the grape-arbor in the back yard, and it was there, one day in mid-May, that Uncle Marius came teetering out, and called the new man to one side; but Ariadne could hear what they said. Uncle Marius said:

"It's no use, Rankin. It's a fixed idea with her. She isn't violent any more, but she hasn't changed. She certainly is a little de- ranged, but not enough for legal restraint. She could take Ariadne and disappear any day. I'm in terror lest she do that. I've no authority to prevent it. She doesn't talk to me freely about what she is so afraid of. She doesn't seem to trust me—*me!*"

Ariadne found the conversation as dull as all overheard grown-ups' talk, and tried to busy herself with a corn-cob house the new man had been showing her how to build. After a time Uncle Marius went away.

She looked up with a start. The new man had come back to the arbor, but he did not look like play. He looked queer, so queer that Ariadne's sensitive lower lip began to tremble and the corners of her mouth to draw down. She could *not* remember hav- ing done anything naughty. She was frightened by the way he looked. And yet he picked her up quite gently and held her on his knee and asked her if Muvver could walk about the house yet.

"Oh, yes," she told him, "and came down to dinner last night."

The new man put her down and asked her with a "please" and "I'd be ever so much obliged," as though she were a grown-up herself, if she would do something for him—go to Muvver, and ask her if she felt strong enough to come down into the grape-arbor to see him. Tell her he had something special to say to her.

Ariadne went, skipping and hopping in pleasurable excitement at her own impor-

tance, and returned triumphantly to say that Muvver said she would come.

While she stood wondering at his silence, his face got very white. He stood up, looking toward the house. Muvver was coming out, very slowly, Muvver in the night-gowny dress Aunt Julia had made for her, only it wasn't really night-gowny because it was all over lace; Muvver with her hair in two braids over her shoulders and all mussed up where she'd been lying down. Ariadne wondered why she hadn't smoothed it a little. She knew what people would say to *her* if *she* came around with her hair looking like that!

The man went forward to meet Muvver and gave her his hand, and they neither of them smiled or said "How-do-you-do," but came back together toward the arbor. And when they got there, Muvver sat down quick, as though she was tired, and laid her head back against the chair. The man lifted Ariadne up and kissed her—he had never done it before. Now she knew how his beard felt—very soft. She felt it against her face for a long time. And he told her to go into the house to 'Stashie.

So she went. Ariadne always did as she was told. 'Stashie was trying to make some ginger-cookies, and the oven "jist would *not* bake thim," she said. They were all doughy when they came out, very much as they were when they went in; but the dough was deliciously sweet and spicy, and 'Stashie and Ariadne ate a great deal of it, because 'Stashie knew very well from experience that the grown-ups have an ineradicable prejudice against food which comes out of the oven prezactly the way it went in.

'Stashie certainly did have bad luck with her cooking, as she herself often sadly admitted. But oh, wasn't she darling to Ariadne! It made the lonely little girl warm all over to be loved the way 'Stashie loved her. Sometimes, when Ariadne woke up with a bad dream, it was 'Stashie who came to quiet her, and she just hugged her up close, close, so that Ariadne could feel her heart go thump, thump, thump. And she always, always had time to explain things.

She was putting some more milk on the stove when in dashed Uncle Marius, his mouth wide open, and his hands jumping around. "Where's your mother? Where's Mrs. Hollister?" he cried.

"Out in the arbor," said Ariadne.

"Alone?"

"Oh, no—" Ariadne began to explain, but the doctor had darted to the window. You could see the grape-arbor plainly from there, Muvver sitting with her hair all mussed up around her face, listening to the new man, who sat across the table from her and talked and talked and talked and never moved a finger. Uncle Marius put his hand up quick to his side and said something Ariadne couldn't catch. She looked up, saw his face, and ran away, terrified, to hide her face in 'Stashie's dirty apron. She heard him go out and down the steps, and went fearfully to watch him. He went across the grass to the arbor. The others looked toward him without moving.

And just then 'Stashie spilled all the cocoa she was going to use to flavor the pudding. She spilled it on the stove and it smoked and smelled awful, and 'Stashie said there wasn't any more and they'd have to go off to the grocery store to get some, and if Ariadne knew where that nickel was Mis' Sandworth give her they could get a soda-water on the way, and with two straws it would do for both.

CHAPTER XXIX

WHAT IS BEST FOR THE CHILDREN?

AS HER godfather came near, Lydia lifted her face, white under the shadow of her disordered hair, and said: "It is Mr. Rankin who must take care of the children—Ariadne and the baby, if it lives."

She spoke in a low, expressionless voice, as though she had no strength to spare.

Dr. Melton's hand on the table began to shake. He answered: "I have told you before, my dear, that there is no reason for your fixed belief that you will not live after the baby's birth. You *must* not dwell on that so steadily."

Lydia raised her heavy eyes once more to his. "I want him to have the children," she said.

The doctor took a step away from the table. He was now shaking from head to foot. "It is very hard on me, Lydia, to— to have you turn from me to a—to a stranger." His voice had grotesque quavers.

Lydia raised a thin, trembling hand and laid it on her godfather's sinewy fingers. She tried to smile into his face. "Dear godfather," she said wistfully, "if it were only myself—but the children——"

What do you mean, Lydia? What do mean?" he demanded with tremulous gnation.

he dropped her eyes again and drew a sighing breath. "I haven't the strength to explain all I mean," she said lightly, "and I think you know without my telling you. You have always known what is in my heart."

I had thought there was some affection in your heart," said the doctor, resting out his lips to keep them from trembling.

Lydia's drooping position changed slightly.

She lifted her hands and folded them together on the table, leaning forward and looking full on the doctor the somber intensity of her dark, deep-sunken eyes. "Dear godfather, I have no time or strength to waste—" the slowness with which she used her words gave them a solemn weight. "I can not choose. If it hurts you to have me speak truth, you must be hurt. You know what a failure I have made of my life, and how I have missed everything worth having."

Dr. Melton, driven hard by some overmastering emotion, drew back and threw aside precipitately the tacit understanding which he and Lydia had always kept. "Lydia, what do you mean? What are you talking about? You have been more than usually loved, you have been loved and cherished by more than a few women—" his voice died away under Lydia's honest, tragic eyes.

She went on as though he had not spoken. "My children must know something different."

"You speak as though I were not in the world, Lydia," the doctor broke in bitterly. "Or as though you hated and mistrusted me. Why do you look to a stranger for help?"

"Could you do for my children what you have not done for yourself?" she asked him earnestly. "How much would you see of them? How much would you know of them? How much of your time would you be willing to sacrifice to patiently learn the inner lives of two little children? You could be busy all day like the other people I know, making money for them to dress like other well-to-do children, for them to live in this fine big house, for them to go to private schools with the children of the people you know socially, for them to be as much as possible like the fatherless child I

was." Lydia clenched her thin hands and went on passionately: "I would rather my children went ragged and hungry than to be starved of real companionship."

The doctor made a shocked gesture. "But, Lydia, some one must earn the livings. You are——"

Lydia broke in fiercely. "They are not earning livings; they are earning more dresses and furniture and delicate food than their families need. They are earning a satisfaction for their own ambitions. They are willing to give their families anything but time and themselves."

"Lydia, Lydia! I never knew you to be cruel before! They can not help it, the way their lives are run. It's not that they wish to—they can not help it. It is against an economic law you are protesting."

"That economic law has been broken by one person I know," said Lydia, "and that is the reason I——"

The doctor flushed darkly. The tears rose to his eyes. "Lydia, oh, my dear, trust me, trust me, I too will—I will do all that you wish. Only trust me!"

Lydia's mouth began to quiver. "Ah, don't make me say what must sound so cruel!"

The doctor stared at her hard. "Make you say—you mean—that you *don't* trust me?"

She drew a pitiful breath and turned away her head: "Yes, that is what I mean," she said. She went on hurriedly, putting up appealing hands to soften her words: "You see, it's the children. I *must* do what's best for them. It must be done once for all. Suppose you found that you couldn't now, after all these years, turn about and be different—? Suppose you found you couldn't arrange a life that the children could be a part of, and help in, and really do their share and live with you—? You mean to! I'm sure you mean to. But you never *have* yet! How dare I let you try if you are not sure? I can't come back if I am dead, you know, and make a new arrangement. Mr. Rankin has proved that he can——"

At the name the doctor's face darkened. He shot a black look at the younger man sitting beside him in his strange silence. "What has Rankin done?" he asked bitterly. "I should say the very point about him is that he has done nothing."

"He has tried, he has tried, he is trying," cried Lydia, beating her hands on the table.

"Think! Of all the people I know he is the only one who is even trying. That was all I wanted myself—" she spoke dramatically, as if she were already dead. "That was all I wanted myself. That is all I dare ask for my children—a chance to try."

"To try what?" asked the doctor.

"To try not to keep life from making them worse instead of better. That's not much to ask—but nobody I know but one has——"

"Simplicity and right living don't come from camping in a shed," said the doctor angrily. "Externals are nothing. If the heart is right and simple——"

"If the heart is right and simple, nothing else matters—that is what I say," answered Lydia.

Dr. Melton gave a gesture of cutting the discussion short. "Well, of course it's quite impossible! Rankin can't possibly have any claim on your children in the event of your death. Think of all your family who would be——"

"*I think of them*," said Lydia, with an accent so strange that the doctor was halted. "Oh, I have thought of them!" she said again. She put her hands over her eyes. "Could I not make a will and appoint as guardian——" she began to ask.

Dr. Melton cut her short with a sound like a laugh, although his face was savage. "Did you never hear of wills being contested? How long do you suppose a will you made under the present circumstances would stand against an attack on it by your family and the Hollisters, with their money and influence?"

"Oh, oh!" moaned Lydia, "and I will not be here to——"

Rankin stirred throughout all his great height and broke his silence. He said to Lydia: "There is some way, there must be some way. I will find it."

Lydia took down her hands and showed a face so ravaged by the emotions of the colloquy that the physician in her godfather sprang up through the wounded jealousy of the man. "Lydia, dear, you must stop; this is idiotic of me to allow you—not another word. You must go into the house this instant and lie down and rest——"

Lydia seized his hands. Her own were hot and burning. "Rest! I can't rest with all this unsettled! I go over and over it. How can I sleep! How can you think your little opiates will make me forget that my children may be helpless with no one to pro-

tect them——" she looked about her wildly. "Why, little Ariadne may be given to *Madeline!*" Her horrified eyes rested again on her godfather. She drew him to her. "Oh, help me! You've always been kind to me. Help me now!"

There was a silence, the two exchanging a long gaze. The man's forehead was glistening wet. Finally, his breath coming short, he said, "Yes, I will help you," and, his eyes still on hers, put out a hand toward Rankin.

The younger man was beside them in a stride. He took the hand offered him, but his gaze also was on the white face of the woman between them. "We will do it together," he told her. "Rest assured. It will be done."

The corners of Lydia's mouth twitched nervously. "You are a good man," she said to her godfather. She looked at Rankin for a moment without speaking, and then turned toward the house, wavering. "Will you help me back?" she said to the doctor, her voice quite flat and toneless. "I am horribly tired."

When the doctor came back again to the arbor, Mrs. Sandworth was with him, her bearing, like his, that of a person in the midst of some cataclysmic upheaval. It was evident that her brother had told her. Without greeting Rankin, she sat down and fixed her eyes on his face. She did not remove them during the talk which followed.

The doctor stood by the table. "You must know," he finally made a beginning with difficulty—"I don't know whether you realize, not being a physician, that she is really not herself. She has for the present a mania: providing as she thinks best for her children's future. Of course, no one not a monomaniac would so entirely ignore your side, would conceive so strange an idea. She is so absorbed in her own need that she does not realize what an unheard-of request she is making. To burden yourself with two young children, to mortgage all your future——"

Rankin interrupted with a shaking voice and a face of exaltation: "Good God, doctor, don't grudge me this one chance of my life!"

The doctor stared, bewildered. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

"About myself! I don't do it often. Let me now. Do you think I haven't realized

along that what you said of me is true, that I have done nothing? Done nothing but succeed smugly in keeping myself in comfort outside the modern economic treadmill! What else could I do? I'm no orator to convince other people. I haven't any universal panacea to offer! I'm only an inarticulate countryman, a farmer's son, with no education the state gives every one—so am I, to try to lead? Apparently there is nothing for me to do but ignobly to take care of myself. But now, God be thanked, I have my chance! Some one has been hurt by their infernal squirrel-cage, and I can help—"

The older man was looking piercingly at him as though struck by a sudden thought. He now cut him short with: "You're not deceiving yourself with any notion that—"

The other answered quickly with a smile of bitter humility: "You have seen her look at me. She does not know whether I am a human being or not. I am to her any long animal, a horse, an ox—any force that can carry Ariadne safely!"

He added in another tone, his infinitely gentle tone: "I see in that the extremity of her anxiety." The young man stood up. "I am going to see a lawyer," he announced, in a quiet voice of return to an everyday level. "Until then, we have all more to think over than to talk about, it seems to me."

After he had left them, the brother and sister did not speak for a time. Then the doctor said irritably: "Julia, say something, for Heaven's sake. What did you think of what he said?"

"I didn't hear what he said," answered Mrs. Sandworth. "I was looking at him."

"Well?" urged her brother.

"He is a good man," she said.

A sense that she was holding something in reserve kept him silent, gazing expectantly at her.

"How awfully he's in love with her!" she brought out finally. "That's the whole point. He's in love with her. All this talk about 'ways of living' and theories and things that they make so much of, it—it just amounts to nothing but that he's in love with her."

"Oh, you sentimental idiot!" cried the doctor. "I hoped to get some sense out of you."

"That's sense," said Mrs. Sandworth.

"It hasn't anything to do with the point! Why, as for that, Paul was in love with her——"

"He was *not*!" cried Mrs. Sandworth, with a sudden loud certainty.

The doctor caught her meaning and considered it frowningly. When he spoke it was to burst out pathetically: "I have loved her all her life."

"Oh, you!" retorted his sister, with a sad conclusiveness.

Ariadne came running out to them. "I just went to look into Muvver's room, and she was sound asleep! Honest! She was!"

The child had heard enough of the doctor's long, futile struggles with the horrors of Lydia's sleepless nights to divine that her news was important. She was rewarded by a startled look from her elders. "Come," said the doctor.

They went into the house and silently to Lydia's half-open door. She lay across the bed as she had dropped down when she came in, one long, dark braid hanging to the floor. They stood looking at her almost with awe, as though they were observing for the first time the merciful miracle of sleep. Her bosom rose and fell in long, regular breaths. The drawn, haggard mask that had overlaid her face so many months was dissolved away in an utter unconsciousness. Her eyelashes lay on a cheek like a child's; her mouth, relaxed and drooping, fell again into the lines they had loved in her when she was a little girl.

Mrs. Sandworth's hand went to her throat. She looked at her brother through misty eyes. He closed the door gently and drew her away, making the gesture of a man who admits his own ignorance of a mystery.

CHAPTER XXX

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT

"THEY must have gone crazy, simply crazy!" said Madeleine, making quick, excited gestures. "Mrs. Sandworth, of course—a person can hardly blame her for anything! But wouldn't you think in common decency she might have let us know what they were up to in time to prevent it? They say the child is allowed to call him 'Father!' I never heard a word of this sickening business of Ariadne's adoption till day before yesterday. Did *you*?" she ended half suspiciously.

Mrs. Mortimer stopped her restless pace up and down the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged room and made a gesture for silence. "I thought I heard something—up there," she explained, motioning to the upper part of the house. "I wonder what made Lydia so sure she wouldn't live through this?"

"Well, I guess from what the nurse told me the doctor said, there *isn't* much chance for her," said Madeleine, in a hard voice. Her color was not so high as usual. Her beautiful face looked quite grim, and she spoke in a bitter tone of seriousness which made her seem another person. Marietta's thin, dark countenance looked sallow and worn, and only her black eyes, hot and gloomy, showed emotion.

Both women were silent a moment, listening to the sound of footsteps overhead. "It seems as though it *must* be over soon now!" cried the childless one of the two, drawing in her breath sharply. "It makes me furious to think of women suffering so."

The matron looked at her and shivered a little, but made no response.

"The nurse says Lydia is mostly unconscious now. Perhaps the worst is over for her! Poor Lyd! What do you suppose made her act so?" went on Madeleine, moving about restlessly, her voice uncertain. She went to the window and drew aside the shade to look out into the blackness. "Oh, I wish the men would come! What time is it, do you suppose? Yes, I see, half-past three. Oh, it *must* be over soon! I wish they'd come! You telegraphed George, didn't you? Heavens! how it rains!"

"He was to come on the midnight train. Is your husband——"

"Oh, he was horrid about it. Wanted me to do it all myself. But I told him he'd *have* to come and help out or I'd—I'd kill him! He'll bring the lawyer."

"Where do you suppose—" began Marietta, looking over her shoulder.

"Out in his shanty in the Black Rock woods," said Madeleine harshly, "with no idea of what's going on. Just before you came, the doctor sent out for a messenger to take him word, and you'd better believe I got hold of that messenger!"

"Of course that'll make things easier," said Marietta.

"Oh, it won't be hard at all," Madeleine assured her. "The lawyer'll be right at hand; it'll be over in a minute."

Marietta's face altered. She drew back

from the other woman. "Oh, Madeleine, you act as though—you were counting on Lydia's——"

"No, I'm not! Good gracious! I used to think a lot of Lydia before she disgraced poor Paul's memory this way! But, you see, it'll be easy to do, one way or the other. If she—if she doesn't—why, Marietta, you know Lydia! She never can hold out against anybody if you put things straight to her without any nonsense. We'll all be there: you and George the nearest she has in the world—I should think you'd feel awfully about what people are saying, her letting Ariadne be adopted that scandalous way when she had brothers and sisters. I should think you'd feel like asserting yourselves. I do, certainly! I'm just as near to Ariadne as you are! And I know George is perfectly furious about the whole business!"

"But maybe the doctor won't let us go in, right in to her."

A long-nourished grudge rose to the surface in Mrs. Lowder's energetic response. "Well, I guess this is one time when the high-and-mighty Dr. Melton'll have to be shoved one side, and if necessary I'll do the shoving!"

"You feel justified?"

"Justified! I should think I do! Justified in keeping my brother's child out of the clutches of that—and if my husband and your brother together can't raise the cash and the pull to get Ariadne away from him too, I miss my guess. They will, of course they will, or what's the *use* of having money when you go to law?"

She fell silent now, restless, fidgeting about, picking up small objects and setting them down unseeingly, and occasionally going to the window to look out at the hot, rainy night. She was in mourning for Paul, and above her black draperies her face was now like marble.

Mrs. Mortimer, also in black, sat in a determinedly passive silence.

Finally the younger woman broke out: "Oh, I'll go crazy if I just stay here. I'm going up-stairs to see the nurse again." In an instant she was back, her face whiter than before. "It's a boy—alive, all right—half an hour ago. Would you *think* they'd have let us sit here and never tell us?" Her voice changed. "A little boy." She sat down.

"How is Lydia?" asked Lydia's sister.

"A little boy," said Madeleine. She ad-

essed the other woman peremptorily. "I want him! You can have Ariadne!" She flushed as she spoke and added defiantly: "I know I always said I didn't want children!"

"How is Lydia?" Marietta broke in with angry impatience.

"Very low," the nurse said. "Dr. Melton wouldn't give any hope."

Marietta's face twitched. Her large white hands clasped each other hard.

"I'm going into the doctor's office to telephone my husband," went on Madeleine; "there's not a minute to lose."

After she was alone, Mrs. Mortimer's dark face settled into tragic repose. She leaned back her head and closed her eyes, from which a slow tear ran down over her pale, sallow cheek. There was no sound but the pattering of summer rain on the porch-roof outside.

Firm, light steps came hastily up to the back door; the door clicked open and shut; the steps came down the hall. Mrs. Mortimer sat up and opened her eyes. She saw a tall man in rough clothes, hatless, with rain-drops glistening on his bright, close-cropped hair and beard. He was hesitating at the foot of the stairs, but at her slight movement he caught sight of her and rushed toward her. "Has she—is there—" he began. Mrs. Mortimer gazed intently into his wavering face. "My sister has given birth to a son and lies at the point of death," she said, with her unsparing conciseness, and not harshly.

The man she addressed threw up one hand as though she had struck him, and took an aimless, unsteady step. Mrs. Mortimer did not turn away her eyes from the expression of his face. Her own grew stern.

She was trying to bring herself to speak in. She put her hand on his arm to attract his attention and looked with a fierce earnestness into his face. "Listen," she said. "We were wrong—all of us—about—Lydia. We were wrong about everything. We were right. I wanted to tell you. If my sister had lived—she is so young—I need—" She turned away to hide the sudden break-up of her rigid calm. "Little Lydia!" she cried. "Oh, misery! misery!" Behind them was the sound of a shutting door and a key turned in the lock. They spun about and saw Mrs. Lowder slip the key into the bosom of her dress. Her look of white determination suited this

theatrical gesture as she placed herself quickly before the door. "If you will promise me solemnly that you will leave the house at once, I will let you out," she said, in a high, shaking voice.

Rankin did not answer. He looked at her as though he did not see her.

"What business have you here, anyhow?" she went on fiercely.

"I am here to adopt Mrs. Hollister's second child," stated Rankin, collecting himself with an effort.

Mrs. Lowder's pale face flushed. "You'll do nothing of the sort! I shall adopt my brother's child myself! How dare you, a perfect stranger?"

"Mrs. Hollister wishes it," said Rankin.

"Lydia is out of her mind, if she is alive!" answered Madeleine, trembling excitedly, "and the child's own relatives are the proper—you needn't think you are going to keep Ariadne, either! It can be proved in any court that Lydia was crazy and that her family are the ones who ought to——"

"That will be decided in the future," said Rankin. "For the present I have a legal right to Ariadne, and I shall have to the boy."

"Do you mean you would dare to lay hands on a woman?" cried Madeleine, extending her arms across the door.

Rankin turned, and in one stride had reached the window which stood open to the hot, rainy summer night. He was gone in an instant.

"Quick! Quick! Lock the front door!" cried Madeleine, fumbling with the key snatched from her dress. She turned it in the lock and darted into the hallway, but fell back crying angrily: "Oh no, there's the back door, and the doctor's office, and all the windows. It's no use! It's no use!" She broke into a storm of sobs. "You didn't help a bit!" she cried furiously to the other woman. "You didn't even try to help!"

It was an accusation against which Marietta did not attempt to defend herself.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SWAYING BALANCE

Dr. Melton was at the top of the stairs as the other man came bounding up. "Where in God's name have you been?" he demand-

ed. "Did you start as soon as my messenger——"

"No messenger came—only 'Stashie just now. I started the instant she——"

"Have you the paper—the contract—whatever it——"

Rankin showed a flash of white in his pocket. "Is she able to sign it?"

"Oh, she must! She won't have an instant's peace until she does. She has been wild because you were so late in——"

Their hurried colloquy was cut short by a nurse, who came to Dr. Melton, saying: "The patient is always asking if the gentleman who is to——"

"Yes, yes, he's here." The doctor motioned her to precede them. "Go in; you're needed as a witness." He held Rankin back an instant at the door. "Remember, no heroics! Just have the signing done as quickly as possible and get out." His little wizened face looked ghastly in the dim light of the hall, but his voice was firm and his hand did not tremble.

Rankin followed him into the bedroom, which was filled with a strong odor of antiseptics. The nurse turned on the electric light, shading it with her hand so that the light fell only on the lower part of the bed, leaving Lydia's head in shadow. She lay very straight and stark, as though, thought Rankin despairingly, she were already dead. Her right arm was out over the sheet, her thin hand nerveless. Her face was very white, her lips swollen and bleeding, as though she had bitten them repeatedly. At the slight sound made by the men, she opened her eyes and looked at them.

Every vestige of color dropped out of Rankin's face. Her eyes were alive, sane, exalted—Lydia's own eyes again!

He was holding the paper open in his hand, and without a word knelt down by the bed, silently offering it to her. With a faint, sighing breath, loud in the silent room, she raised her hand. It fell to the bed again. Dr. Melton then knelt beside her, put his own sinewy, corded fingers around hers, and guided them to the paper. The few lines were traced. Lydia's hand drooped and her eyes closed.

Rankin stood up to go. The nurse turned off the light, and the room was again in a half-obscurity, the deep, steady voice of the rain coming in through the open windows, the sweet, summer-night smells mingling with the acrid odor of chemicals, Lydia

lying straight and stark under the sheet—but now her eyes were open, shining, fixed on Rankin. Their light was the last he saw as he closed the door behind him.

After a time the doctor came out and joined Rankin, waiting at the head of the stairs. He looked very old and tired, but the ghastly expression of strain was replaced by a flickering restlessness. He came up to Rankin, blinking rapidly, and touched him on the arm. "Look here," he whispered. "Her pulse has gone down from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and thirty." He sat down on the top step, clasped his hands about his knees, and leaned his white head against the balustrade.

"Lord! Rankin, sit down when you get a chance!" he whispered. "If you'd been through what I have! And you needn't try to get me to add another word to what I just told you. I don't dare! It may mean nothing, you know. It may very likely mean nothing. Good Heavens! the mental sensitiveness of women at this time—it's beyond belief! I never get used to the miracle of it. Everything turns on it, everything! If the pulse should go down ten more now, I should—oh, Heaven bless that crazy Celt for getting you here. Good Lord! If you hadn't come when you did! But I don't see what could have become of the messenger I sent—why, hours ago. I knew that nothing could go right if you weren't here. Good Lord! If you hadn't come when you did! Is that the door?"

He sprang up and sank back again. "I told the nurse to report as soon as there was any change. I was afraid if I stayed in the room she would feel the twitching of my nerves—yes, really, it's so—she's in a state when a feather's weight—Suppose 'Stashie hadn't brought you! I couldn't have kept Madeleine off much longer. If Madeleine had gone into that room, I—Lydia——"

Rankin gave a sound like a sob and leaned against the wall. He had not stirred since the doctor's first words. "You don't mean there's *hope*?" he whispered. "Any hope at all?"

The doctor sprang at him and clapped his hand over his mouth. "I didn't say it! I didn't say it!"

The door behind them opened, and the nurse stepped out with a noiseless briskness. The doctor walked toward her steadily and listened to her quick, low-toned report.

Then he nodded, and she stepped back into the bedroom and shut the door.

Rankin made an inarticulate murmur of appeal. His face glared white through the obscurity of the hall.

The older man went back to him and looked up earnestly into his eyes. "Yes, there's hope," he said. He added with a brave smile: "For you and Lydia there's every hope in the world. For me—there's the usual lot of a father."

CHAPTER XXXII

ANOTHER DAY BEGINS

THEY started. From below came a wail of fright. As they listened, the sound came nearer and nearer. "That's Ariadne—a bad dream. Get her quiet, for the Lord's sake!" whispered the doctor.

"Where is she sleeping?"

"In the room next the parlor."

Rankin leaped down the stairs. At the foot he was met by a little figure in sleeping-drawers. "Favver! Favver!" she sobbed, holding up her arms.

Rankin caught her up and held her close. "You promised you wouldn't get so afraid of dreams, little daughter," he said, in a low, tender voice of reproach.

"But this was a *nawful* one!" wept Ariadne. "I fought I heard a lots of voices, men's and ladies', as mad—oh, awful mad—and loud!" She went on incoherently to explain that she had been too frightened to stir, even though after a while she dreamed that the front door slammed and they all went away. But then she was *too* frightened and came out to find Favver.

Rankin took her back to her bed and sat down beside it, keeping one big hand about the trembling child's cold little fingers. "It was only a bad dream, Ariadne. Just go to sleep now. Father'll sit here till you do."

"You won't let them come back?" asked the child, drawing long, shaken breaths.

"No," he said quietly.

"You'll always be close to take care of me?"

"Yes, dear."

"And of Muvver and 'Stashie?"

There was a pause. Ariadne spoke in grieved astonishment: "Why, of *tourse*, of Muvver and 'Stashie, Favver."

Rankin took a sudden great breath. "I hope so, Ariadne."

"Well, you *can* if you want to," the child quaintly gave her assent.

She said no more for a time, clutching tightly to his hand. Then, "Favver——"

"Yes, dear."

"I fink I could go to sleep better if I had my bunny."

"Yes, dear," said the man patiently. "Where is he?"

"I fink he's under ve chair where my clothes are—ve *big* chair. 'Stashie lets me put my clothes on ve biggest chair!"

The man fumbled about in the dark. Then, "Here is your bunny, Ariadne."

The child murmured something drowsily unintelligible. The man took his seat again by the bed. There was a pause. The child's breathing grew long and regular. The rain sounded loud in the silence. In the distance a street-car rattled noisily by. Ariadne started up with a scream, "Favver! Favver!"

"Right here, dear. Just the trolley car."

"It 'minded me of the mad ladies' voices," explained Ariadne apologetically, breathing quickly. She added: "Vat was such a *nawful* dream, Favver, I wonder could I have your watch to hear tick in my hand to go me to sleep?"

"Yes, dear, but only for to-night, because of the bad dream."

There were little nestling noises, gradually quieting down. Then, sleepily, "Favver, please."

"Yes, dear."

"I fink I could go *all* to sleep if you would put your head down on my pillow next my bunny."

A stir in the darkness and an instant's quiet, followed by, "Why, Favver, what makes your face all over water?"

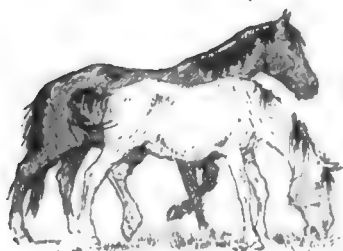
There was no answer.

"And your beard is as wet as—" she broke off to explain to herself, "Oh, it's rain, of tourse. I forgot it's raining. *Now* I remember how to *really* go all to sleep. I did before. I listen to it going patter, patter, patter, patter—" the little voice died away.

There was no sound at all in the room but the swift, light voice of the watch calling that Time, Time, Time can cure all, can cure all, can cure all, and outside the brooding murmur of the rain.

A faint, clear gray began to show at the windows.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



GREEN GRASS

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

VISITORS from Ebenezer, Missouri, and other centers where Progress has laid a heavy hand upon Charity, make cruel jests about the horse-cars in New York City. Blooming youth is ever prone to forget the respect due to age. The truth is that the horse-cars serve two highly useful purposes. They check in some degree the suspicion that New Yorkers are always in a hurry, and they serve as a constant outlet for the spirit of adventure.

One of these horse-cars comes down University Place several times a day. In order to do this, it has to cross Union Square on the rails of the electric cars. All business is suspended while this passage takes place. It looks hazardous, but there is really no danger. Many a motorman who would cheerfully side-swipe a funeral procession feels a catch in his throat as this horse-car pants by. Once it tottered and fell, almost at the feet of the Abraham Lincoln statue. Willing hands placed it tenderly back on the tracks, and bade it Godspeed.

This particular horse-car comes from somewhere north of Union Square. Just where is a secret which I shall not divulge, because I don't know. It goes down University Place to a point somewhere between Tenth and Eighth Streets, according to the condition of the horses, and, after necessary repairs have been made, returns to its starting-place.

There was a passenger on this car last

year, an old man who was making his first visit to New York in many years. When he found that the car did not go past Niblo's burlesque show, he got off indignantly without paying his fare, and the conductor had to pursue him seven blocks to get the nickel.

Conductors on this street-car come and go. Some of them join the army; one, I know, ran away to sea, and several others followed people away from the car and obtained good homes. They all complained that they couldn't stand the motion.

But the driver, old Bill Greenway, never paid any attention to the conductors, anyway. After twenty years of driving the same horses, over the same route, he finally reached the point where he could not bear interference. So, for several years, now, he has always given himself the bell to stop and to start, and enforces a rule that passengers, on boarding his car, must tell him where they wish to alight. Some new conductors, full of the importance of their position, have demurred at this arrangement. For such malcontents, Bill has the simple expedient of unlashng the bell-rope.

One night, as I passed the car, I observed that Bill Greenway was no longer driving, and Bill's horses, which had entered the service with him, had been replaced by two animals that seemed repulsively strong and well-nourished. I asked the new driver about Bill.

Original from

"Bill's quit," he said. "Gone to the country."

I was glad for Bill. It seemed a fitting end to days of straining and shouting on the forward end of that car.

Two weeks later, I passed the car again. Bill was back. So was one of Bill's horses, the one he called Jessie. The other, Major, had given place to a young roan, whose great limbs and plump figure made a contrast unflattering to the thin shanks and keen-edged hip-bones of the old favorite. It was evident that Jessie hated the new horse from the bottom of her equine soul. Her twenty-seven odd years resented the youthful vigor and care-free demeanor of the other. While I watched, she leaned

over deliberately several times and snapped at her by-companion's neck. Bill manifested great pleasure.

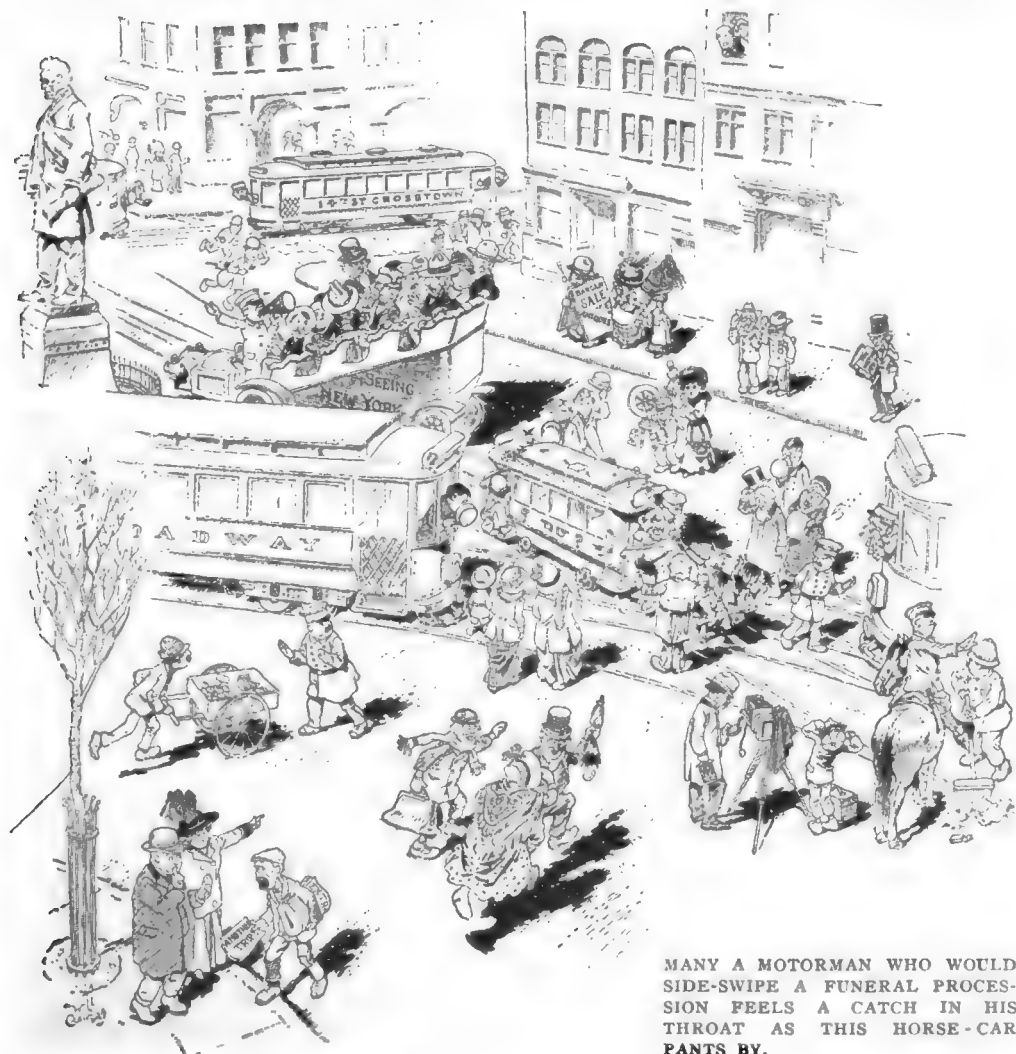
"Go for her, Jessie," he said. "Show her what's what."

Jessie responded to the helpful suggestion with another snap of the jaws.

"They don't get along well," I said to Bill.

Bill looked at me a minute reflectively. "Jessie's got no reason to be good-natured any more," he answered. And then he told me this story:

"It was on a Friday night, going on a month ago, and it was our last trip. We was standing right here on the rail, and me looking the car over to see if anything was



badly broke, when an old feller steps out from the sidewalk and says to me, 'Ain't your name Greenway?'

"He was a kind-looking old gentleman,



ONCE THE CAR TOTTERED AND FELL, BUT WILLING HANDS PLACED IT TENDERLY BACK ON THE TRACKS.

so I suspects he is a 'spotter.' I says: 'Yes, that's my name; and if you've got a piece of twine handy, so I can mend this brake-beam, we're starting right back in a few minutes.'

"The old feller laughs a minute, and then he says: 'I don't care a whang when you start back. I've got something personal to say to you, Mr. Greenway.' Then he drags me over under a light, and shows me his card. 'I'm a boyhood friend of the receiver of this here road,' he says, 'and I've taken a notion.'

"I got kind of scared, he was so serious about it. You see, the receiver of this here railroad is a pretty big guy. Don't I know? We tried to run the road without a receiver, one year, and it come darn near failing up. So I thought we'd better be moving on. I

went back to the car and grabbed the ribbons, and shouted to the conductor, 'Here, you, climb up there, and take a holt, and don't forget to hold the roof on tight, when we go across the square!'—the roof of the car being kind of loose, you see, and it needing to be pulled down on, when we went across the big tracks.

"But I couldn't shake the old gent that way. 'Wait a minute, Mr. Greenway,' he says. 'I want to speak to you. If you start up them horses, I'll have you fired.'

"I dropped the ribbons. I ain't no coward, but when a man has worked up to a good job, he don't want to lose it. 'Well, what is it?' I says.

"How long have you been driving of this car?' says the old gent.

"Twenty-one years next May,' I told him.

"And them?' he says, pointing to Jessie and Major.

"Them's seen the same service.'

"Don't you ever get tired of railroading?' he goes on.

"This ain't much railroading,' I told him. 'It's repair work and navigating.'

"Well, anyway,' he says, 'don't you ever feel the need of rest?'

"I didn't know what his game was, but I kind of thought he wanted to get me to kick against the road, and then write me up to the main office. So I says, which is so: 'Oh, I have two hours off every other Sunday afternoon, and then I mostly falls asleep.'

"Well, Mr. Greenway,' he says, 'how would you like to quit this job and go to the country? That's my notion,' he says. 'I've been seeing you going back and forth on this line for a long time,' he says, 'and you're getting along in years,' he says, 'and you ought to have something different for to end your days with. Now, I've got a farm over in Jersey, and I need just such a faithful man as you for to be on that farm. That's my notion. The work won't be arjus,' he says, 'and I want you to take them annermals that you've been driving on to the front of that car, and all three of you can live the simple life,' he says. 'If you

say the word,' he says, 'I can fix it with my friend what runs the road.'

"I looked foolish a minute. I didn't know what to say. So I jest said, 'It would be healthy, all right.'

"Ah, yes, Mr. Greenway,' says the old gent, 'herbs in rooris, you know, according to the Latin.'

"I seen what he meant. 'You bet,' I says. 'Roots and herbs is the best medicine. These new-fangled doctors is fakes,' I says. —'But who would they get to run this here car?'

"Don't you worry about that,' says the old gent. 'The question is, will you go?'

"I thought a while. Jest then the conductor, what had fallen asleep, wakes up out of a dream and yanks the bell-rope five or six times, thinking he was in danger. While I was unlashin the bell-rope, and quieting Jessie and Major, I was thinking hard. Finally I made up my mind, and I spoke up:

"Mister,' I says, 'maybe you know the boss of the road, and maybe you've jest got one of them cases where a man can walk and talk straight, only he wants to do something for somebody. I knowed a good-hearted man once,' I says, 'who had one of them kind, and went around offering messenger boys a dollar apiece for homeless cats to be delivered at his hotel, and in the morning they was



six thousand fresh-made homeless cats delivered to the back entrance and a army of messenger boys threatening for to burn the hotel unless they got their money.

But if you're sober and on the level,' I says, 'which you look it, then I'm you're man. Providing,' I says, 'these faithful annormals and me ain't separated in life and death.'

"Well, when I pulled in at the barn that night, I found out that it had all been arranged by that old gentleman, because the super, he came to me and good-naturedly struck me on the back like a pile-driver, a kind of thing which I hate because it's the only way a man can get punched and not have no cause for to defend himself, and he says, 'Bill, we hear you're all through, and going to the country for a nice soft, easy life.'

"And the horses?' I says.

"Them, too,' he says.

"So, in reconition of my long services with the road, I was presented by my assembled feller workers with the chanst to buy drinks for the crowd, which I did so, with high spirits like my pocket was being picked.

"We started off in the morning early, me and Jessie and Major; me sitting in the back of a kerridge and pulling the two faithful annormals along. When we got out on to the country roads I could see that they begun to hurt them horses' feet, which was accustomed to paving-blocks, and Jessie she began to limp a little. Only for that and the fact that everything was so darned green looking that it blinded me, we got along all right, and just before noon we stopped at a place, and who should come out bareheaded but the old gent who had got us out to live the simple life.

"Welcome to Happy Achers,' he says, 'which is what I call this pastooral locality where milk and honey flows like imported and domestic at a Tammany mental improvement society—or words to that effect.'

"Achers is right,' I says, feeling them places which had been bounced around on to the tail of that kerridge, 'but we're game, me and Jessie and Major, and as soon as we get something into our stumicks, we'll be happy as a conductor who has broke his fare-register.'

"We had a great dinner, and lots of it, and all the milk you could drink, only it

had a kind of yellowish scum on to the top of it which you had to spoon off before you could get the milk. And the way I et potatoes was something vulgar. I bet I et two dollars' worth of them spuds. I got ashamed and offered to send into New York for some more at my expense, but the woman who brought 'em on to the table, she looked at me and said, 'Ain't you a funny man?' and laffed fit to die. I know what the joke was, now. They have potato bushes of their own.

"After dinner the old gentleman came to me and says that I had better rest two or three days before I begun to work. I told him I guess not, because me and Jessie and Major would get stiff joints laying around the barn. He seen I meant it, so he says: 'Oh, well, you may be right. I've got a piece of ground I want to plow, so you and the horses can go at it; only take it easy, because it's hard work!' Then he shows us the plow, and I can see right away that farm work is totally different from the railroad business.

"This plow game was funny. You stick a big piece of iron into the ground and let the horses pull it along. It goes easy enough, but it spoils the looks of the ground. We hitched Jessie and Major on to the end of that thing, and I grabbed the handles and give the horses a gentle soak with the whip. Them annermals wouldn't budge.

"Come on, Jess; come up, Major,' I yells to 'em. 'Here comes a damn cable-car,' I hollers. But they wouldn't budge.

"All of a sudden I seen what was the matter. I left the annermals and went up to the house and borrowed a bell, which I hitched on to the right handle of the plow. Then I took a stick and hit it twice—ding! ding!—and them horses put their toes into the ground and went along fine. When I wanted 'em to stop I give 'em one bell—and it made us all feel at home, and in an hour we had made some of that fine piece of land look rotten and lumpy, and we was all pretty happy achers, just as the old gent predicked. Of course, me not being an old hand, them rows was crooked, and we skipped some places; but the main point was to make that ground unfit for to be used, and we did that all right.

"Then we all stopped under a tree where somebody had been and left some nuts, which I opened and ate one, and it

tasted like the ones that even a Greek hot-chestnut pedler don't dare to sell, which is something poisonous. They call 'em ache-horns—and it's a good name; ache-horns is fine food for happy achers, which you understand I say sarcastic.

"They give me a nice room, though, to sleep in that night—only I couldn't get to sleep, what with the noises going on outside the window. They was a continuoal noise like two or three thousand peanut-roasters' whistles, and a bird (so they told me in the morning) came on to a tree and kept on inquiring and kicking like he thought he had left some article in the car. I couldn't sleep a wink, and, besides, I knowed from the feelings inside of me that something was going to happen. I didn't have no idea what it was going to be, but I knowed it was coming, and I wished I was back in my own room in little old New York.

"Sure enough, the trouble begun to come. After breakfast I took Jessie and Major out into the yard, and was going to hitch 'em to the plow, when the old gent appears and says, 'You better turn them annermals out into that field over there. They's another mare there,' he says, 'and it will do 'em a heap of good to feel the green swords underneath their feet.' Which was a joke, maybe, for that old feller ain't naturally a cruel man, and they wasn't no such weapons around.

"And what'll I be doing?' I says.

"You can watch 'em,' he says.

"So I did, taking it easy underneath a tree.

"Now I want to tell you that the minute I laid eyes on this other horse in the field, I knowed it was no good. For one thing, it didn't have hardly no hair on its ankles, and that goes to show that it was no respectable, hard-working annermal. And another thing, it was eating grass. You ought to have seen the look on Jessie's face when she seen that horse eating grass. Major, he was surprised, too. Jessie, she looked at the grass and then she looked at me, and snorted like any outraged female, and went over to the other side of the field. And just to calm her feelings, I went up to the barn and brought her down a handful of hay, which she ate delicate and thankful.

"Pretty soon that strange horse walks over to where Major was. Major, he started to run, but he thought better and stood

his ground waiting for two bells, as I figured out. They passed the time of day, this other horse and Major, which was proper and polite, and after a minute or two I took out my bell and give two whacks on it with a stick.

"You could have knocked me stiff with a transfer when Major paid no attention to the bells, but just leaned over and grabbed a mouthful of grass, and begun eating it. Having got one taste of it, he began to rip up the grass something frightful. I hollered to him, 'Major, you darn fool, you stop eating that stuff,' and went over to grab him; but when he seen me coming he and that other horse they run for all they was worth, stopping now and then to grab a mouthful of grass. And all the time Jessie she was looking on like her eyes would pop out of her head.

"Well, it took about ten minutes for Major to get so full of that grass that you could almost see his old hide turning green. And then he began carrying on something shameful. He dropped down sideways, and fell over on to his back, and began to swing his legs into the air and squirm around, snorting and making an awful disturbance. And this other horse leading him on worse and worse. I stood out there giving two bells till I saw it wasn't no more use than telling a drunken man about his grocer's bill, and then I give Jessie two bells and took her back to the barn, all broke up by them actions.

"When I went out to look for Major, I saw him and that other horse standing together, still eating grass, but slower, and I could see that they was as thick as thieves, and when I hollered, 'Major!' at the top of my voice, Major he just looked at me as if he had been introduced to me somewhere in a crowd, but had forgotten exactly who I was. And me that had drove that annermal summer and winter, and often picked glass and pieces of stone out of his feet! I felt pretty bad; and Jessie she wouldn't eat her hay that night, and I could hear her stamping her feet every time I woke up.

"Every morning, for the next few days, I took Jessie out in the field to see if the sight of her wouldn't bring Major back to his right mind; but he was on a spree that looked as if it might last till he went into the delirium trimmings and had to be gave the Keeley cure. And, of course, I didn't want to tell the old gent, because it wasn't

his fault, and it would only make him feel bad. So I let on that I didn't feel just right, and laid around watching the way things was going. Besides, I knowed that Major's age would begin to tell on him pretty soon, because an old feller can't keep up with the young ones very long, either human beings or annermals.

"And that's just what happened. I could see that when Major cavorted, he did it with a kind of rheumatic limp, and sometimes when he rolled over and kicked his heels in the air he found it was pretty hard to get up, and lay there a while puffing and panting and making believe that he wasn't really trying to get up anyhow.

"And then, one afternoon, when I had Jessie out there, she looking sad and thoughtful, Major he shook himself once or twict, like any fellow who is coming out of it with a Katzenjammer and a feeling that he wants some one to be kind to him and tell him about the straight and narrow track, and made slow and solemn in the direction of where me and Jessie was standing. You never seen such a face of repentance as Major had. He had been going the pace that hands people the knockout, and he had seen it at last. He came on, slow, making believe that the rheumatic limp was where he had accident'ly fell and hurt hisself.

"I made up my mind to treat Major just as kind as I knew how, and let bygones be bygones. So I reached out and patted him on the first bone I could reach, and said something bright and cheerful. That tickled Major, and he turned to Jessie, who was standing looking in the opposite direction, feminine-like. I thought she would relent all right when she felt good and ready, and I was just going to pat Major again to give him courage, when Jessie give a triumphant snort and lifted up both heels to onct, and planted them right where Major's breastplate used to be, on the horse-car harness. He fell like he had been struck behind the ear by a taxi-cab. He rolled over on to one side, give me and Jessie a sorrowful look, and that was all. Jessie walked, of her own accord, right back to the barn, and her appetite came back, and she made a good meal.

"I see the country was no place for me and Jessie, after what had happened, and the old gentleman was willing we should go back on to the horse-car. When we was

speaking about the great loss Major would be, the old gent says: 'I ain't going to have you go back to the city with only one horse, when you came out here with two. I ain't got much use for that one out in the field—hadn't you better take her back with you?'

"First, the idea of driving that miserable critter on my car, to be continuoally reminding me of Major, didn't strike me right. But all of a sudden an idea come to me. It would be a regular life sentence of objick-lessons for the darned fool, always to be traveling alongside of Jessie,

what had been done such an injury. So I said, 'All right,' and here they are.—Jessie won't have no mercy on her, will you, Jess?'"

"Well, we'd better be going along now," said Bill to me, getting up and pulling the reins taut. He solemnly gave himself two bells, and as solemnly tapped the foot-gong, though the street was almost deserted.

"Go along, Jessie, that's the girl," he said; and then, laying a short lash ungently over the back of the other horse, he shouted, "Gwan, now, you affinity!"



IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

by

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

AS the sweet even, falling down
The woods and fields above the town,
Turns sudden all the shallow river's onyx sands to gray and brown,

A file of children heading west
Meet at the narrow bridge abreast
A throng of children eastward bound, in flowering vines and daisies drest.

The playmates trooping toward the morn,
With frocks all berry-stained and torn,
Their picnic baskets toss and swing, and sweetly toot a woodland horn.

The others turn, and yield them ground
(Toward evening, and the barrens, bound);
Not decked are these with daisy-chains; another chain their necks have found.

With shoulders bent they plod along,
Nor mark the merry-makers' song:—
Their gray and grimed procession notes no music but the factory's gong.

One harshly coughs, and, stumbling on,
A little blood gasps forth anon;
Then drags his worn and listless feet across this childhood Rubicon.



STRAIGHT TALK

CONCERNING THE BENCH OF OLD VIRGINIA

I had been intending for a long time to write and thank you as best I could for the long public service you have done the people in making their fight against the Interests, and for your general efforts in the direction of promoting morality among the people. After reading the first instalment of Mr. Connolly's "Big Business and the Bench," I am constrained to lost no time in writing that letter of thanks.

While all of your stories have not been as strictly along moral lines as I could wish, and I have felt I had the privilege of complaining to you of them in one or two instances, yet I am convinced men are never perfect and we will have to take a few minor imperfections along with a great deal of good.

It was earnestly charged in our comparatively recent Democratic primary election in Virginia, by a leading candidate, that our state judiciary was almost to a man in sympathy with the machine wing of that party, and that we were in grave danger of miscarriage of justice for that reason; yet few believed it was so serious. But since Mr. Connolly's beginning of exposures along that line and his convincing statement that the corruption of the higher judiciary in certain states has had or will have a corrupting effect on the other judiciary in the rest of the states, we should at least begin to open our eyes here in old conservative Virginia.

An ex-judge of a near-by county a short time ago remarked to the writer, openly in a railway car, that he had once fought the Democratic state machine to the best of his ability, and it had resulted in his losing out on everything he had tried to get in a political way, but that as soon as he trained with the machine he got what he was after. That might have

been taken as an isolated case and of no importance; but during the campaign referred to, many suspicious things occurred which at least will justify our not having any longer the reverence for our judiciary that they have heretofore enjoyed.

Carysbrook, Va.

C. E. J.

A MAGAZINE OF REAL THINGS

Last year I had several copies of your EVERYBODY'S, which convinced me that you were after *real* things. We are now regular subscribers, and are mightily pleased with the task which you have undertaken under the title of "Big Business and the Bench."

Mr. C. P. Connolly is certainly on the right track, and will not have to go back to ancient history for material or evidence to substantiate his assertions.

Omaha, Neb.

F. H. C.

BIG BUSINESS IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY

MR. C. P. CONNOLLY.

Dear Sir:—I have this morning subscribed to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to get the benefit of your articles on "Big Business and the Bench." It is my deliberate judgment, after thirty years of practise in the courts, that the most corrupt and corrupting branch of American government is the judiciary that is protected by a subsidized press. It has heretofore intimidated every writer who is inclined to expose it, and every lawyer dreads the effect of its displeasure upon his business. I have seen the trail of the serpent and felt its fangs, like the advocate in the Sullivan case. I have criticised judges in language almost as strong, if not quite, in a petition for a rehearing, and I was told that if I filed the petition I would be ruled in contempt and perhaps disbarred. I filed it, and it was

stricken from the record, with leave to file a petition in "respectful language." A modified petition was prepared and filed in which I did not join. It was overruled without word or comment, and two opinions now stand as precedents, both of which are legal travesties.

Two of the most prolific fields I know of for such articles as you are writing would be the Supreme Court of Tennessee and the Supreme Court of Kentucky. Both are dominated by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. Incidentally, we have never had a fellow-servant act. A railroad lobby in both houses has defeated such a bill in every legislature for the last twenty years.

Bowling Green, Ky. R. H. S., Att'y.

NOT WITH US

I read your last number attacking the judiciary. I can not say that I am with you in this movement, and for this reason: you assume that because there are many isolated cases of corruption and dishonesty among judges, the whole judicial system is subject to attack and censure. That, at least, is the general tone of the first article. Individual cases of corruption you can not attack too severely. But do these isolated incidents argue for a system corrupt in its entirety? Of course there is corruption; there always will be in any department of human activity—that is because it is *human*. But does that justify a general attack upon the judiciary as a whole?

Besides, what is the cure? More honest men? That remedy is to be applied to individual cases and not to the system.

Don't be iconoclastic. Diagnose the case and then let us know the remedy.

Defiance, O. H. P. E., Att'y.

THE COURTS NEED HONEST CRITICISM

I read with a great deal of interest the first chapter on the conduct of judges of certain courts, by C. P. Connolly, and want to congratulate you for taking up this matter.

It is something that should have been done long ago, and I hope that he may continue to expose, if not the corruption, at least the bias of the courts.

I have been a practising attorney for forty years; have tried causes in eighteen different counties in my native state, including the two largest cities, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, before at least fifty different judges, and have found in my own experience what Mr. Connolly so forcibly portrays.

When I was admitted to the bar in 1872, lawyers might have differed as to the opinions on questions of law, but no one thought of attacking the integrity of the courts. It is not so

now. The reason is plain, and I am glad that a magazine of the standing of EVERYBODY'S has taken up the cudgel. And before its articles are finished, EVERYBODY'S will awaken the conscience of the bar to the fact that if lawyers wish to have the respect of the public, as the bar formerly had, they must take a firm stand and speak plainly their minds to the courts. The time for mincing words has passed.

Altoona, Pa.

F. L., Att'y.

ANOTHER DISSENTING VOICE—BUT THE "AYES" HAVE IT

I notice with great regret that you propose a sensational—at least so described—investigation of the judiciary of this country. Of course there can be no objection to a sane, rational, and fair investigation of anything; but our courts are the bulwark of our liberties, and any lack of respect for the courts will bring us that much nearer to anarchy and barbarism. Respect, even reverence, for the Supreme Court should be encouraged. Its decisions have been, with few exceptions, wise.

Of the Christian religion it might be said that the "worst crimes of history" have been perpetrated under the sanction of its leaders, yet Christ has done more for the uplift of mankind than any one else who has ever lived, and His teachings are the foundation of civilization. Sensational attacks on the Christian religion and on our courts can only bring evil.

I recognize that you have done a great deal of good. I was one of the committee to investigate insurance methods, which met in Untermyer's office in New York. You did a good work there. The bucket-shop sharks deserved all you said of them, and you no doubt have had influence in improving the conditions in the steel mills. They have unquestionably greatly improved there, as they have in the packing-houses, for all of which I give you credit.

I am already a subscriber to your magazine for 1912, but if I find that it will publish sensational attacks upon what I regard as civilization *par excellence*, I shall not continue the subscription.

York, Pa.

A. B. F.

PRAISE FOR "THE PORCUPINE TRAP"

Your article on "The Porcupine Trap" is an exceedingly good one, and should do much toward warning the public against purchasing shares in such companies as most of those operating in that district are.

I spent two months during the past autumn in investigating the Porcupine district for important mining interests, and found the conditions much as you describe them.

I am glad to see you take up the question of a public campaign against such promotions,

and shall be glad to assist you with such data as I am permitted to use in any future investigations which you may take up.

New York City. F. S. C.

Permit me to say a hearty "Good!" for your "Porcupine Trap," and, believe me, I *know*.

New York City. J. H.

I have read your report in the February EVERYBODY'S on the Porcupine gold camp with much interest. It is very gratifying to obtain information that is reliable regarding these mines.

Springfield, Mass. F. L. M.

Thanks for the spirit that gives us the "Porcupine Trap." That's why I can't do without EVERYBODY'S.

Seattle, Wash. H. H.

THE NEED FOR A WHOLE NEW SYSTEM OF LAW

I would not for a moment wish to contend that Mr. Connolly's series is not needed; or that the judicial corruption and miscarriage he has unearthed are unimportant. I feel sure he is a competent lawyer and investigator, and the conditions he describes call for the loudest condemnation and immediate remedy.

But there is yet an aspect of this question of the judiciary that will remain unsolved after Mr. Connolly is through. I do not hesitate to say that not more than one-quarter of the injustice perpetrated under our present system is due to decisions of corrupt judges. Speaking conversely, I believe that if all judges were honest and unapproachable, a preponderating percentage of the present injustice would still go on.

The fault lies inherent in our legal system. An honest, broad-gaged judge hasn't the machinery to effect justice. He is bound down by the law of precedent, formulated when economic and social conditions were entirely different from what they are to-day. New times call for new measures as well as new men.

The young lawyer is trained in these immutable conventions. By the time he is eligible for the bench, he is saturated with them; he gives undue emphasis to points of law and procedure laid down for him by generations ahead of him, by men who would be wholly at loss in a present environment.

I refer to the subservience of our judges to our Puritanically evolved common law. And one eminent law professor, Roscoe Pound, of Harvard Law School, goes so far as to charge our judges with adhering to the common law principles even when our legislatures pass laws abrogating such principles.

In other words, this twentieth century of

ours is saddled with an eighteenth-century legal system. It's really about time that we took steps to inject the socializing spirit of the times into it. Our failure to do so as yet is one of the greatest reproaches to our American intelligence, and especially to the intelligence of the legal profession.

When Mr. Connolly has finished this series, ask him, or some one else equally competent, to diagnose for the people the antiquity of our law; and then—what is more important—to suggest those revisions and amendments, by the proper processes, by which our common law can be attuned to the concert pitch of modern industrialism.

Medford, Mass. A. L. J.

WITH US

I am delighted at your proposed exposure of the judiciary system as it now exists. I am already twelve months in advance with EVERYBODY'S, and will continue to be in that position as long as you keep up the fight as you have in the past. I will do all that I can to get the people to read your valuable magazine and to agitate the reform of the judiciary.

Lawrenceville, Ga. L. M. L., Att'y.

AND AGAIN!

"Big Business and the Bench" promises one of the most astonishing revelations in the history of the nation. No honest citizen can object to its utmost publicity. To call it muck-raking is to confess that the story Mr. Connolly tells deals with "muck." It is an acknowledgment that the judges who are still upon the bench, and mentioned herein, are of the "muck." Clean it out.

Cambridge, Mass. O. S.

POOR PENNSYLVANIA!

With great satisfaction I have just read the very vigorous and interesting opening chapter of the proposed series of articles, by Mr. C. P. Connolly, on "Big Business and the Bench;" and if it is a fair promise of what one can reasonably expect in the subsequent ones, they certainly will be productive of good.

For quite a while I have been urged to write just such a story of the courts as I know them from intimate association, and as long have had in contemplation its beginning; but Mr. Connolly seems to have beaten me to it. However, the material I have may be available to Mr. Connolly, and if it could be worked into his story it not only would corroborate all he has said or can say, but in addition would strengthen it and give it a local tinge, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned.

Uniontown, Pa. M. I. D., Att'y.



A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

JONAH was a well-known prophet, and the whale, despite his big bulk, was a nobody. Yet the whale with incredible egotism, because he was large and domineering, swam round the world with his jaws wide open, swallowing with sublime unconcern whatever floated across his path. When he swallowed Jonah he encountered for the first time some one obviously more important than himself. He learned that the egotist who inconveniences others is liable some day to be inconvenienced himself. After bringing the prophet safe to land, he swam away, a wiser and a sadder fish. It must have taken him years to recover his self-respect.

"Tante" (Century), by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is the story of a similar disillusionment which happened to a human leviathan.

Novelists are detectives of souls; it is their business to go about unmasking people for better or for worse. Half the pleasure of reading fiction consists in the unmasked glimpses we catch of our friends and our hidden selves. A novel that captures our fancy is very often no more than a mirror in which we behold our own faces. Very few readers will be flattered to trace resemblances to themselves in Madame von Marwitz, affectionately known as Tante; but many who have suffered in the jaws of an egotist will find consolation in recognizing a likeness to the Jonah she swallowed.

Tante is the greatest female pianist in Europe. She is also a monstrous and exotic creation of unconscious selfishness. Because she is great as a musician, people credit her with being

great-natured throughout. She has the faculty for inspiring blind adoration; she employs it to lure and then gobble up any one who can be of service to her. She is so unquestionably a genius and seems so justified in her selfishness, that she actually convinces her victims that they ought to thank her for effacing them. Then she encounters the one person in all her triumphant experience who refuses to be digested—a young English Jonah, who has married her ward, Karen.

When first we meet Madame von Marwitz she has reached the highest pinnacle of her power. She is applauded as a magnanimous and perfect character. She shines like a harvest-moon, serenely self-complacent, smiling indifferently down on all lesser destinies.

We have likened her to a harvest-moon and to a whale, but Mrs. Sedgwick treats her more as if she were a balloon: with extraordinary care and cunning she sets to work to deflate her. The more we learn about Tante, the smaller she shrinks in our estimation, until at last she is no more than a mere limp morsel of moistly emotional humanity. At first she was so immense that we had to use a telescope to survey her; by the time Mrs. Sedgwick has done with her a pocket microscope will serve all purposes.

But egotism has its uses. All artists must be egotists. It requires a well-developed self-conceit to suppose that it matters a continental to the world what thoughts go on within your head, let alone to suppose that the world will pay to learn them. Incredible as it may seem, one modern novelist has come out with the con-

fession that he is a morbidly modest person. In "Ave" (Appleton), George Moore pleads with us to believe that within the bombastic and truculent appearance that he often presents, trembles a heart shy as a wren in a hedge-row or a mouse along the wainscoting. He urges on us that his leading characteristic is an inveterate belief in his own inferiority.

"Ave" is the first volume of a trilogy, which will be completed under the generic title of "Hail and Farewell." It is fortunate that it should appear at the same time as Arnold Bennett's Clayhanger series; the two trilogies will afford opportunities for comparison. Arnold Bennett claims that it was George Moore's "The Mummer's Wife" that taught him the value of the Five Towns for fiction purposes. He also owns that Moore's novels taught him how to be a realist—they performed the same service for H. G. Wells.

These two disciples have won a wider popularity than their master is ever likely to obtain. But now he rises up for a last time to test his strength, and carries the English school of realism, which he has established, one step further in its development. Whereas Wells and Bennett are writing fiction touched off with autobiography, "Ave" is a frankly personal confession into which are woven fiction elements. "Art must be parochial in the beginning," says George Moore, "to become cosmopolitan in the end." He has pushed the maxim to its furthest limit by writing entirely about himself.

Greatly daring in confusing terms, one might call this book an impressionist pastel of life: it combines the hasty truth of the impressionist drawing with the finished smoothness of a colored crayon. Prodigally he flings into his pages all the observations and experiences of years that he had stored away for future novels. He is not content with what he has accomplished. He sets out to tell us, in the first chapter, of the great books he would have written, if Fate and himself had managed his career aright! At the last chapter he leaves us puzzled, wondering whether "Ave" is not that great book of which he has always dreamt.

When a sincere man tells the truth about himself, there are bound to be some readers who will cavil at his coarseness. Delicate stomachs should beware of "Ave;" the observations on life which it contains are not pre-digested, but handed out in raw slices.

It must be very awkward to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, especially if the spoon is so large that you can't get it out without hurting. Such was the misfortune of Luisa of Tuscany. Her silver spoon was forced upon her. Without consultation as to her wishes, she was born a princess. "My Own Story"

(Putnam) is her account of the annoyance which it caused her. It is a solemn warning against ever becoming a member of a royal house.

Her flight from her husband, the Crown Prince of Saxony, and her various frenzied attempts to divest herself of her royalty have been for the past decade the amazement and gossip of the world. "My Own Story" is her explanation and defense. She found her career unreal and theatric. She was surrounded by spies and other barbaric survivals of the Middle Ages. As a Christian's life is supposed to be a preparation for eternity, so hers was a constant schooling for her exalted position in society. She describes poignantly how she would stand at her palace windows, watching and envying the laboring crowds going home from work. Once she escaped from the royal treadmill and sat disguised among the gods at the theatre.

Her childhood was made joyless by the repeated admonition, "Princesses do not do that." She longed to be natural. She was stifled by the superstitious twilight of court etiquette. Richelieu represented kings as "God's living images." Luisa of Tuscany represents them as something less than men. She says they are most ordinary people, and, once they become creatures of flesh and blood, lose their halos. She herself is a Hapsburg and ought to know. As an Indian warrior was wont to practise scalp-collecting, so she, in the course of her narrative, contrives to snatch halos from half the crowned heads of Europe. She dates the active commencement of her troubles from the day she attempted to mount a bicycle. It produced a quarrel with her royal father-in-law, who suspected her of abandoning skirts. A fall from a throne seems a long tumble to get from a bicycle.

Samuel Pepys was present in Westminster Abbey when certain repairs were being carried out, and the coffin of Jane Seymour was disturbed. That night he brags in his diary, "I did kiss the lips of a dead queen." We are most of us capable of the same delightful snobbishness. Nothing will ever convince us that monarchs are not vastly superior persons. Joseph McCabe gives us proof in his gallery of enthroned criminals, "The Empresses of Rome" (Holt).

Every now and then some cadaverous pessimist rises up to question whether the race has shown any moral progress in the last two thousand years. By comparing this book with "My Own Story," he will get his answer.

An interesting picture is drawn of the political power held by women in Rome in its decadence. Even at an earlier period militant suffragette tactics were in fashion. When the Oppian Law curtailed feminine finery, old-fashioned sena-

tors were dismayed to find their wives and daughters holding public meetings, besetting the approaches to the Senate, demanding their votes, and even invading the houses of the tribunes and coercing them to withdraw their opposition. The walls of Pompeii, when the shroud of lava had been removed, bore election addresses signed by women.

Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was a pioneer in the movement. The senators met in the imperial library; she had a door pierced into it from the palace, so that she might sit listening to their debates. Since listeners must never hear good of themselves, the senators punished her curiosity by making unflattering remarks about her.

To-day if a lady has a political grievance, she runs up to London, and heaves a rock through a ministerial window in Downing Street—then she feels better. The Mr. Asquiths of ancient Rome did not get off so lightly. They departed this life suddenly, assisted by a poisoned apple or an assassin's dagger. The Roman militant suffragettes, described by Mr. McCabe, didn't worry about such trifles as votes: they seized the reins of government, and seized them by violence. Their marriage escapades are particularly entertaining. One wonders that they ever troubled to marry. Every year was a leap-year in those days. The records of their husbands call to mind the doggerel couplet, descriptive of the fate of Henry VIII.'s six wives, which they teach to English schoolboys:

Divorced, beheaded, died;
Divorced, beheaded, survived.

Macaulay's history is grand opera, interrupted by occasional catcalls from the gallery. Stubbs's history is a Gregorian chant wheezed out by lawyers. Green's is a parlor variety, sung decorously in an English vicarage by thin, clear voices of girls. "A History of England" (Doubleday, Page), by Fletcher and Kipling, is something wholly novel—it is history played on a banjo. It seems to be Mr. Kipling's function in literature to set all kinds of august memories and emotions to the banjo's twanging tune. He realizes that life is slangy, good-humored, and slanderous—a mixture of high spirits, love, and prejudice. History is, after all, nothing but a biography of the centuries; it should represent men realistically as they lived and died. The opera and the Gregorian chant are all very well, but they are the eclectic music of seasons and occasions. The banjo, like the poor, is always with us; we can travel with it the world over. Like Bill Sikes's dog, it stays with us in our heyday and follows us faithfully in our disrepute.

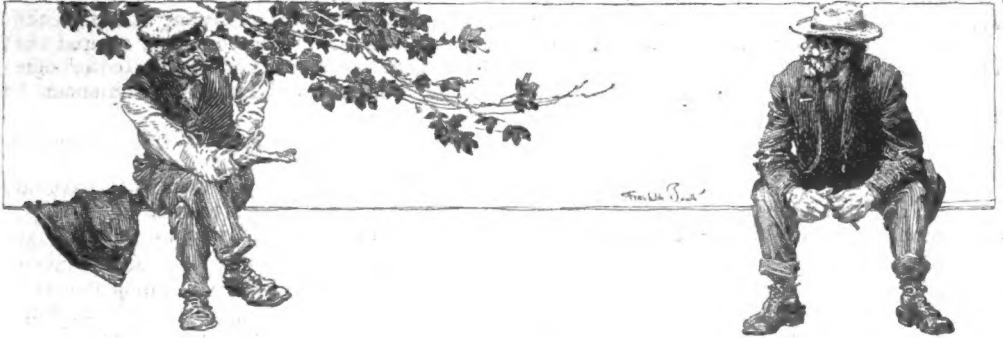
Mr. Kipling and his collaborator label the

monarchs of England with as strong and honest adjectives as any that may be found in the Newgate Calendar. One leaves the company of these exalted personages with a contented sigh, grateful that one was born only a commoner.

Have you ever noticed the hypocrisy of houses? It makes all the difference which way you view them—from the front or from the back. Kipling tells a story of an acquaintance he made in Omaha. He was reading Pollock's "Course of Time." "By that," says Kipling, "I knew he was an undertaker." He displayed for inspection some of the weapons of his trade, among which were dress-suits that crumpled into nothing, for the shirts were sewn on the black cloth—and they had not any backs.

The hypocrisy of the dress-suits lay in the fact that they pretended to have backs when they hadn't; the hypocrisy of houses lies in the fact that they pretend to have no backs when they have. Their fronts are a decorous, prosperous pretense, which tells nothing of the struggling life that passes hidden up and down the stairs. The windows are politely curtained; the blinds all lowered an equal length. They ape an appearance of somnolent leisure, as if their inmates never worked. They stand in rows, decked out in their party manners, inanely respectable, devoid of personality. But look at their backs. The kitchen is there, the garbage-pail and the slatternly workaday world. By carefully observing back yards we may learn much about our neighbors. Their domestic secrets are revealed with truly astonishing frankness—especially on washing-day.

"John Rawn, Prominent Citizen" (Bobbs-Merrill) is the grand gala-day of the American wash-tub. Emerson Hough pegs out on the line all the big and little sins of our social order which we wear beneath our broadcloth fronts, but never talk about. They flutter boldly in the air. It is a sincere study of the sudden and typical rise to power of an unscrupulous, mediocre man. It is a scathing arraignment of the stupendous hoggishness which is begotten by success. John Rawn has reached mid-life and is still an underpaid railway clerk, when a visionary, who is in love with his daughter, lets drop an idea. Rawn has the cleverness to grab it. Using it as a passport, he pushes his way into the highest financial circles and becomes the most feared man in America. Literally he comes within an ace of hogging the whole world. He not only fails to profit his soul, but he fails to fulfil the desire for the accomplishment of which he has bartered away his virtue. Nothing more impressively epic has been written of contemporary commercial piracy since Frank Norris laid aside his pen.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

William Dean Howells is the kindest of critics, but now and then some popular novelist's conceit will cause him to bristle up a little.

Just before his departure for Spain, a popular novelist called after dinner. He talked about his phenomenal sales. Then, fishing for compliments—

"You know," he said, "I get richer and richer, but all the same I think my work is falling off. My new work is not so good as my old."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Howells. "You write just as well as you ever did. Your taste is improving, that's all."

An officer was showing the old lady over the battleship. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady; "I nearly slipped on it myself."

Even Franklin himself would be surprised at the following information gathered from a freshman's essay:

"Franklin's education was got by himself. He worked himself up to be a great literal man. He was also able to invent electricity. Franklin's father was a tallow chandler."

This followed:

"Sir Walter Raleigh was put out once when

his servant found him with fire in his head. And one day after there had been a lot of rain, he threw his cloak in a puddle and the queen stepped dryly over."

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia sometimes require applicants for pool-room licenses to appear in person before the board and present their cases. On one occasion an old darky appeared, and in the course of the proceedings was asked:

"Have you obtained the consenting signatures of seventy-five per cent. of the people in that block?"

"Lordy, Mister Commissioner," replied the old man, "they ain't seventy-five per cent. of people lives in that block."

On one of the famous scenic routes of the West there is a brakeman who has lost the forefinger of his right hand.

His present assignment as rear-end brakeman on a passenger train places him in the observation car, where he is the target for an almost unceasing fusillade of questions from tourists who insist upon having the name, and, if possible, the history, of all the mountain cañons and points of interest along the route.

One especially enthusiastic lady tourist had kept up her Gatling fire of questions until she had thoroughly mastered the geography of

the country. Then she ventured to ask the brakeman how he had lost his finger:

"Cut off in making a coupling between cars, I suppose?"

"No, madam; I wore that finger off pointing out scenery to tourists."

An old darky who had been in the metropolis of his Southern state but once since the war, stood watching an electric street-car skim out toward a suburb.

A Northern engineer, wishing to draw him out, said: "Great thing, that trolley, eh, uncle?"

Only a grunt and a chuckle responded.

He tried again: "When we come down from the North we do things, don't we, uncle?"

"Yaas, yaas, master," drawled the darky; "great men in the Norf, sah. Come down heah wid a gun fifty yeahs ago and sot the nigga free. Now you-all is bringin' a fish-pole to free the muel—great men, ya, ya!"

"Yo' ain't got no fo'-cent caliker, is you, or is you?" Aunt Sophia asked the clerk. "Ef you is, is you got some jes' a speck cheepah?"

Edith, aged six, had just been informed that twin boys had been added to the family.

"That's funny," she mused. "Ethel and I both prayed for a baby brother, but we meant the same one."

A leading advocate of bigger pensions worked for nearly a year getting a pension for an Ohio woman. Her husband, an old soldier, had been away from home for years. Nobody had actually seen him die, but the evidence all indicated that he was dead, and the pension was granted. Just about the time the woman got her first payment, the friend received a letter from her, saying:

"My husband has just returned home. What shall I do?"

The letter was returned with these words scrawled on the bottom:

"Kill him."

An Irishman, just landed, secured a position as fireman in a large factory. The chief engineer instructed him in his new duties, saying: "To run our engine we require one hundred and

sixty pounds of steam; you can always tell how much steam you have by looking at this gage."

Shortly afterward the engineer noticed that the engine was slowing up. Calling to the boiler-room, he inquired of Pat how much steam he had on.

"Oi have a hundred and forty-foive pounds, sor," answered the new fireman.

"Why, man, I told you we had to have one hundred and sixty pounds to run."

"Niver moind that," was the cheerful answer. "Use what ye have got, an' whin that's gone Oi'll have more for ye."

A four-year-old listened attentively while his mother sang:

They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

"Was she mashed, mama?" he asked.

A North Dakota farmer roused his new harvest hand from slumber in the hay-mow promptly at three A.M.

"You can slip down and cut that little patch of oats before breakfast," he ordered.

"Are they wild oats?" sleepily inquired the hired man.

"Wild? Why, no, they're tame oats."

"Well, if they're tame, maybe I can slip up on them in daylight."

Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, at a recent temperance banquet, was discussing a drink cure of little efficacy.

"When I think of this cure," he said, "I recall a poor old man with a red nose, who entered a magistrate's office and said:

"I'd like to take the pledge, if you please."

"Very good," said the polite clerk. "And how long did you wish to take it for?"

"In the past," said the old man, "I've always took it for life."

Found on examination papers of high-school students:

"The Greeks planted colonists for their food supply."

"He had nothing left to live for but to die."

"The heart is located on the west side of the body."

"The Greeks were too thickly populated to be comfortable."

"The brain is situated in the abdomen."

Everybody's Magazine

TRUMBULL WHITE,

MANAGING EDITOR

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With Everybody's Publishers.

JUST as this magazine means to be moral without being sectarian—without exploiting any particular creed, so does it mean to be patriotic without being partisan—without supporting any particular party.

The aim of the publishers is to search out fundamental principles and facts concerning vital questions, which may be handed on for the readers' information. The magazine takes sides, becomes partisan, only on moral questions.

If a man or a corporation is stealing or murdering, "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE," in addition to reporting the facts, does not and can not refrain from expressing its vigorous condemnation of such a man or corporation.

But while the magazine has vigorously criticized many men, it has never clamored for punishment; rather has its attitude been one of sympathy for the men who have been caught in webs of their own spinning, victims of a system which they helped to build and for the very building of which they have been greatly applauded until recent years.

We can not emphasize too strongly the magazine's position in all of its muck-raking; in the series now running, attacking judges, for example. We do not know personally any of the men attacked. We regret exceedingly that we must attack them, and we do not urge that they be brought to punishment.

A MUCK-RAKER IS NOT A PESSIMIST, BUT A WORKING OPTIMIST, WHO SEES SO MUCH GOOD IN THINGS THAT HE BELIEVES THINGS WERE MEANT TO BE GOOD AND SAILS IN TO HELP MAKE THEM SO.

We rake over the lives of men who are

working in the muck because the story of their lives gives a personality and a menace to the conditions that you would never get from an impersonal essay.

We did not set out to "get" the men named in this "Big Business and the Bench" series. We set out to do something that might help to put our judicial system on a basis to justify the people's confidence and comfort in it. A judge ought not to take money, or perquisites, or otherwise profit himself, after he has given his sacred oath to serve society. The judiciary is our last resort. Happily, our judges as a class are able and incorruptible. They will welcome, we are sure, a campaign the result of which promises to show their countrymen the temptations that beset a judge, and the high honor we should pay to those who are upright and incorruptible.

THE LAWYERS, TOO

The lesson in this series, "Big Business and the Bench," is really for the electorate, who, when they see how this judge and that judge were tempted and fell, will also see that if they would have incorruptible judges, they must choose incorruptible lawyers, whose records promise that their black judicial robes will symbolize white souls and steadfast.

You may be interested in learning how the series is being received. Letters of comment have come in to Mr. Connolly and the magazine, not only from laymen but, in still greater numbers, from lawyers in various parts of the country. Many of the lawyers cite instances of corruption that have come under their own observation, paralleling and supporting Mr. Connolly's cases and

suggesting further investigation on his part. From the letters that follow, and those in *Straight Talk*, you can get an idea of the response:

I congratulate you on your Foreword to "Big Business and the Bench"—cautiously and most forcefully presented. I heartily agree with every sentiment expressed, except one, viz., your suggestion that you may not have the "commendation of the profession." The adulterous connection of courts and corporations is recognized and regretted by the profession generally.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

S. A. G., Att'y.

The important question in relation to the judiciary is not "Big business and the bench, and the corruption of judges;" it is "Small business and the bench, and the ignorance, inefficiency, and laziness of the judges." The corruption of the judge or court by a large corporation in a case of national interest, is of lesser importance than the incidents that occur every day in all of our courts, which affect all the people, and yet, because of their commonness, and the humbleness of the people affected thereby, come to be accepted as belonging to conditions which can not be changed.

When Mr. Adelbert Moot of Buffalo, N. Y., the leader of the Western New York Bar, stated, at a meeting of the New York State Bar Association at Syracuse, something over a year ago, that the law's delays in this state were due largely to the laziness and inefficiency of the judges, he approached closer to the truth than any one who has written or spoken upon this subject, so far as I have been able to learn.

The real difficulties in this state, in so far as they relate to the lawyers and the litigants, may be summarized briefly, as follows:

The first difficulty is to prepare pleadings in such a way as to run the gauntlet of what is known as the New York State Code of Civil Procedure; the second difficulty is to educate the trial judge sufficiently so that he can understand that two and two make four, and therefore apply elemental propositions of law to very simple questions; the third difficulty is to get him to hand down a decision sometime before the litigants have all died; the fourth difficulty is to compel the appellate courts to consider the merits of the case instead of the questions of practise and the sort of index that is attached to the record; and the last difficulty, which applies to all the foregoing, is that, throughout the case, from its inception to its close, the burden is thrown upon the innocent party.

Of course the above suggestion is no criticism of the wonderful work that you have done, and that I know you are going to do.

Rochester, N. Y.

A. L. E., Att'y.

The field which you have undertaken to plow is a very fertile one, and I hope you will keep your hand on the plow. You are performing a great public service, and the seed you are sowing ought to produce good results. What we want is a square, intelligent deal, and a more civilized and a less expensive procedure.

However much the law-abiding part of the community desires to hold the courts in almost reverential respect, there exists to-day, among intelligent observers, a growing feeling of disrespect, which in one way exhibits itself in a desire for the recall of judges.

New York City.

V. C. H.

I am glad to know that there is some one with the knowledge of conditions, who is willing to show up the influences which have corrupted, and are corrupting, the minds and actions of those who are selected to fill the most important offices under our form of government.

I have observed, and felt, the influences which have been at work in the selection of some judges of courts, and fully realize the evils of which you write, although not to such a great extent. There is certainly room for great improvement in the selection of judges in almost every locality, for men are only human and prone to do the will of their creators, unless, like the United States Supreme Court judges, they are independent for the rest of their lives.

I shall look forward with pleasure to reading the remainder of your writings along this line, and shall hope that your work will be crowned with success in improving conditions.

Washington, D. C.

C. S. I., Att'y.

I wish to congratulate you upon your very able article which appears in the February *EVERYBODY'S*. There has been wide comment upon it through the press of the state, and the preachers are calling attention to it from the pulpit.

I wish you complete success in your efforts.

Toledo, O.

T. C. A., Att'y.

I can not refrain from complimenting you on the first of your series of articles on the courts and judges of the country, appearing in the February number of *EVERYBODY'S*. I shall follow the series with a good deal of pleasure and interest.

Saint Louis, Mo.

M. E. G., Att'y.

Have read your February article on "Big Business and the Bench" and it is a "hummer." I believe your articles can not fail to wake up the bar of the country to some extent at least. You certainly have my best wishes in what you are doing.

McHenry, N. D.

W. L. O., Att'y.